

TRIOIA BRITANICA:
O R,
Great Britaines Troy.

A Poem

Deuided into XVII. feuerall Cantons, intermixed
with many pleasant Poeticall Tales.

Concluding with an Vniuersall Chronicle from the Creation,
untill these present Times.

Written by Tho: Heywood.



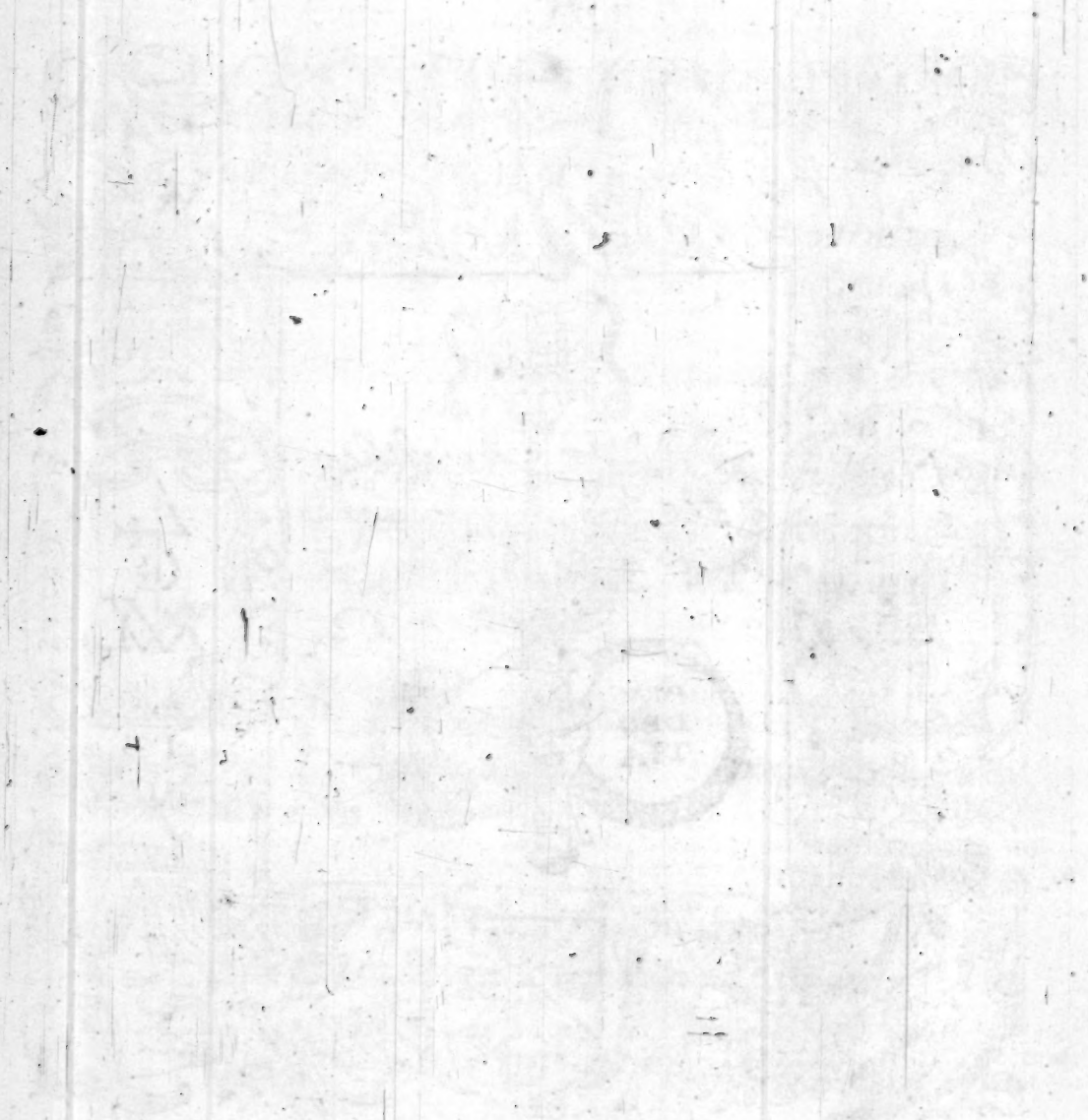
Et prodesse solent, & Delectare Poeta.

LONDON,
Printed by W. Faggard, 1609.



THE
GREAT BRITAIN

Decided upon by the
Hon. the Lords of the
Council



Printed by
J. G. & Co.



To the Right Honourable Edward Earle of
Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and
Gower, Knight of the most Noble order of the Gar-
ter, Maister of the Horse, and one of the Kinges
most Honourable Priny Councell.

TO you, whose Fauour gaue my Muse first breath,
To try in th Ayre her weake vnable wing,
And soare this pitch, who else had tasted death
Euen in her byrth, from the Castalian spring
She dedicates her labours (as they are)
Though as you see, poore, featherlesse, and bare.

Your Noble hand, to her, supportance gaue,
Euen in her Pen-lesse Age about to fall,
Her Cradle then had beene her Infant graue,
Had not your power and Grace kept her from thrall:
Then by the Muse, by your hie bounty raise,de,
Yare by your Merit and my duty praise.

Her power (though weake) yet to her sickly strength
Is willing, your past Graces to record,
Though smothered long, yet she findes time at length
To shew her office to her Patron-Lord,
Wishing (for your sake) that vpholds her still,
Her worth, had correspondence to her will.

Then had her Theame, that treats of forren deeds,
Beene only tunde to your desert and Merit,
And you, from whom her nonage Art proceeds,
Should by her Pen, Eternity inherit:

The Epistle Dedicat ory.

But since (great Lord) her best fruites are but words,
Prise what her hart, not what her Art affoord.

Tis fit those Lordes which we from Troy deriue,
Should in the Fate of Troy remembred be,
For since their Graund-fire vertues now suruiue,
And with the Spirits of this Age agree,
It makes vs fill our Cantons with such men,
As liuing now, equald theyr vertues then.

Homer (long since) a Chronicler Diuine,
And Virgill, haue redeemd olde Troy from fire,
Whose memory had with her buildings line
In desolate ruyne, had not theyr desire
Snatcht her fayre Tyle from the burning flame,
Which with the Towne had else consumde her name.

Had they suruiude in these our flourishing daies,
Your vertues from the auncient Heroes drawne,
In spight of death or blacke obliuions rage,
Should liue for euer in Fames glorious fawne,
Rankt next to Troy, our Troy-nouant should be,
And next the Troyan Peeres, your places free.

Nor let your Honour my weake stile despise,
That striues to Register your names with theirs;
For could my numbers like blinde Homers rise,
I would create you, Fames eternall heyres:
Accept my strength, (my weaknesse I bewray)
Had I like Art, I would as much as they.

Your Honours euer faithfully deuoted,

Tho. Heywood.



T O
the two-fold Readers:
the Courteous, and the Criticke.



He fauourable and gracious Reader, I salute, with a submisſe Conge both of heart and knee: To the ſcornfull, I owe not ſo much as an hypocriticall intreat, or a diſſembled curteſia. I am not ſo vnexperienced in the enuy of this Age, but that I knowe I ſhall encounter moſt ſharpe and ſeuere Cenſurers, ſuch as continually carpe at other mens labours, and ſuperficially peruſing them, with a kind of negligence and ſkorne, quote them by the way, Thus: This is an Error, that was too much ſtreacht, this too ſlightly neglected, heere many things might haue been added, there it might haue beene better followed: this ſuperfluous, that ridiculous. Theſe indeed knowing no other meanes to haue themſelues opinioned in the ranke of vnderſtanders, but by calumniating other mens induſtries. Theſe Satyrists I meet thus: It were (in my opinion) more honor and honeſty for them, to betake them ſeriously to the like ſtudies, and the time they waſt in detracting others, rather ſpend in inſtructing themſelues, and by ſome more excellent worke (moulded out of their owne braines) giue the foyle to others of leſſe Fame and conſequence: This were a commendable and worthy detractiō, ſauouring of deſert; the other, a meere rancorous folly, grounded on nothing but malicious ignorance. For who more apt to call coward then the moſt tymorous, but he only merits a name among the valiant, that hath actually and perſonally wonne his reputation by ſome deed of fame and Honour. But ſince theſe Criticks are a generall ſubiect in the front of euery booke, I am content to neglect them, as thoſe I regard not, and to the friendly and beſt iudging Reader, thus turne my Apologie.

I haue aduentured (right Courteous) to publiſh this Poem, and preſent it to thy generall acceptance; If it be gently receiued, and fauourably cenſured, it may incourage me to proceed in ſome future labour; if any way diſtaſted, I am ſo farre from troubling the world with more, that I ſhall hold this little, much too much. Yet if you vnderſtandingly conſider this proiect, you ſhall finde included herein a
brieſe

To the two-fold Readers.

briefe memory or Epitome of Chronicle, euen from the first man, vnto vs, this second time created Britons, with a faithfull Register, not onely of memorable thinges done in Troy and this Island, but of many, and the most famous accidents happening through the World, In whose raigne and what yeare of the world they chanced (with which we haue conferred the Histories of the Sacred Byble) & the truth of the times so euen, that whosoener will daigne the perusal of these, shall not onely perceine such thinges were doone, but bee also satisfied in whose Raigne (then successiueley gouerning in the kingdome of Britaine) they happened. In all which, I haue taskt my selfe to such succinctnesse and breuity, that in the iudiciall perusal of these few Cantons (with the Scolies annexed) as little time shall bee hazzarded, as profite from them be any way expected.

Accept then (I entreat you) this mingled Subiect (as well home-borne as foraine) and Censure it as fauourably, as I haue offred it freely. Though something may perhaps distast, something againe I presume will please the most curious Palate: Let that which pleaseth, mitrigat the harshnes of the other. He that speaks much, may (excusably) speake somewhat Idely, and he that in unknown Climats trauayles farre, may (by misaduenture) wander out of the way: but where the mayne intent and purpose is honest and good, it is pardonable to expect the best. And in that hope, I prostrate these my barraine industries to your kindest and gentle Construccions.



Proemium.



Hold it necessary as a Preface to this generall History, to remember some Antiquities touching the ages of the World, with the first peopling of kingdomes, and of the foure Monarchies which may illustrate this Poem, if in any place it appeare darke and intricate. The yeare 1656. from the Creation, *Noah* entred the Ark, and the Vniuerse was destroyed by the Deluge, with all mankind (*Noah* and his family excepted) of his three sonnes *Sem*, *Ham*, and *Iapheth*, were all Nations procreated. The posterity of *Sem* inhabited the East by the Riuer *Euphrates*; *Cham*, the places neere *Jordan* & *Nyle*, towards the *Meridian*; *Iapheth*, the lesse *Asia* towards the West, whence many Nations of *Europe* proceeded.

Carion.

Sems sonnes were five; *Elam*, of whom came the *Persians*, from him *Xenophon* deriueth *Cyrus*. *Assur*, of him came the *Assyrians*. *Ninus*, of him the *Niniuites* and *Babylonians*. *Arphaxad*, of him the *Caldeans*, and from his Nephewe *Eber*, were deriued the *Hebrues*; (the word signifieth *Trauellers* or *Strangers*) Of this line came *Abraham*, *Dauid*, and the *Messias*. *Aram*, of him the *Syrians* descended, of which *Damasco* is the metropolis; therefore it was thus written; The head of *Aram* is *Damascus*.

Xenophon.

The posterity of *Cam* was *Chus*, of whom came the *Aethiopians* in the farthest Coasts of *Aphrica*, and the *Libians* cald to this day *Chirsita*: The sonnes of *Chus* were *Saba* of whome the *Sabaans*, and *Euila*, of whome the *Indians* descended. *Nemrod* first raignd in *Babylon*, *Misraim* occupied *Egypt*, which the *Arabians* and *Turks* to this day call *Mizri*: The sonnes of *misraim* were *Lydas*, who peopled *Lydia*, a Nation that after seated themselves in some parts of *Italie*, and *Labain* of whom the Sun-burnt *Lybians* are thought to descend: Of *Euamim* came the *Cyrenians*, who built the City *Cerenaica*, of who came the *Mauritanians*, and of him a famous Riuer that still beares his name. Of *Canaan* came the *Sydonians* and *Tyrians*: *Heath* built *Hebron* where *Abraham* dwelt and was buried: *Iebuseus* possessest *Gaba* and *Ierusalem*. *Iapheths* sons were *Gomor* or *Togerma*, of whom the *Cinerians* take their originall, They are seated beyond *Thrace*, neere the *Meotiden* Fenne, where the *Bosphori* inhabite, not farre from *Cimbrica Chersonesus*: Of *Magog* came the *Scythians*, and of them the *Turks*: and to proue the *Turke* to be in *Gog* and *Magor*, *Ezechiell* saith, the Nations of *Magog* lie toward the south, which in the latest dayes shall seeke the fall of *Israell*. And the *Apocalip*. *Magog* shall lastly Emperise the world: Of *Madai* came the *Medes*: Of *Iauan* or *Iabu*, the *Iouians* or *Grecians*, The sonnes of *Iauan*, were *Elisa*, of whome came the *Aolians* in *Asia* minor. *Tharsis* built *Tharsis* the chiefe City of the *Cilicians*: Of *Cethim* came the *Macedonians*: Of *Adodanim* the *Dodoneans* in *Epire*. *Iauan*, was that *Ianus* that raignd in *Italy*. Of *Tubal* came the *Hispani* and *Iberi*. Of *Mosech*

Ptolomens.

Pindarus.

Herodotus.

Pliny

Herodotus.

came

Proeme.

Apollonius
in Argonaut
Justinus post-
hum.

Iliad. 2
Ptolomens.

Ithofephus

Paralip:

Herodotus.

First Mon.

Ezay. 39.
Kings. 4. 23
Paral. 35
Jeremy 39
Daniel 5

Diod: siculus

Herodotus.

Kings 3, 14
Jeremie 46

came the *Muscouites*. Of *Tyrus* the *Thrasians*. The Sons of *Gomer* were *Afcanes*, *Riphat*, and *Togorma*. Of *Afcanes* came the *Tuiscons*, who after shifted theſelues into other Prouinces, and of them came the *Cimbrians*, the *Bythinians*, the *Cancones*, the *Caei*, and *Heneti*: Of *Riphat* came the *Riphei*, Gyants that inhabited the *Riphean* Hilles, where the *Sanromass* then liued. By the *Heneti* are meant all ſuch as ſpeake in the *Polack* tongue: From *Riphat* came alſo the *Paphlagonians*, theſe diſperced themſelues into *Europe*, ſome inhabiting *Ruſſia*, *Lytuania* and *Polonia*, from the *Adriaticke* ſhoare vnto *Illiria*. Likewiſe *Fiffula*, *Albis*, and *Bohemia*, where before liued the *Hermaduri* and *Boij*.

Among the Sonnes of *Sem Gether* is numbred, of whom came the *Getes*, they were called *Gotti* or *Gothes*, who inhabited *Wallachia*, theſe ſpeake the *Almain* toung, and mixt themſelues with the *Germans*, whoſe name is deriued of *Gerim* and *Ani*, which ſignifieth, *miferable Strangers*. The *French* are cald *Galli* of *Wallen*, which in the *Almain* toong ſignifies, *Wanderers*. From *Brute* cam the *Britons*, ſince called *Angli*.

In *Nemrod* was the fiſt Monarchy eſtabliſht, he liued a hundred yeares after the Flood, after 200. yeares *Ninus* built *Nininy* in *Aſſyria*, whoſe wife *Semiramis* after his death erected the walles of *Babilon*. *Ninus* her ſonne ſucceeded, in whoſe time *Abraham* came into *Paleſtine*, Him ſucceeded *Amraphel* king of *Senaar* or *Babylon*, Of theſe *Aſſyrian* Monarches *Sardanapalus* was the laſt, whoſe proud name we thus deriue; *Sar*, a Captaine; *Dan*, a Iudge; *Niphil*, a Deſtroyer; He was ouerthrowne by *phul-Belochus* a *Babilonian*, and *Arbaces* a *Medean* when *Oſia* raignd in *Iuda*, *Phul belochus* raigned ouer the *Babilonians* and *Niniuites* forty yeares. *Arbaces* ouer the *Meades* and *Persians*. *Belochus* warred vpon *Iſrael*, whom ſucceeded his Sonne *Phal Aſſur*, called in the Scriptures *Tiglat Peilaſſur*: He raigned 23. yeares, him *Salmanaffer* ſucceeded, and raigned ten yeares, he beſiedged *Samaria*, of him *Hoſea* ſpeakes, Chapter 10. *Zenacherib* ſucceeded *Salmanaffer*, who beſiedged *Hieruſalem*, and raigned ten yeares, his Army was ouerthrowne by the Angels: *Aſſur haddon* next ruld, ten yeares. In him declined the Monarchy of *Aſſiria*, and *Merodach* became Monarch ouer the *Chaldees*, *Benmerodach* raigned after his Father 21. after him *Nabuchadnezzar Primus* 35. He warred againſt *Ægipt*, *Nabuchadnezzar Magnus* raigned forty, in *Zedechias* time he beſiedged *Hieruſalem*, a yeare and fixe monthes, him ſucceeded euill *Merodach*, who releaſt *Ieconias*: he dead, *Balſaar* ſucceeded foureteene yeares, he was a greet Blaſphemer. In his time *Babylon* was rased, and the Monarchy transferred to the *Persians*: he himſelfe being flaine by *Cyrus*. The kings of *Ægipt* in the times of this Monarchy, were theſe. *Oſyris* with his Wiſe *Iſis*, who liued in the time of *Abraham*. *Orus*, *Bochoris*, *Bufyris*, *Miris*, *Siſoſtris*, who liued in the time of *Samſon*. *Pherones*, of whom all the Kings of *Egipt* were called *Pharoes*. *Proteus* whom ſome call *Cetes*, to him *Paris* and *Hellen* ſayled in theyr returne from *Greece*. *Rampsinitus*, *Cephus*, or *Cheops*, *Cephris*, *Mycerinus*, *Anycis*. *Sabachus*, called in the Bible *Sefach*, *Sethon*, *Pſamneticus*. *Nechos* who ouercame

Proeme.

uercame *Iofia* by the Citty *Megeddo*, and was after flaine: *Nabuchadnezzar*, *Psammis*, *Apries*, who sackt *Sidon*, and slew the Prophet *Jeremiah*. *Amasis*, in whole time the Monarchy came to the *Persians*.

In *Greece* in the time of this Monarchy liued *Iapethus*, the Sonne of *Noah*, after who raigned *Hellas*, now was the expedition of the *Argonats*, *Erichtheus*, *Perseus* and his Acts. The warres of *Troy*. *Cadmus*, with the *Theban* History, notorious in *Oedipus* and *Iocasta*, with the deathes of the two Brothers *Eleocles*, and *Polynices*. Now were the *Sibils* famous. *Rome* in the time of this first Monarchy, *Laetantius*. was built the tenth year of *Achas*, King of *Juda*, It was gouerned by Kings 6244. *Dionisius* yeares. *Rhomulus* raigned 38. *Numa* 43. *Tullius Hostilius* 32. *Ancus Martins* 24. *Halicarn.* *Tarquinius Priscus* 37. *Seruius Tullius* 44. In the last part of his raigne began the *Linus*. *Persian* Monarchy: *Tarquin* the proud 25. He was repulst his Kingdome by the *The second* *Consull Brutus*, becaule his Sonne *Sextus* had before rauished *Lucretia*, the wife *Monarchy*. of *Collatyne*.

The *Persian* Kings were, first *Cyrus*, who raigned 29. hee ouercame *Cresus* of *Metaphrones*. *Lydia*, besiedged *Babylon*, and was after flaine by *Tomyris*, Queene of *Scythia*. *Xenophon*. In his time liued *Thales Miletius*, *Pithagoras* borne in *Samos*, *Solon*, and *Draco*, *Herodotus*. who first ordred the yeare, deuided the monthes, added the Epact, and collected first the Poems of *Homor*. *Cambises* the second King, who raigned 7. yeares, added *Egypt* to his Empire, and couered the Iudgement Seate with the skinne of his false Iudge *Sisammes*. The third *Darius*, he by the neyhing of his horse, was elected Emperor, raigned 36. He by the craft of his Friend *Zopyrus*, wan *Babylon*, and added to his Dominions the *Getes*, *Cymerians*, and *Sauromats*. Now liued *Hippias*, the Sonne of *Pysistratus* in *Greece*, and *Miltiades*. This *Darius* was the Sonne of *Histaspes*, called in the Scripture *Ashuerosh*, Husband to *Hester*, called by *Herodotus* *Aristona*, as the Name of *Vasti* was *Atoffa*. Some refer the History of *Iudith* to these times. Fourth. *Xerxes* raigned 20. He pierced *Greece* with an Armye of 10000000. Souldiers, his cheefe Captaine was *Mardonius*, his chiefe Counseller *Artabanus*. He was first repulst by *Pausanias* of *Sparta*, after expelled *Greece* by *Themistocles*. In these warres were famous, *Aristides* and *Cimon*. 4. *Artaxerxus* with the long hand ruld 40. He was thought to bee the Son to *Darius* and *Hester*. In his time liued *Esdra*s, *Haggeus*, *Zacharius*, and *Nehemiah*. About the time of the *Peloponesian* Warre. And now was *Rome* gouerned *Demosthe*. by the *Decemviri*, a forme of gouernment infamous, in the lust of *Appius*, to the chaste *Roman* Lady *Virginia*. *Darius Nothus* raigned 19. In his time liued famous *Alcibiades*: and *Sophocles*, & *Euripides*, two famous *Tragedians*. *Artaxerxes Memnon* 40. he loued the famous Lady *Aspatia*, the Noblest *Greekes* in his daies were *Clearchus*, *Anaxilaus*, *Lisander*, who conquered *Athens* (after gouerned by 30. Tyrants) who were supprest by the vertue of *Thrasibulus*. Now happened the Wars betweene the *Phocenses* and the *Locri*: with *Bellum Leuetricum*. And now flourisht *Conon*, and valiant *Epamaminondas* in *Greece*, about the same time that English *Brennus* sackt *Rome*. *Artaxerxes Ochus* next *Memnon*, raigned 26. In his time happened the Warre which was called *Bellum sacrum*. *Arsames* raigned foure yeares, he was flaine by *Bagoas*. Him *Darius* succeeded, & in the sixt yeare *The third* of his raigne, was flaine by *Alexander* the Great, in whom began the third *Mo. Monarchy*: narchy translated to the *Gracians*. *Alex.*

Proeme.

Alexander by his Father *Phillip* deriueth his byrth from *Hercules*, by his Mother *Olimpius* from *Aeacus*, He conquered the World, raigned as Emperor 12. years: In the 32. of his age. He dead, the Monarchy was diuided into four parts, *Egipt*, *Syria*, *Asia Mynor*, and *Macedon*. The Kinges of *Egypt* after *Alexander*, were these: *Ptolomeus* the Sonne of *Lagus*: *Ptolomeus*, *Philodelphus*, *Euergetes*, *Philopater*, *Epiphanes*, *Philometer*, *Euergetes*; *Phiscon*, *Alexander*, *Lathurus*, *Aurletes*, Father to *Cleopatra*, *Dionisius* her Brother, in whom ended the race of the *Ptolomees*, and now *Egypt* came vnder the Iurisdiction of the *Romans*.

The Kinges of *Macedon* were *Perdiccas*, *Craterus*, *Antipater*, *Cassander*, *Antigonus* 1. *Antigonus* 2. *Demetrius*, *Philippus*, and *Perseus*, who was surpris'd by the *Romans*.

Polybius

The Kinges of *Syria*, who after the death of *Alexander* possesst *Babylon*, *Syria*, and *Asia Minor*, were *Antiochus Soter*, *Antiochus Theos*, *Antiochus Magnus*, who had these three Sons, *Seleucus Philopater*, *Antiochus Epiphanes*, and *Demetrius*. *Demetrius* after his Brothers decease, had two Sonnes: *Demetrius Nicanor*, and *Antiochus Sedetes*. The Son of *Nicanor* was *Antiochus Gryphus*. The Son of *Sedetes* was *Antiochus Cyzenius*. These hauing slaine each other, from theyr Issue, *Tygranes* King of *Armenia* rest the Kingdome of *Syria*, which first *Lucullus*, and after *Pompeius Magnus* annext to the *Roman* Empyre.

The fourth Monarchy.

These in the time of the third Monarchy, were Captaines and Gouvernors among the Iewes. *Nehemiah*, *Ioconias*, *Selathiel*, *Zorobabel Resa Mesollam*, *Iohanna Ben Resa*, *Iudas Hircanus primus*: (in his Dukedome *Alexander* slew *Darius*.) *Iosephus primus*, *Abner Semei*, *Eli matathai*, *Afa mahar*, *Nagid Artaxad*, *Haggai*, *Eli Maslot Nahum*, *Amos Sirach*, *Matathia Siloah*, *Iosephus Iunior*, *Ianua secundus Hircanus*. And then began the race of the *Machabees* in *Matathias*, whose Sons succeeded him, *Iudas*, *Ionathas*, *Simon*, *Iohannes Hircanus*. The Kinges of that line were *Aristobulus*, son to *Hircanus*. *Alexander Iamneus*, Queen *Alixandra* his Wife, (otherwise cald *Salome*.) The Sonnes of *Alexander*, were *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, in theyr death ended the line of the *Machabees*. Succeeding these in the 30. yeare of the raigne of *Herod Tetrarche*, was borne the Sauour of the World, ynto which we haue studyed to reduce the best knowne Nations of the Earth, leauing the 4. Monarchy among the *Romans*, who by this time awed the Earth, whose warres and Fortunes being so commonly from many worthy Writers, translated into our moderne tongue, We here omit, letting this short Epitome onely serue in the Front of our Booke, to instruct your memories, and guide your thoughts through those vnknown Deserts, in which without this direction, many Readers may loose themselues: bee this therefore their Pylot to direct them to the harbour of these latter Ages more familiarly knowne.



Argumentum

TY TAN and Saturne differ, their great strife,
Is by their carefull mother (VESTA) ended:
Saturne, his Sister Sybill takes to wife,
And the heyre-males that are from the descended
He doomes to death: faire Sybil saues the life
Of Iupiter, grim Saturne is offended,
And to the Oracle at Delphos hies,
Whiles Titan through the earth his fortune tries.

ARG. 2.

The Worlds Creation, gold from the earths veines,
Neptune and Plutoes birth, ALPHA conteines.

CANTO. I.



HIS V N I V E R S E with all
therein contained,
Was not at first
of Water fashioned,
Nor of the Fire,
as others oft haue feyned,
Nor of the Ayre,
as some haue vainly spred.
Nor the foure Elements
in order trained.

Nor of Vacuitie and Atom's bred.
Nor hath it beene Eternall (as is thought
By naturall men) that haue no further sought.

2

Neither hath man in perpetuity bin,
And shall on earth eternally perseuer
By endlesse Generation, running in
One circuit; (In corruption lasting euer)

B

Nor

The yeare of
the Lord a-
boue the line.

The yeare be-
fore Christ
vnder the line.

The opinions
of the old Phi-
losophers rou-
ching the cre-
ation.
Thales Milesi.
Haracitus

Hyppasus

Anaxamines

Empedocles

Epicurus

Metordorus

Diodorus

Nor did that *Nation* first on earth begin,
Vnder the mid *Equator* : some indeuour
So to perswade ; that man was first begunne,
In the place next, to the life-giuing *Sunne*.

3

Empedocles

Anaximander

Democritus

Zeno

Neither was he of Earth and water framed,
Tempered with liuely heat (as others write ;)
Nor were we in a former world first named,
As in their curious Problems (some recite :)
Others, more ripe in Iudgement, haue proclaimed,
Man fram'd of clay, in fashion exquisite ;
In whom were breath'd sparkes of Celestiall fire,
Whence he still keepes his Nature, to aspire.

4

Moyfes

But this most glorious *Vniuerse*, was made
Of nothing, by the great *Creators* will ;
The *Ocean* bounded in, not to inuade
Or swallow vp the *Land*, so resteth still
The azure *Firmament*, to ouer-shade
Both *Continent*, and *Waters*, which fulfil
The *Makers* word, one *God* doth sole extend
Without beginning, and shall see no end.

5

That powerfull *Trinity* created man
Adam, of Earth, in the faire field *Damaske*,
And of his rib he *Euah*, formed than,
Supplying them with all things they can aske ;
In these first two, *Humanity* began ;
In whom, confinde *I H E H O V A H S* six-daies taske.
From *Adam* then and *Euahs* first *Creation*,
It followes we deriue our *Brittish Nation*.

6

Inspire me in this taske (*Ihones* seede I pray)
With *Hippocrenes* drops besprinke my head,
To comfort me vpon this tedious way,
And quicken my cold braine nigh dull and dead ;
Direct my wandring spirits, when they stray,
Least forren and forbidden paths they tread :
My iourney's tedious, (blame not then my feares)
My voyage, aymes at many thousand yeares.

Oh

7

Oh giue me leaue, from the Worlds first Creation,
The ancient names of *Britons*, to deriue
From *Adam*, to the Worlds first Invdation,
And so from *Noah*, to vs that yet suruiue:
And hauing of *Troyes* Worthies made relation,
Your spurs the *Chariot* of my Muse must driue
Through all past Ages, and precedent times,
To fill this new World with my worthlesse rymes.

8

Oh, may these Artlesse numbers in your eares,
(Renowmed *IAMES*) seeme Musically strung,
Your fame (oh *IOVES*-star'd Prince) spread euery where,
First gaue my still and speech-lesse Muse a tung:
From your Maiestike vertues (prised deare,)
The infant life of these harsh meeters sprung;
Oh, take not then their industrie in skorne,
Who, but to emblaze you, had beene yet vnborne.

9

Not let your Princely Peeres hold in disdain,
To haue their Auncestry stild'e and inrolde
In this poore Register, a higher straine
Their merits aske, since brazen leaues vnfold
Their neuer-dying Fame, yet thus much daine,
Not to despise to heare your vertues told
In a plaine stile, by one, whose wish and hart,
Supplies in zeale, want both of *Skill* and *Art*.

10

Times faithfully conferrd, the first inuention
Of most thinges now in vse, heare you shall finde,
Annex't with these, the vse and comprehension
Of Poësie, once to the Goddess desceind,
Suffer our bluntnesse then, since our intention
Is to good vse, sent from a zealous mind.
If Stones in Lead set, keepe their vertues: then,
Your worth's the same, though blazde by a rude Pen.

11

In the Worldes *Child-hood*, and those Infant-daies,
When the first earth was in her strength and prime,
Of her owne nature yeilding plants and Spraes,
Flowers, both for smell and Medicine: when each time

The Golden
Age.

Hesiod. in operibus & diebus.

The chearefull beames of the bright Sunne displaies,
To ripen fruites in their conuenient time;
Before the labouring *Swaine* with 'is iron plow,
Made furrowed wrinkles in the *Earths* smooth brow.

2

Pherecrates.

When men were gouern'd more by *Will*, then *Art*,
And had their appetites by *Nature* swayde,

Tremigistus.

When *Fraud* was vnbegot, and had no part
In the worlds Empire; before *Coyne* was made,
When man his mutuall fortunes did impart

Marci. scienci.

Without *Extortion*, *Guile*, or *Vsurers* trade;
Before smooth *Cunning* was to ripenesse growne,
Or diuellish *Wax* and *Parchment* yet were knowne.

3

Tibullus.

I meane the golden world, the purest Age,
That knew not brazen warre, or fatall Steele,
For war was in his cradle: yron age
Bred but his teeth: yet did the world not feele
His rauinous phangs, no man did battell wage,
Or try the inconstant course of Fortunes wheele;
There was twixt king and king no grim defiance,
Nor bands (saue of affection and alliance.)

4

Vranus and
Vesta.

1954.

2009.

Hiberius sonne
of Iubal go-
uernd Spaine.
Nynus Assyria
Mogus Gallia

Then liu'd *Vranus* a great Lord in *Creet*,
To *Aethra* and great *Demogorgon* heire,
He married with a Lady bright and sweet,
Vesta through all those climes (sur-nam'd *the faire*)
With two young lads she did her Husband greet,
Tytan and *Saturne*, at two births she bare:
Tytan the eldest, crooked, and il-fac't,
Saturne well shap't, faire spoke, and comely grac't.

5

Vranus called
also Creet.

Vranus, in his hopefull issue famed,
Begot on *Vesta* two faire Daughters more,
The first *Sibilla*, the last *Ceres* named,
Fairer were neuer seene in *Creet* before.
Both were by Nature in her cunning framed,
Out of her beauties choise, and purest store:
Tytan, was for his vgly shape abhord,
But *Saturne*, for his comelinesse adord.

This

6

This *Saturne*, was the first by whose inuention
The Earth was Til'd, and Ear'd, and gaue increase,
Before his fruitfull daies, was neuer mention
To sowe, or plant; Till then a generall peace
Was made twixt th'earth and vs, our apprehention
Strecht not to know her secrets: Now gan cease
Blind Ignorance in man, *Saturne* first found,
To till, to plow, to sow, to reape the ground.

7

He likewise was the first that strung the bow,
And with a feathered Arrow pierst the Aire,
Phabus at first, admired, and did not know
What new made Birds could flie so swift and faire,
Mistaking *Saturnes* shafts, for who would throw,
Mans wisdom could inuent a thing so rare,
(Being Earth-bred) to stretch his braine so hie,
As teach his shafts way through the empty skie.

8

And now began th'amaz'd Earth to admire,
To see such strange fruites in her bosome growing;
To see her head weare such vnknowne attire,
To see the *Swaines*, some planting, others sowing;
Now first began the birds to pearch them hier,
And shun mans sight, still wondering, but not knowing,
How men below on th'earths verdure lying,
Should reach into the aire, and strike them flying.

9

To kill the Sauadge beast he likewise taught,
And how to pierce the Serpents skale from farre,
By him, the wilde-swift-running Hart was caught,
He first deuil'd for vs the vse of warre;
He shewd which mines of earth be good, which naught,
Which be the veines of Gold, which siluer are;
He Minerals first found, and from the mold,
To decke his Pallace, brought refined gold.

10

Yet some great *Saturnes* glory would deface,
And say, that *Cadmus* first this mettrall found
In high *Pangeus*, a huge hill in *Thrace*,
Else *Thoas* and *Eaclis* searcht the ground

Pliny.

Herodotus

For gold ore; and *Panchaia* was the place,
 Knowne in such precious mettals to abound;
 Some, twixt *Erichthon* and *Ceacus* deuide,
 Finding bright siluer (first in *Athens* trade.)

II

Idei Daëtili Iron mettall wrought
 In *Creet*: some deeme, two *Iewes* in *Cipres* made it,
Selmentes and *Damnameneus* brought
 The Ore from thence, and to their vse assaide it;
 For yellow Brasse the fly *Pannonians* sought,
 The *Scithian Lydus*, with the fire allaid it,
 And taught it first to melt; which some suppose,
 The *Phrigian Delos* did by Art disclose.

12

Midacritus a Minerall more then these
 Brought from a Prouince that belongs to *Spaine*,
 Lead: from the Ilands *Cassiterides*,
 Which some would Attribute to *Tuball-Caine*.
Glaucus all Mettals brought beyond the seas
 Taught how to sother, (else their vse were vaine.)
 The first Smiths-forge, the blacke *Calibians* made,
 And after taught the *Ciclopes* their trade.

13

Cyniras: the *Stythee*, leuer, Tongs and File,
Pyrodes was the first from flint stroke fire,
 Which how to keepe in matches longer while
Prometheus taught: This *Vulcan* did acquire:
 The bellows: *Anacharsis* in the Isle
 Cal'd *Seithes*, and thus men did still aspire
 For knowledge; and in seuerall Countries nurst
 These Arts, of whom we hold king *Saturne* first.

14

Therefore the *Cresan* people much esteemed him,
 And cal'd him God on earth for his rare wit;
 Much honor he receiu'd which they bereem'd him,
 And in their populer iudgements held it fit
 To burne him Mirrhe and Infence, for they deem'd him
 Worthy alone amongst the Gods to sit,
 Perswaded such a high inuentious straine,
 Could not proceed from any Mortals braine.

As

11

As these rare gifts the giddy Commons noted,
So in his mothers hart they tooke Impression,
Who on her sonnes perfections inly doted,
Making for him her daily intercession,
Thus in a Sea of sweet content he floted;
For who, but of his vertues made confession?
In processe, and the chiefe of *Saturnes* pride,
The old *Vranus* craz'd, fell sicke and dide.

12

After a few sad funerall sighes and teares
By *Vesta*, o're her husbands body shed,
In crooked *Tytan*, to the world appeares
A strong intention, to impale his head
With his dead fathers Crowne: This *Vesta* feares,
And calling *Saturne*, thus to him she sed:
My dearest sonne, tis by the Lords decreed,
That in *Vranus* Prince-dome, thou succeed.

13

Thy brother *Tytan*, though in Age before thee,
Yet in thy wisdom thou hast him out-stript;
Thou hast the popular loue, they all adore thee,
His blasted hopes, are in the blossome nipt;
With Coine, with Men, with Armor, I will store thee,
Let him stand fast, or he shall sure be tript:
Both Lords and people, ioyne with me thy mother,
To invest *Saturne*, and depose thy brother.

14

With that, before her sonne could make reply,
Where they were speaking, rusht bold *Tytan* in,
A storme was in his brow, fier in his eye,
After some tempest, he doth thus begin:
Must then young *Saturne* raigne? Oh, tell me why?
Am I a Bastard, and begot in sinne?

Hath *Vesta* playd the strumpet with my Father,
That you despise me, and elect him rather?

15

Was I not of that Virgin-wombe the first?
And lay I not as neere your heart as he?
Was I not of those breasts before him nurst?
And am I not his Elder in degree?

Difference
twixt *Tytan*
and *Saturne*.

What haue I done, you should affect me worst?
 Your Mayden-birth, and your first progeny:
 Before him I was borne, and to be plaine,
 (By all the Goddes) I will before him raigne.

16

Had I not in your wombe, the selfe-same being?
 Am I not of the selfe-same bloud created?
 Is not my Royalty with his agreeing?
 Is not my birth before his *Anti-dated*?
 Is elder *Tytan*, now not worth the seeing?
 Must in my right, that young boy be instated?
 Hath he so well, or I so ill deseru'd:
 No: first I came, and I will first be seru'd.

17

And turning to young *Saturne*, with an eye
 Threatning reuenge, and ruyne to his life,
 Prin-cox (quoth he) must you be plac't so hye,
 The only darling of *Vranus* wife?
 Canst thou so soone out-leape me? Thou shalt die,
 And in thy fatall obits end this strife;
 Then, with his fatall blade he blest his head,
 Had the blow false, it had strooke *Saturne* dead.

18

But *Vesta* staide it comming, and withall
 Came *Ceres* and *Sibilla* thrusting thither,
 They hugge young *Saturne*, but on *Tytan* fall,
 Thundring on him with clamors, altogether,
 The younger brother they their Soueraigne call,
 And bid the elder packe, they care not whither:
 The people second them: thus in disgrace,
 The *Stigmaticke* is forst to leaue the place.

19

But hauing better with himselfe aduised,
Tytan and *Saturne* thus the strife decide,
 That *Tytan* (for his shape so much despised)
 Should leaue the Scepter vnto *Saturnes* guide,
 And so to stint all mallice enterprised;
 But after *Saturnes* death, the Crowner abide
 To *Tytan* and his heyres, by his last will;
 So *Saturne* swears all his heyres male to kill.

Erythea Si-
 bylla.

Their strife
 compounded.

Lucretius.

King

20

King *Saturne* must not let a sonne suruiue
To keepe his brothers Issue from the Crowne,
Only his Daughters he may saue aliue,
These Couenants are betwixt them both set downe:
Hence-forth, no more these haughty brothers striue,
For eyther by Indenture knowes his owne:
The Crowne is *Saturnes*, due to *Tytans* seed,
To make which good, all *Saturnes* sonnes must bleed.

Apollonius li. 2
Argonaut.

21

The elder brother, thus o'reswaide with might,
Cannot indure that Clyme, but seekes another,
To see his yonger throned in his right,
Or to be cal'd a Subiect to his brother,
And therefore full of anger and despight,
He leaues his Countrey, Sisters, and his mother;
And to be rid at once of his disgraces,
He seekes aduentures strange, in forren places.

22

Where Fortune his attempts so much befrended,
That many Warlike Nations he subdud'e,
No quest, saue Armes and valour, he intended,
And how by Vsurpation to intrude
Into the rightes of others, who defended
Their Honors, both by strength and multitude:
Thus he of many Islands raignes sole King,
And all the World, of *Tytans* Aëtes doth ring.

23

Yet into *Creet* he daily sendes espiall,
To know if *Saturne* made his Couenant good,
Forcing his flye skouts (mauger all deniall)
To bring him word, how *Saturnes* glory stood,
Whether of Mariage he had yet made tryall,
Or hauing Children male, had spilt their bloud;
Knowing himselfe to be sufficient strong,
By force of Armes, to right his former wrong.

24

So with his fiae and forty Sonnes makes thence,
With fayre *Tytea*, mother to seuentene
Of that large broode; all these with rage dispence,
And by their late attonement, Exiles beene.

Diod. Siculus.

With patience they depart (but with pretence)
 Hoping well Armed once more to be seene,
 And with their brood of *Tytanois* to meet,
 And tug with *Saturne*, for the Crowne of *Crete*.

25

Rhea (of all the beauteous daughters fairest)
 Brides with *Hiperion*, her best-lou'd Brother:
 He likewise, for his feature was the rarest
 Of *Tytans* sonns (there liu'd not such another)
 Oh sweet *Hiperion*, thou in shape comparest
 With all the Gyan yssue of thy mother;
 At seuerall byrths, two Babes she childed soone,
 The male she cald the *Sunne*; Female, the *Moone*.

26

The iother *Tytans* fearing, to these two
 Their Fathers Conquests should in time descend,
 A monstrous Act they haue intent to do,
 Whose scandall shall beyond both Poles extend,
 And none but *Parricides* would yeild vnto,
 For they that should their Brothers life defend
 Conspire together, and gainst right or reason,
 In dead of night, they seeke his death, by *Treason*.

27

*Pansanias in
 Corinthiacis.*

But first they take his little sonne, the *Sunne*,
 And to the flood *Eridanus* (well knowne,
 That streames along their Coast:) In hast they run,
 Where the young Lad amongst the waues is throwne,
 This, when his tender *Sister* knew was dun,
 From a high Rocke, her selfe she tumbled downe:
 In pittie of whose beauties, grace, and yeares,
 The Gods translate them, to the brightest Spheres.

28

Of Tytan mor
 Can 3. stan. 27

Meane time, the new made King of *Crete's* renowne
 Increast so much, that he was term'd a God,
 He was the first that ware a *Lawrell* Crowne,
 The first that venter'd on the Seas, and rod
 In triumph on the waters; (this being knowne)
 They held them happiest, that could make abod
 In his blest *Prouince*, which being well conducted,
 Kings sent their Sonnes to him, to be instructed.

Saturne

25

Saturne in those daies was helde onely wise,
Many young Princes in his Court were trained,
He taught them both the vse of *Seas* and *skies*,
And what hid wealth within the Earth remained;
Then gan he Citties build, and Lawes deuise,
for an Irregular people he disdained:

The mynerall mountaine-veines he vnder-minde,
And was the first, that perfect *Golde* refinde.

26

Yet neuer did this King in ought miscarry,
Hauing what *Earth*, and *Sea*, and *Ayre* could yeild,
Happy in all thinges, saue, he durst not marry,
He sees the gorgeous house, he late did build
Shine with reflecting Gold (his objects varry)
He sees his ripe corne, growing in the field,
He sees the wilde Birds by his Archers caught,
Pierst with those shafts, whose vse before he taught.

27

He sees the vast *Seas*, by his Oares deuided,
And the deepe waters, without danger past,
By Art of *Sayle* and *Rudder*, they are guided,
(What greater happinesse could Mortall tast?)
But when the *Couenant* long before decided
Twixt him and *Tytan* he records, at last,
It pierst his hart with sorrow: for his life
Seemes to him tedious, led without a wife.

28

What bootes him all his Honours and ritch state?
His wealths-increase, and all his worldly pleasure?
For whom doth he rise early, and sleepe late?
Hauing no heyre, to inherite all his Treasure:
He knowes he hath incur'd his Brothers hate,
Yet must his seed, make of his kingdome seizure:
He enuyes his owne wealth, bicause he knowes,
All his life time he toyles, t'enrich his foes.

29

He loues his Sister *Sybill* (yet not so
That if she ch'dren haue, their blouds to spill)
And yet his timerous passions howerly grow,
Nor can he on her beauty gaze his fill:

Faine would he marry her, and yet doth know
 If shee haue Issue, he her sonnes must kill,
 So that he wishes now, (but all too late)
 That for his vow, he might Exchange his state.

30

In this distraction many dayes he dwelt,
 Till Loue at length in *Saturnes* hart preuailed,
 Such feruent passions in his brest he felt,
 That spight his Oath, (which he so much bewailed)
 He feeles his soft thoughts in his bosome melt:
 (Needs must he yeild whom such faire lookes assailed)
 And now vpon this desperate point he stood,
 To wade t^rher bed, thogh through his childrens blood.

31

This can great *Apis* witnesse, who that time
Peloponessus gouern'd: This records
Iubalda, who the *Spanisb* seat doth clime;
 This *Craunus* kneel'd to by th' *Italian* Lords:
 This *Satron*, who the *Gaules* rul'd in his prime,
 Now to *Semiramis Assyria* affords
 The Monarchy: who after *Ninus* dide,
 Married her Sonne, and perisht by his pride.

32

Saturne marri-
 eth his Sister
Sybill.

2000.

1963.

The marriage rights with solemne feasts are done,
Sybill both wife and sister; the first Queene
 That raign'd in *Creete*, hath now conceiu'd a sonne,
 Neuer hath lesse applausiue ioy bin seene
 At such a Brides Conception: the time's come
 The long suspensiue daies expired beene:
 For if a male, his blood the Earth must staine,
 A male she brought forth, and the Lad was slaine.

33

For so the King commanded, being a King,
 He thought it base if he should breake his word,
 Oh golden dayes, of which the *Poets* sing,
 How many can this Iron age afford
 That hold a promise such a precious thing,
 Rather to yeeld their children to the sword,
 Then that the world should say, thy oath thou brakest,
 Or wast so base, to eate the word thou spakest.

Such

33

Such difference is twixt this, and that of gold,
We in our sinnes are stronger; Vertues weaker;
Words tide them fast, but vs no bonds can hold;
They held it vil'd, to be a promise-breaker;
A *Lyar* was as strange in times of old,
As to find out amongst vs, a true speaker:
Their harts were of pure mettall, ours haue flawes,
Now lawes are wordes; in those daies, wordes were

34

(lawes.

The Funerall of the first slaine infant ended,
And the sad daies of mourning quite expir'd,
At which the pittious Queene was most offended,
But now her spirits with dull sorrowes tired,
The King a second metting hath intended,
And the Queenes nuptiall bed againe desired;
Sibill conceiues, and in her wombe doth cherish,
More children, ready in their birth to perish.

35

And growing neere her time, the sorrowfull father,
Displeas'd to see his wife so apt to beare,
Who for his vowes-sake with her barren rather,
(The murder of his first sonne toucht him neare,)
Sends through his Land, a kingly traine to gather,
And makes for *Delphos*, hoping he shall heare
Some better comfort from the *Delphian* shrine,
Whose Oracles the king esteemes diuine.

36

He therefore first his sacrifice prepares,
And on *Apollos* Altar Incense burnes,
Then kneeling to the Oracle, his praiers
Mount with the sacred fume, which neare returns,
Tell the pleas'd God acquainted with his cares
Lookes downe from heauen, & sees him how he mourns,
Desiring that his power would nothing hide,
But tell, what of her next birth should betide.

37

With that there fell a storme of Raine and Thunder,
The Temple was all fire, the Alter shooke,
The golden roose aboue, and pauement vnder,

C

Trembled

Trembled at once, about gan *Saturne* looke,
 To see what heavenly power had caus'd this wonder,
 Faine he the holy place would haue forfooke,
 When th'Oracle thus spake : thy wife growes great,
 With one that shall depose thee from thy seat.

38

For from her royall wombe shall one proceed,
 That in despite of thee in *Creet* shall dwell;
 So haue the neuer-changing fates decreed,
 Such is the Oracles (thrice sacred) spell;
 A sonne shall issue from king *Saturnes* seed,
 That shall enforce his father downe to Hell,
 This heard, the discontented king arose,
 And (doubly sad) away to *Creet* he goes.

39

What shall he do, faire *Sibils* time drawes neere,
 And if the Lad which she brings forth suruiue,
 The newes will stretch vnto his brothers eate,
 To whom he sware to keepe no male aliue,
 Besides a second cause he hath to feare,
 Least he his father, from his kingdome drive,
 Then, to preuent these ils, he swears (on hie,)
 Inspight of fate, the infant borne shall die.

40

Yet when the King his first sonnes death records,
 In his resolu'd thoughts it breeds relenting,
 The bloudy and vnnaturall act affords
 His troubled thoughts, fresh cause of discontenting,
 None dare approach his presence, Queene, nor Lords,
 That to his first childs death had bin consenting:
 The first vnnaturall act appears so vilde,
 The king intends to saue his second childe.

41

So oft as he the murder cals to mind,
 So oft he vowes the second son to saue,
 But thinking on his couenant, grows vnkind,
 And doomes it straight vnto a timelesse graue;
 Againe, the name of sonne would pittie find,
 And for his oth some refuge seekes to haue:
 But when the Oracle he doth recall,
 The very thought of that, confounded all.

42

So deare to him his Crowne and state appeared
That he his pompe before his blood preferred,
It ioyes him to commaund, and to liue feared,
And now he thinks his foolish pittie erred,
And setting light his issue, seemes well cheared,
His fortune to the Goddess he hath referred,
Rather then loose his Scepter, tis decreed,
Had he ten thousand brats, they all should bleed.

Sibilla versus.

43

Resolu'd thus: newes is brought him by his mother,
That *Sibell* (late in trauell) is deliuer'd
Of two faire Twins, a Sister, and a Brother,
At this report, his heart is well nigh shauer'd,
Go, spare the r'one (quoth he) and kill the tother;
Alas (saith she) we women are pale-liuer'd
And haue not heart to kill: no beast so wilde
Or brutish, but would spare so sweete a childe.

The birth of
Jupiter and
Iuno.

2014.

1946.

Abraham en-
ters *Canaan*
24. yeares af-
ter Circumci-
sion was com-
maunded: and
Sodome and
Gomorrath bur-
ned.

44

And shall a father then so madly fare
With his owne issue, his childs blood to spill?
And whom the Tigers and fell beasts would spare,
Shall reasonable man presume to kill?
The birds more tender ore their young ones are,
Fishes are kind vnto their issue still.
Fish, bird, and beast, in sea, Aire, earth, that breedeth,
Though reasonlesse, her tender young ones feedeth.

45

Further she was proceeding, when the son,
An irefull frowne vpon his mother threw,
Away (quoth he) and to *Sibilla* run,
And let the same hand that my first borne slew
Destroy this to, for as we haue begun,
We will persist, the Lady sad, withdrew,
Affraide and greu'd at once, to see him moued,
Whom, as her King (she fear'd) her son; she loued.

Lycophron.

46

No sooner was she out of sight, but he
One of his trusty seruants calls on hye,
Who waits his pleasure on his bended knee,

C 2

Quickly

Quickly (quoth *Saturne* after *Vesta* flie,
 Say, if the brat suruiue, *Sibill* and the
 As Traytors to our person, both shall die:
 Hees gone, and little in the King doth lacke,
 At his departure to haue cal'd him backe.

47

Twice was the word halfe out, and twice kept in,
 Faine he would haue it done, and faine neglected,
 He thinkes dam'd Parricide on vgly sinne,
 But worse he thinkes from State to be deiected,
 Neuer hath Prince in such distraction bin,
 His bloud he lou'd, his kingdome he affected:
 But since he cannot both at once enioy,
 His state hee'l saue, his yssue hee'l destroy.

48

Ambition to his fiery rage gaue fewell,
 He now remembers not his *Sibils* teares,
 Whose tender hart laments, to lose her Iewell,
 No sparke of pittie in his looke appeares,
 It sports him only to be tearmed cruell,
 At name of Father, now he stops his cares;
 Had not his Crown, more then his couenant tempted,
Sybill, thy sonne had bin from death exempted.

49

But the commaund is gone, and in his breast
 He now reuolues the vilenesse of the deed,
 Scepter, and Crowne, and life he doth detest,
 Within him, his remorsefull entrailes bleed;
 And now at length, the King would thinke him blest,
 Might he together perish with his seed:
 And that which most his Melancholy furthers,
 He knowes, the world condemns him for his murders.

50

No ioy can cheere, no obiect make him glad,
 The dayes in sighes, the nights in teares he spends,
 Nothing can please him: (be it good or bad)
 His troubled and craz'd sences it offends,
 That he is now surnam'd, *Saturne the Sad*,
 He sets not by alliance, strangers, friends;
 Here leaue him in the depth of his dispaire,
 A melancholy King, compoide of cares.

51

And to the Queene returne who sadly waies
Her Infants execution or repreece,
Did *Saturne* see this boy (she thus debates)
That he would kill him, I can scarce belecue?
Alas: poore infants borne to wofull fates,
What corsicke hart such harmelesse soules can greeue;
Thus lies the Queene, til from her Lord she heare,
Halfe chear'd with hope, and halfe destroy'd through

52

(feare.

In *Vesta* comes; her sad cheare *Sybill* spies,
And in her bed (though weake) her selfe sh'aduanced,
She might haue read the Message in her eies,
For as vpon the smiling Babe she glanced,
She fil'd the chamber with lowd shreekes and cries,
At which the wofull mother was intranced:
The Grandam, in her eyes the kings wil showing,
The mother, by her lookes, her meaning knowing.

53

Not long in this strange sorrow they remained,
But the kings seruant mongst the women presserth,
A generall flush the Matrons cheekes hath stained,
And his owne blush ioyning with theirs, confesseth
That place vnfit for him; yet none complained,
For euery one his cause of comming gesseth;
Knowing the gentle knight, would not present him
In such a place, vnlesse the king had sent him.

54

On whom, as more attentiuely they gaze,
Thus wils the king (quoth he) my sonne shall die;
In vaine with sorrowfull teares your eies you glaze,
Or fill this chamber with a generall cry,
He for the heart of his young infant staies;
Which if his mother, or his Queene deny,
They shall abide like doome, hee'l haue their harts;
The message ended thus: the knight departs.

55

So long in sorrowes sympathy they mourn'd,
That with excesse of griefe their soules were tired,
Now for a space they haue their feares adiourn'd,

C 3

And

And of the kings displeasure more inquired,
 At length their mourning into madnesse turn'd,
 (Quoth *Sibell*) no base murtherer shall be hired
 To worke this out-rage, so the king hath wild,
 And by my hand the iweete babe shall be kild.

56

With that a knife the wrathfull *Sibell* snatcht,
 And bent the point against the infants brest,
 Thinking to haue his innocent life dispatcht,
 And sent his soule vnto eternall rest;
 The Lad his mother by the bosome catcht,
 And smiling in her face, that was addrest
 To strike him dead, away she hurles the knife,
 And saith (sweet babe) that smile hath sau'd thy life.

57

Then giue it me quoth *Vesta*, for take heed,
 My son hath charg'd vs on our liues, to slay him;
 The infant by his Grandams hand shall bleed,
 So wils the king (whats she that dares gainsay him?)
 My aged hand shall act this ruthlesse deed,
 And I that should protect him, will betray him,
 She aimes to strike, at which the infant smilde,
 And she instead of killing, kist the childe.

58

Are you so timerous (quoth the Midwife by?)
 Or do you count this babe so deare a treasure?
 Know you not, if we saue him we shall die,
 And shall we hazard death in such high measure?
 Though you would slight it, by my life not I;
 I am more fearefull of the kings displeasure:
 With that, a keener blade the *Beldam* drew,
 The babe still smild, away the knife she threw.

59

When they behold the beauty of the Lad,
 They vow within themselues his life to saue,
 But then the kings Iniunction makes them sad,
 And straight (alas) they doome it to the graue;
 Now with their blades in hand, like *Beldams* mad,
 They menace death: then smiles the pretty knaue,
 Then fall their knives, then name they the kings will,
 And then againe they threat the babe to kill.

60

Three times by turnes the Infant past their hands,
And three times thrice, the kniues point toucht his skin,
And each of them as oft confounded stands,
(Such pittie did his smiling beauty win)
That more then they esteeme their liues or lands,
They all abhor the vilenesse of the sinne;
At length they all consult with heedfull care,
To saue their owne liues, and the childe to spare.

Jupiter saued.

61

Saith *Vesta*, in the bordering Pronince dwels
Old *Mellisseus*, a renowned King,
His daughters I brought vp in sacred Spels,
And taught them Chares, to sow, to weaue, to sing,
No Lady liuing these bright Dames excels
In vertuous Thewes, good graces, euery thing;
To these my little Graund-child I will send,
And to their trust, this pretious charge commend.

Mellisseus king
of Epyre.

62

Faice *Almache* and *Mellisse* I know,
(For so these vertuous Ladies haue to name)
Will when they vnderstand what Queene doth owe
This royallyssue, and from whence it came,
Their best and choyfest entertainment shew,
And to no eare our secret Act proclaime;
Thus they conclude, all needfull things are fatcht,
And on her way a trusty mayde dispatcht.

Alia, *Adras-*
tea, and *Ida*.

Apollon. Rhod.
lib. 3. Arg.
Pausanias in
Messeniis.
Lactan. lib de
falsa religione.

63

Who in the City *Oson* safe ariuing,
To the two Sisters she her charge presents,
They glad to heare of *Vesta* still suruiuing,
Yet grieued at her cause of discontents,
Welcome the Damsell, In their honors striuing
To cheere her, who as doubtfull still laments,
Not knowing yet how the young Prince shall speed,
Or what the prouident sisters haue decreed.

Apol. Atheni-
ensis gramat.

Eusebius.

64

The courteous virgins, hearing the sad story
Of vertuous *Sybill* and her sonne related,
Both for the mother and the Sonne, are sorry,

And

And hauing with themselues a while debated,
 They hold their womanish pittie much more glory
 Then to be rude, and cruell estimated,
 And now their studies are, the Babe to hide,
 And for his carefull fostering to prouide.

65

They beare him to a Mountaine, in whose brow,
 A Caeue was dig'd, the round mouth was so strait,
 That at the entry, you of force must bow,
 But entred once, the roome was full of State,
 This Cauerne for the darknesse, they allow
 To shield the Infant from the Fathers hate;
 Which being selected as a place most meet,
 The Damsell is againe sent backe to Creet.

66

With milke of Goates they nurst him for a space,
 Till Fortune on a time so well prouided,
 That when to still the Babe (who cride apace)
 They sounded Cymbals, and with tuns deuided
 Strook on their Tymbrels, by some wondrous grace,
 A swarme of Bees was by, that Musicke guided
 Into the place, who made the Caeue their Hine,
 And with their Hony, kept the Child aliue.

67

By this the Damsell is return'd againe,
 And all the newes to *Vesta* hath related,
 What prouident care the royall Dames haue rane
 To saue the Prince, how well they haue requited
 Her former loue; still *Saturne* thinks it flaine,
 Being with the terror of his death affrighted,
 Which in the Kings opinion, to make good,
Vesta salutes him with a cup of blood.

68

An *Abbest* stone into the bole was brayed,
 It shew'd like the Babes hart, beaten to powder,
 The Dowager in funerall blacke arrayed,
 With reuerence to her Son and Soueraigne bowed her,
 (Women haue teares at will) their wiles to ayde,
 And she hath plenty to her plot allowed her;
 See here (quoth she) and as she more would say,
 Griefe strikes her mute, and turnes her head away.

*Pausanias in
 Arcadias.*

*Aratus in pha-
 nomenis.*

*Lucianus in
 sacrificijs.*

*Virg. 4. Greg.
 Ouid. 2. pastor.*

69

Againe she would proceed, againe she faileth,
But the third time begins her sad Oration:
See heere thy sonne, whose losse thy wife bewaileth,
Murdered and massacred in piteous fashion;
In vaine against the froward fate she raileth,
In vaine she teares her eies in extreame passion,
Saturne hath to this cruell act constrain'd her,
And see of thy young son the poore remainder.

70

Now maist thou keepe thine oath with *Titans* feed,
Yet that thou cruell art, I needs must tell thee,
Neuer did *Tiger* father such a deed,
In tyranny the *Wolues* cannot excell thee?
Now maist thou safely weare thy imperiall weed,
(Can this thy issue from thy throne expell thee?)
This blood can neuer gouerne in thy sted,
Alas poore Grand-child, thou too late hast bled.

71

Th'vnwelcome newes seeme welcome to his cares,
And yet he wishes they awhile had staide;
That the vil'd deed is done, he glad appeares,
Yet in his gladnes, he seemes ill apaid:
She moues the king with her laments and teares,
(What cannot weeping women men perswade?)
The king in sorrow of his sonne late dead,
Vowes euer to abiure *Queene Sibels* bed.

72

And whilst the warme blood reek't before his eies,
No wonder if he purpost as he spake,
But when the beauty of his *Queene* he spies,
Her graces mou'd him, and his vow he brake:
Such charming vertue in her beauty lies,
That he forgets the rash oth he did make;
And rather then his nuptiall sweets forbear,
Hee'l sacrifice a young sonne every yeare.

73

These stormes blowne ouer, and their sorrowes spent
(For violent tempests neuer long remain'd)
The king young *Iuno* to *Parthemias* sent,

There

There amongst Princes daughters to be train'd,
To doe her honors, is his whole intent,
Since his sonnes bloud by timelesse Fate is drained:
Nor maruell, if to honor her he striue,
Knowing (saue her) no Issue left aliuie.

74

Time keepes his course, the King and Queene oft meet,
And once againe she hath conceiu'd a Male,
The Lad in secret is conveyde from Creet
To *Athens*, in a vessell swift of sayle;
Th' *Athenian* King, they with the Infant greet;
Who the Babes fortunes sadly doth bewaile,
And the young *Neptune* fairely doth intreat,
And trayues him like the sonne of one so great.

75

The husband-King, who no such guile surmised,
Is by the crafty women mock't againe;
New teares are coin'd, a second tricke deuised,
To make him thinke that Issue likewise slaine:
Once more the King with sadnesse is surpris'd,
Once more appeald (for teares he knowes are vaine,)
Again the King and Queene are met in bed,
And in small processe, she againe is sped.

76

The birth of
Pluto & glauca

A sonne and daughter at this birth she bare,
The sonne she hides, the daughter she discloseth,
The sonne she *Pluto* named, the winde stood faire,
And him into *Thessalia* she disposeth,
The messenger applies with earnest care
Her tedious iourney, for no time she loseth:
Whilst the twin-brother she is forst to hide,
Her daughter *Glauca* in her childhood dide.

77

Higinus in fab
Stellarum.

Neptune was nurst by *Arue*, after growing
To manhood, fairefoot *Amphitrite* hee
would haue espoused, but she her beauty knowing,
Despise the *Sea God*, thinking to liue free,
wherefore he sends the Dolphin, who straight showing
His masters thoughts, the Louers soone agree,
For with the *Dolphins* signe to Heauen was borne,
And plapt on hie, not farre from *Capricorne*.

78

The vntam'd Gennet he did first bestride,
And made him seruant to the vse of Man,
(Before him) no man durst presume to ride,
(Famous alone he was in *Athens* than)
He coupled first the Steedes, and curbd their pride,
And by his Art, the armed Chariot ran:
Therefore, as greatest honor to his state,
The Horse to him was freely consecrate.

*Pausanias in
Arcadicis.*

*Pam. 5. Him-
nographus.*

Sophocles

79

And when he trauels o're the foamy waues,
With foure Sea-palfreys he is drawne along,
By sundry Nymphes and Girls, (whose loue he craues,)
Four-score fayre sonnes he got, surpassing strong,
Who Cityes built, and menac't Hostile braues
Gainst Tyrants, that vsurpt their States by wrong:
He Riders grac't, and Sea-men gladly cheared,
And by his hands, the wals of *Troy* were reared.

Apollon. lib. 4.

Zeus in li. 51.

Plutarch.

Herodotus.

80

To him three Temples consecrated were,
Of great Magnificence; In *Isthmus* one,
In *Tenarus* a second did appeare,
A structure (in that Isle) famous alone,
A third to him the stowt *Calahrians* reare,
Semblant to these, through all the world were none;
Vpon these shrines to make his glories full,
The people vnde to sacrifice a Bull.

Hom. in himen.

*Plut. in vita
Pompeia.*

Hom. lib. 5. odif

Virg. 5.

81

Pluto (whom some call *Mammon*) God of gold,
Who (after) did the *Tartar* kindome seaze,
As *Ioue* a Scepter in his hand doth hold,
Neptune the Trident, so he graspes the Keies;
Some thinke this God inhabited of old
Hiberia, him the *Pyren* mountaines please,
Of whom and *Proserpine* his rauisht Bride,
Desist; to speake what *Iuno* did betide.

Pan. in Atticis

*Hiberia calld
Spaine.*

*Strabo lib. 3.
Geographica.*

82

Thus eldest *Iupiter* liues in a Caue
Neere *Oson*, nurs't with Hony from the Bees,
Th' *Athenian* King did the young *Neptune* saue,

In

2250.

1913.

In *Athens*, where great Clearks haue rane degrees;
Athens the well of knowledge, and the Graue
 Of Ignorance, where *Neptune* safety fees;
Pluso the yongest of the three, doth dwell
 In lower *Theffaly*, since tearmed *Hell*.

83

The time these liued, was *Patriarch Isaac* borne,
 In *Lybia* *Affer* raignde, *Brigus* in *Spaine*,
 By *Inachus*, the *Argine* Crowne is worne:
Aratus doth the *Affyrian* state maintaine;
 Now *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* to ashes turne,
Pelloponesus doth *Aegidius* gaine,
Germania is vpheld by *Hermion*,
 And *Aethyopia* sway'd by *Phaeton*.

84

Saturne, that of his three sonnes nothing knew,
 Doted on louely *Iuno*, and oft sent
 Vnto her place of Nurture, where she grew
 Faire and well featur'd, there her youth she spent,
 Whose soiorne in *Parthemia* *Saturne* drew
 To visite her (on earth his sole content)
 Many rare presents, and rich gifts he brought her,
 Where leaue him in *Parthemia* with his daughter.

Our Poem, though familiarly knowne to them of indg-
 ment and reading, yet because it may not seeme intri-
 cate to the lesse capeable, I thought it not altogether
 impertinent to insert some few obseruations to the ende of e-
 uery Caato.

Touching this *Vranus*, from whom our History takes life,
 some Writers (and those not of the least authority) thinke in
 him to be figured *Chanaan*, sonne of *Cham*, sonne of *Noah*,
 whom *Noah* cursed, but spared his sonne *Cham*, because
 God had once blessed him.

This *Canaan* for sundry benefits by him bestowed vpon
 many Nations, was called by some *Ogyges*, by others *Fenix*,
 as also *Caelum*, *Sol*, *Proteus*, *Ianus*, *Geminus*, *Iunonius*,
Quirinus, *Patulcius*, *Bacchus*, *Vortumnus*, *Chaos*, *Ile-*

ton

ton, or the seed of the Goddess. Also his wife Vesta, for her bounty, they call Tellus, Opis, Aretia, and Cibilla, the mother of the Gods

And these lived in the third generation after the Flood. From this Vesta, came the virgin-Vestals in Rome. This Cham father to Canaan, was call Egyptian Saturne, and Nemroth, Babilonian Saturne. Cham was also called Saturne in Italy, who came thither to dwell, in the time that Comerus the Scythian vsurped there: a neighbour to olde Ianus that dwelt in Laurentum: And this was in the yeare of the world 1898. the yeare before Christ 2065. but rather then enter too deepe into antiquity, the sequele of our historie we deriue from Saturne of Creet.

There were two Iupiters, the first Iupiter Belus, from whom Ninus descended and first Idolatrised to him: the second Iupiter of Creet, who was after instiled Olimpian Iupiter, and supreame king of the Gods.

Cicero de natura deorum.

Tytan, Saturnes brother, is often by the Poets taken for the Sunne, he is likewise call Hiperion, and ruler of the Planets: but Bochas writes Hiperion to be Tytans sonne, and not a name soly attributed to the Sunne.

Bochas.

Where Saturne makes his expedition to the Oracle: I read of two Oracles, one spake in Delphos from the mouth of Apollo, the other in Ægypt, from Iupiter Belus, who is likewise call the Sonne of Saturne, and the second Emperour of Babylon after Nemroth.

Oson a Citty and mountaine in Epyre where Iupiter was nurst. This Epyre is a Countrey in Greece, hauing on the North Macedonia, the East Achaya, the West the sea Ionium: It cannot be the mountaine Ossa, because Ossa is in Theffaly.

Saturnus was the first father of the Goddesses, who begatte Iupiter, Iuno, Neptune, Pluto, and Glauca, by his wife Ops, otherwise call Sybilla.

Lactantius.

Demogorgon, signifieth Earth, and Æthra Ayre, supposed Vranus father and mother.

Cadmus sonne to Agenor king of Phenicia, who beeing sent by his father to seeke his sister Europa whom Iupiter in the shape of a Bull had rauished, and not finding her, durst not returne to his Countrey but staid in Boetia, where hee

Ovid, meta. 2.

D

built

built the famous Citty Thebes, brought letters first into Greece, and found the casting of mettals in Pangeus a promontory in Thrace.

Panchaia a sandy countrey of Arabia, where is plenty of Frankincence. In a high hill of this Countrey, Thoas and Æacelis first found out gold Ore.

Erichthon otherwise Erichtheus, he was nurst by Minerva, after instated king of Athens, he first inuented the Chariot, and is supposed to be the first that tryed mettalles, part of which skill, some take from him, and attribute vnto Ceachus.

Idæi Dactili otherwise called Corybanthus, were certain priests of Cibell, these are sayæ to find out the vse of Iron.

Salmentes and Damnamenecus, two Jewes, S. Clement speakes of, who first found out the vse of Iron in Cipres.

Lydus the sonne of Atis, and brother to Tyrrhenus, of him Lidia tooke the name: he first melted brasse, and made it pliable to the hammer: a cunning which Theophrastus would bestow vpon one Delos the Phrigian, but Aristotle yeildes it to Lydus.

Cassiterides are ten Islandes in the Spanish sea, in these Midacritus (by the opinion of Strabo) first found out the vse of Lead.

Cynaras, a ritch King of Cypres, who vnawares laye with his daughter Myrrha, and on hir begat Adonis. Hee first deuised the Stithee, Tongs, File and Leauer.

Pyrodes was sonne to Cilix, of whom Cicilia took name, and Cilix was sonne to Phenicia, he was the first strooke fire from the flint.

Prometheus sonne to Iapetus, who for stealing Fyre from heauen to inspire life in his Images, was by Iupiter tyde vnto the mount Cancaus, where an Eagle still gnaweth his entrailes.

Anacharsis a great Phylosopher, borne in Scythia, he first deuised the Bellowes, and as some suppose the Potters wheele.

Apis King of the Argiues, he taught first the plantinge of vines, and after his death was worshipt in the shape of an Oxe.

Iubalda gouerned Spaine.

Craunuis Italy.

Satron the Gaules.

Semiramis Assyria. At the same time Saturne married his Sister Sybill. This was in the yeare of the World 2000. and the yeare before Christ 1963. Seauen yeares after this, which was 250. yeares after the Deluge, Noah paid his due to Nature.

Almache and Mellisee, are supposed to be Adrastea and Isde.

THus it is our purpose to beare along with vs the best known Kingdomes of the Worlde, that the truth of an History being countenanced with their credit, may purchase the better beliefe.

The end of the first
CANTO.

D 2



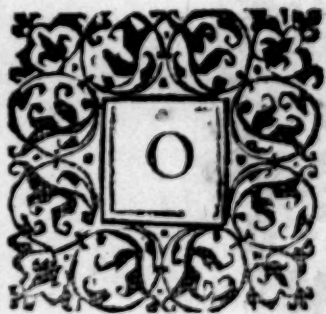
Argumentum

Young Dardanus his brother Iasius slew,
 And leaues the Countrey where he sought to rayne
 Warre twixt th'Epirians and Pelagians grew,
 Lycaon is by Ioue exilde, not slaine:
 Iupiter of Calisto taking view,
 A vottesse, and one of Dians traine;
 Lones, and is loath'd, the Virgin is beguild,
 Clad like a mayd, he gets the Mayd with child.

ARG. 6.

TH'Epirian slaine: Troys first foundatiō layd,
 Chast Dians vovves in Deta are conveyd.

CANTO. 2.



H blind Ambition
 and desire of Raigne,
 How camst thou by this rule
 in mortall breasts?
 Who gaue thee this dominion
 ore the braine?
 Thou murest more,
 then plagues or fatall pests;
 Thy drinke Mans bloud, thy food dead bodies slaine,
Treason and *Murder* are thy nightly guests:
Ambition knowes no lawe, he that aspires,
 Climbes by the liues of brothers, sonnes, and Syres.

2

2425.

1538.

Corinthus, of whom *Corinth* tooke first name,
Electra daughter to King *Athlas* married,
 From *Lybia* hath he fetcht the louely Dame,
 And thence to *Naples* this rich purchase carried:

Corinth and *Naples* are indeed the same,
One Citty; though by Time their names be varried:
These dying, left behinde them to succeed,
Two Princes, Lords of many a valiant deed.

3

Whilst *Corinth* there, *Memnon* all *Egypt* swayde,
In *Italy* *Atleus*: *Harbon* Gaul,
Hesperus *Spaine*, the *Argine* King was made
Crassus: in *France* King *Ludgus* govern'd all
Arming himselfe gainst such as did Inuade,
Syrus in *Syria*: *Assyrias* crowne doth fall
To *Mancalus* which whilst he maintaind,
Orthopolis in *Pelloponeffus* raign'd.

4

Moyfes was borne the selfe-same happy yeare,
That faire *Electra* was made haplesse Queene:
Who spake with GOD, and saw the bush burne cleare,
By whom the *Israelites* deliuered beene
From *Pharaohs* bondage, whom the fiery spheare
Guided by night, when in the day was seene
The Cloud to vs her them: In whose blest daies,
Corinthus yssue their proud fortunes raise.

5

One *Dardanus*, that other *Iasius* hight,
Who strongly for their Fathers Crowne contend,
And to their aydes assemble many a knight,
By force of Armes their challenge to defend,
But Armes nor bloody battell; force nor fight
Can vnto this vnnaturall warre giue end:
Till (at the length) a Treaty was appointed,
Which (by accord) should be the King annointed.

6

Iasius to Parlee comes vnarm'd: his brother
Vnder his Robes of peace bright Armor wore:
And being met, his vengeance could not smother
But slew him dead; The Lords his death deplore,
Thus pitiously the one hath kilde the other:
Iasius vnto his Sepulcher they bore,
But *Dardanus* that him so basely slew,
Vnto the Pallace Royall they pursue.

Dardanus and
Iasius.

Now *Cecrops*
built *Athens*.

7

The people such a Traiterous practise hated,
 And vow his blood shall for his murder pay,
 Such as lou'd *Iafius*, the rest animated,
 And round begirt the place where *Dardan* lay,
 Who calls such friends as on his person waited,
 And in the dead of night steales thence away,
 For well he knowes, they *Iafius* lou'd so deerely,
 That they his murder will reuenge seuerely.

8

Before the dawne of day they shipping take,
 The darkenesse of the night, their purpose aideth,
 Through the vast *Ocean* a swift saile they make,
 But as the morning riseth, and night fadeth,
 The sterne *Corinthians* to their fury wake,
 And euery man th'vngarded house inuadeth,
 But when they entring, found the brother fled,
 They curse the liuing, and lament the dead.

9

Long they their weary Fortunes haue in chase,
 Still in the mercy of the Seas and winde,
 But where to harbor they can find no place,
 Or in the seas wilde deserts comfort finde;
 At length they touch at *Samos Isle*, in *Thrace*,
 A soile, which yet contents not *Dardans* minde,
 Ballast, fresh water, victuals he takes in,
 And hoysing saile, seekes further shores to win.

10

By this the *Asian* Seas his ships hath past,
 And now within the *Hellepont* he rides,
 The Marriners the shore discry at last,
 Where calling all their Sea-gods to their guides,
 To their discouery they apply them fast,
 And now their vessels neere the coast abides,
 Not long about the briny beach they houer,
 But *Dardan* landes, the Iland to discover.

11

He finds it fruitfull, pleasant, and a soile
 Fit to inhabit, hie woods, champion fields,
 He holds this countrey worth her former toile,
 The place he likes, and to this clime he yeilds,

And after all his trauell and turnoile,
He plants himselfe : a Citty here he builds,
He casts a huge Ditch first, then layes a frame,
And after calis it *Dardan* by his name.

2485.

1478.
The first foundation of *Troy*

12

The time the groundfils of great *Troy* were layd,
Was *Lacedemon* built (by computation)
In *Athens* *Erichthonius* King was made,
And *Danaus* ruler ore the *Argiue* Nation :
Hercules *Dasinas*, *Phenitia* swayde,
Egiptus *Egypt*; now the first foundation
Of great *Apollos* Temple was begun
By young *Eristhones*, King *Cecrops* sonne.

13

In proesse is much people there conuented,
Being a Citty, well and fairely seated,
And all such people as this place frequented,
Were by him and his followers well intreated,
No stranger, from the King past discontented ;
No Marchant in his traffique was defeated :
In time, his wealth and people both abound,
And here in *Dardan*, *Dardanus* liues crownd.

14

This *Dardan* on *Candame* got a sonne,
Eruton hight : who the same state maintained,
Time keeps his course, away the swift howers run,
The second King, in Arts and Warres is trained,
Imagine seauen and forty Winters dun,
So long *Eruton* in this Citty raigned :
Troos his sonne the kingdome doth enioy,
And of this *Troos*, came the name of *Troy*.

Troy named
of king *Troos*

15

A puissant King in Armes, his valors fame
Through all the *Asian* confines stretched far ;
Kingdomes he doth subdue, Invadors tame,
By him the two first kings ecclipsed are ;
And the *Dardanians* change their auncient name,
And of King *Troos*, so renowmd in warre
Are *Troyans* cald, for so King *Troos* chargeth,
And with his fame, his new-built towne enlargeth.

Now

16

Now all the Græcian Citties *Troy* out-shineth,
 Whose glory many neighbour kings enuy,
 Yet none so bold, that outwardly repineth,
 Or dare in publicke rearmes, king *Troos* defie:
 The strongest people he by loue combineth,
 The weaker he by armes doth terrifie,
 King *Tantalus* that liues in *Phrigia* crownd,
 Most enuies *Troy* should be so farre renown'd.

17

But leaue we him in enuy, *Troy* in glory,
 For enuy still looks vpward, seldome downe,
 And turne to that which most concernes our story,
 How *Iupiter* attain'd his fathers crowne;
 How *Sybill* ioyfull was, but *Saturne* sorry
 To heare his sonnes suruiuing in renowne;
 How *Tytan* war'd on *Saturne*, how *Ioue* grew,
 And in his fathers aid, his Vnckle flew.

18

Twixt the *Pelagians* and *Epiriens* riseth
 Contentious warre, in *Epire* raigned then
 King *Milleseus*; who in armes surpriseth
 Certaine *Pelagians*, king *Lycaons* men:
Lycaon with his warlike troopes aduiseeth,
 By pollicy of warre, both how and when
 He may awaite th' *Epiriens* the like damage,
 And make their king vnto his state do homage:

19

At length *Ioues* Guardian, the great *Epyre* king,
 Vnto the son of *Titan* offers peace,
 In signe whereof they Oliue branches bring,
 To signifie their hostile Armes surcease:
Lycaon sonne to *Tytan* whom wars sting,
 Had likewise gald and spoild his lands increase;
 Applauds the mouion, sweares to this accord,
 Condition'd thus, to leaue an *Epyre* Lord.

20

An *Epyre* Lord, as Hostage straight they take,
 And in *Pelagia* with *Lycaon* leaue him,
 There to abide, till they amends shall make
 For all the spoiles, th' *Epiriens* did bereaue him,

War betwixt
 the Epiriens
 & Pelagians.

Lycaon.

The King the daies doth watch, the nights doth wake,
Least his *Epirien* hostage should deceiue him :

Lycaon of his couenant naught doth slacke,
The time expires the Lord should be sent backe.

21

And to that purpose *Melliseus* sends
Ambassadors, from *Epire* to *Pelage*,
Who to *Lycaon* beares his kind commends,
Lycaon full of spleene and warlike rage
To quit his former iniury, intends,
And with much paine his fury doth asswage,
Yet giues them outward welcome, they desire
Their Hostage Lord to beare backe to *Epire*.

22

Vnto a Morrowes banquet he inuites them,
Saying they shall receiue him at that feast :
The morrow comes (full ill the kings requites them)
He makes th' *Epirien* to be kild and drest,
Part to be sod, part to be rosted, which incites them
To horror and amazement, they detest
So horrible an obiect : Then the King
Thus saies ; Behold your Hostage here I bring.

23

Young *Iupiter* was at the Table seated,
Sent with the rest, by his great foster-Father
On th' Ambassie : he hauing heard repeated
A deed so monstrous, or inhumane rather,
As one that brookt not to be so intreated,
His lofty spirits he to his heart doth gather :
And rising from the Table, drawes his sword,
And beares away the mangled *Epyre* Lord.

24

Into the Market place his load he beares,
Before the amazed people to disclose it :
The bold vndaunted Worthy nothing feares,
But beares the body, and in publicke shewes it ;
Some roasted, and some sod, some bak't appeares,
And euery soule abhorres the deed that knowes it :
Who wondering whence so vilde a mischief came,
Behold (quoth he) your King *Lycaons* shame.

Behold

25

Behold the prince, the sonne of *Titan* kept,
 Vpon his honour safely to deliuer,
 Some were asham'd, some threatned, and some wept,
 Some of their trembling harts with terror shiuer,
 Which *Saturnes* sonne espying, forth he stept,
 And saith: shall such a Tirant and bad liuer?
 Shall such a bloody and insatiate duell
 Vnpunisht scape, for practise of this euill?

26

The infamy of this inhuman act,
 Stretcheth to you; it hath defam'd your nation,
 Where ere report shall blazon this base fact,
 Of our *Epirian* murdered in such fashion,
 It will appeare that you the Tirant backt,
 And that it was your deed; This short Oration,
 Tooke such effect, that each man blusht within,
 Feeling himselfe toucht with that horrid sin.

27

Much more he spake, to bring the king in hate
 With such his subiects as had neuer lou'd him,
 That fell *Lycæon* but vsurpt his state,
 And brought a scandall on them all, he prou'd him,
 Thus of his murderous act he doth dilate,
 To which his tirany and ranker mou'd him,
 His former cruelty, this bloody fight,
 And *Ioues* perswasions, makes them bent to fight.

28

Saturnes bold sonne will no aduantage leese,
 But with his many tirannies proceeds,
 He makes such burne, whose harts before did freeze,
 At the recitall of his bloody deedes:
 Then beares againe the course, which none that sees
 But his heart fires with rage, or Inly bleeds,
 Then cries aloud: you bound that would be free,
 Cast of your seruile yoake, and follow me.

29

You whom the bloody Tirant hath oppress,
 Now (whilst you may reuenge you) arme, and strike,
 You that haue seene th'*Epirian* kild and drest,
 Let him not on your bodies act the like:

Aime all your weapons gainst the Tirants brest :
With that, this catcht a Iauelin, that a Pike,
One takes an Axe, another snatcht a Spade,
Some Swords, some Staues, the pallace to inuade.

30

Their youthfull Captaine they attend, and meet
With the fierce Tirant, arm'd and well prepar'd :
They Barricado both ends of the street,
Then to the battell (where they no man spar'd)
By this *Ioue* layes *Lycaon* at his feet ;
And there had slaine him, but his spleene was bar'd
By one of his best Captaines, who did bring
Happy supply, and so preferu'd the king.

31

Th'inraged multitude esteemed nought
The dauncing Courtiers when they came to blowes,
They watily, the people madly fought,
And euery man his dauntlesse courage shoves,
Whilst all about, young *Ioue* his kinsman sought,
And still the clamor of the battell rose
So loud, that it rebounded gainst the skies,
And heauen it selfe did *Eccho* with their cries.

32

Yet *Ioue* triumphant in the first ranke stood,
His foes fixt battaile he by force displaces,
It raines sharpe Arrowes till the ground flowes blood,
And yet no knight his honored fame disgraces :
It did th'*Epiriens* and their Captaines good
To see the streets pau'd with their enemies faces :
In this high tumults heat, *Lycaons* fled,
And sprightly *Ioue* left Conqueror mongst the dead.

Lycaon van-
quish't by *Iu-*
piter.

33

The Tirant when he saw his seruants slaine,
To saue his life, workes for his secret scape,
And to the Forrest flying from his traine,
He strangely feesle himselfe trans-form'd in shape,
Both woluish forme and mind, he doth retaine,
And in the woods he liues by spoile and rape :
He liu'd a Tirant whilst his kingdome stood,
And chang'd into a *Wolfe*, still thirsts for blood.

Hecatus Mi-
lenseus lib. 2. ge-
nealogiarum.

Where

34

Where we will leaue him in the desert Groue,
 Trans-formd in body, but not chang'd in mind,
 And as my story leads, retorne to Ioue
 Who sees *Lycaon* fled, none left behind,
 But such as whilst they breath'd, in valour stroue,
 And dying, to the fire there corpes resign'd:
 To the *Pelagians* turning he thus saies:
 Be yours the Conquest, but to heauen the praise.

35

But they his honours backe to him resigne,
 And with a generall shout their caps vp fling,
 Saying (*ô Ioue*) thy valour is deuine;
 And thou of vs *Pelagians* shalt be king,
 They guard him to the pallace, and in fine
 The Crowne and Scepter to his hand they bring:
 And after search, finding *Lycaon* fled,
 They *Saturnes* sonne inuested in his sted.

Jupiter made
 king of the
 Pelagians.

36

King *Jupiter* had not yet raignd an hower,
 But with his trusty followers searcheth round
 About the Pallace royall, for the power
 Of king *Lycaon*, but he no man found;
 (Death spares the king, that doth his folke deuoure,)
 Yet iealous of his state, like kings new crown'd,
 To abide all future garboiles and assaults,
 He searcheth all the Sellers, nookes, and vaults.

37

And breaking vp a strong bard iron dore,
 He spies a goodly chamber richly hung,
 Where he might see vpon the carelesse floure,
 A discontented *Lady* rudely flung:
 Her habite suting with her grieve she wore,
 Her eyes rain'd teares, her luory hands she wrung:
 Her robes so blacke were, and her face so faire,
 Each other gract, and made both colours rare.

38

The Virgin lookt out of her sad attire,
 Like the bright sun out of a dusky cloud;
 Her first aspect set the kings hart afire,
 Who vailing first his bonnet, he lowe bowd,

And to haue seizd her fingers preaseth nyer,
But she at sight of strangers weepes alowd,
Her drowned eie she to the Earth directeth,
And no man saue her owne sad woes respecteth.

39

The youthful Prince whom Amorous thoughts surprise,
With comfortable words the Lady cheeres,
Supports her by the arme, intreats her rise,
And from her bosome to remoue her feares,
Yet will not she erect her downe-cast eies :
Nor to his smooth-sweete language lend her eares,
Till from the Earth he rais'd her by the arme,
And thus with words, begins her grieve to charme.

40

Bright Damsell, did you know the worth of all
Those pretious drops you prodigally spill,
You would not let such high-prizd moysture fall,
Which from your hart your Conduit-eyes distill ;
Oh spare them though you count their valew small,
To haue them spar'de Ile giue you (if you will)
Although not in full paiment, yet in part,
A Princes fauour, and a Souldiors hart.

41

You dimme those eyes that sparkle fire Deuine,
By whom this melancholy roome is lighted,
The place were darke, and but for their bright shine,
We in this Dungeon should be all benighted :
Oh saue your beauty then and spare your eyen :
Why should you at our presence be affrighted ;
we come not with our weapons drawne to feare you,
But with our comfortable words, to cheare you.

42

But say, our hostile weapons were all bent
Against your breast ; yet why should you be mated ?
Bewty's sword-profe, no forceable intent
But by a face so faire is soone rebated,
Your beauty was vnto your body lent,
To be her Secretary ; where instated,
It is as safe as if a wall of Iron
Impregnable, your person should inuiron.

E

with

43

With that the wofull maide vplifts her eie,
 And fixt it first vpon the Princes face,
 But there it dwelt not long, for by and by
 It wandered wildly round about the place,
 Yet comming to her selfe, when she gan spy
 Her selfe mongst strangers with a modest grace,
 Hauing her raging griefe awhile restrain'd,
 Thus blushing, she her sad estate complain'd.

44

My father, oh my Father, where is he?
 To whom these Subiects should of right belong:
 You are the Limbes, the head I cannot see,
 Oh, you haue done the king some violent wrong,
 What Stranger's this that doth sollicite me?
 How dare you thus into my chamber throng?
 And fright me, (being a Princeesse) with your steele,
 Or wheres the King, that to this youth you kneele?

45

If King *Lycaon* liue, why do you bow
 Vnto a stranger, he suruiuing still?
 If he be slaine, why am I hindred now,
 Vpon his Coarse my Funerall teares to spill?
 I may lament by Law, no lawes allow;
 Subiects by Treason their liege Lords to kill,
 My teares are naturall, and come in season,
 Your treacherous act is meer vnnaturall Treason.

46

By these her words, the Amorous Prince doth gather
 This Lady to be king *Lycaons* daughter,
 It grieues him now he hath exil'd her father,
 And once againe of fauour he besought her,
 But she all sorrow now intreats him rather
 To leaue the Chamber, since his comming brought her
 Nothing but newes of death, and words of care,
 Her Fathers ruine, and her owne dispaire.

47

By many faire perswasions the *Prince* moues her,
 To stint her passion, and to stop her teares,
 He whispers in her eare how much he loues her,
 But all in vaine, his tongue he idly weares:

By all Rhetoricke and Art he proues her,
Which makes her at the length lend her chaste cares,
And thus reply: I cannot loue, vntill
You one thing grant me, the *Prince* sweares he will.

48

Remember (quoth the Lady) you haue sworn,
Being a *Prince*, to breake an oath were base:
Wer't in a Peasant, it were hardly borne,
But in a Prince it seemes a worse disgrace:
The greater y'are, the greater is your scorne,
If you should taint your honour in this case:
Tis nothing if a poore Stars beames be clouded,
But we soone misse the Moone in darknes shrowded.

49

Princes are earthly Gods and placst on high,
Where euery common man may freely gaze
On them, the peoples vniuersal eye,
Is howerly fixt to scan their workes and waies,
They looke through spectacles your deeds to spy,
Which makes the Letters of your shame, or praise
Grosser to be discern'd, and easier scand,
(A king should be a light to all his Land.)

50

These words fight out, haue fan'd the amorous fire,
Which did the brest of *Saturnes* sonne inflame:
He that at first her beauty did admire,
Now wonders at the wisedome of the dame,
And museth how from such a deuilish Syre
As king *Lycaon*, such an Angell came:
Now he entreats her aske, with spirit vndanted,
For as he is a *Prince*, her sute is granted.

51

Be it (quoth he) the fortunes of this day:
Be it my selfe, my selfe sweet Saint am thine:
Be it this kingdome, and this Scepters sway,
Behold my interest I will backe resigne;
We haue no power to say such beauty nay,
Being but mortall, and that face deuine,
Whats your demand (sweet Saint?) It is quoth she,
That I a consecrated maide may be.

E 2

Oh

52

Oh, had she askt more gold then would haue fild
 Her fathers Pallace, packt vp to the rooffe,
 Or in her sad boone had the Lady wild,
 Of his resolued spirit to see large profe,
 Monsters he would haue tamde, and Gyants kild,
 And from no sterne aduenture kept aloofe,
 In hope to haue woon her loue : but being thus coy,
 This one request, doth all his hopes destroy.

53

The Prince is bound by Oath to graunt her pleasure,
 Yet from her will, he seekes her to disswade,
 Hoord not (quoth he) vnto your selfe such Treasure,
 Nor let so sweet a flower vngathered vade :
 Nature her selfe hath tooke from you fit measure
 To haue more beautilous Creatures by you made,
 Then crop this flower before the prime be past,
 Loose not the Mould that may such fayre ones cast.

54

Let not a Cloyster such rare beauty smother,
 Y'are Natures may ster-peece, made to be seene ;
 (Sweet) you were borne, that you should beare another,
 A Princessse, and disceded from a Queene,
 That you of Queenes and Princes might be mother :
 Had she that bare you still a virgin beene,
 You had not beene at all : Mankind should fade,
 If euery Female, liu'd a spotlesse mayde.

55

You aske, what you by no meanes can defend,
 In seeking a strict Cloyster to enioy,
 Yee wish to see the long-liu'd world at end,
 And in your hart you mankinde would destroy,
 For when these liues no further can extend,
 How shall we people th'Earth : Who shall employ
 The Crowns we win : the wealth for which we strue?
 When dead our selues, we leaue none to suruiue.

56

You might as well kill Children, as to hold
 This dangerous error : Nay Ile proue it true :
 For Infant-soules that should haue beene entold
 In Heauens predestin'd booke, begot of you,

Are by your strangenesse, to obliuion sold,
You might as well your hands in blood imbrew,
Nay better too, for when young Infants die;
Their Angell soules liue in Eternitie.

57

And so the Heauens make vp their numbers full,
You (Lady) heauen and earths right disallow;
What Gods conclude, shall mortals disannull?
So many as you might haue had ere now:
So many Angels from heauens throne you pull,
From earth, so many princes by your vow:
Now could I get a sonne, but you being coy,
Fairste murtheresse (that you are) haue kil'd the boy:

58

Much more (but all in vaine) the amorous youth
Thinks in his smooth sweet language to disswade her,
But nothing that he pleads she holds for truth,
Though by all gentle meanes he sought to haue staid her,
She vrgeth still his oath: he thinks it ruth
To haue such beauty cloister'd, and had made her
Virginity, for *Venus* sweets to haue chang'd,
Had not his Oath that purpose soone estrang'd.

59

Now faire *Celisto* by *Ioues* graunt is free
To be admitted one of *Dians* traine,
Diana a Huntresse, the broad shadowy tree
The house, beneath who rooffe she doth remaine,
Venson her food, and Honey from the Bee,
The flesh of *Elkes*, of *Beares*, and *Bores* new slaine,
Her drinke the pearled brooke, her followers, maides,
Her vow, chaste life, her Cloister, the Coole shades.

Diana

60

Her weapons are the Iauelin, and the Bow;
Her garments *Angell like*, of Virgin-white,
And tuckt aloft, her falling skirt below
Her Buskin meetes: buckled with siluer bright:
Her Haire behind her, like a Cloake doth flow,
Some tuckt in roules, some loose with Flowers bedight:
Her silken vailles play round about her slacke,
Her golden Quiuer fals athwart her backe.

E 3

She

61

She was the daughter of an antient king
 Cald *Jupiter*, that sway'd the *Attick* scepter,
 To her as suters, many princes bring
 Theyr Crownes : which scorning, she a virgin kept her,
 Yet as her beauties fame abroad doth ring,
 Her suters multiply, therefore she stept her
 Into the forrest, meaning to exempt her
 From such, as to their amorous wils would tempt her.

62

This new religion famous in a Queene,
 Of such estate and beauty, drew from farre
 Daughters of Princes, they that late were scene
 In Courts of kings, now *Dians* followers are,
 Where they no sooner sworne and entred been,
 But against men and loue they proclaime war :
 Many frequent the groues, by *Dians* motion,
 For fashion some ; and some too for deuotion.

63

Plut. in *Arist.*The Temple
of Diana at
Ephesus.

The old *Plateenses* holding her deuine,
 Gaue her the sacred name of *Euclia*,
 Their maids ere married, offered at her shrine,
 And then they freely chus'd their marriage day,
 Without her leaue they neuer tasted wine,
 Or durst in publicke with their husbands play :
 Whole *Asia* ioyn'd to make a Church offstone,
 Built by the Architector *Chersiphron*.

64

The 7. Won-
ders.

To this th' *Aegiptian* hie *Pyramides*,
 Nor the great *Iouiall* portraict could compare,
Mausolus Tombe the *Manes* to appease,
 Rear'd by the *Carian* Queene, but trifles are :
 The huge *Coloffus* that bestrid the seas,
 And made *Rhoades* famous for a worke so rare :
 Great *Babels Tower*, nor *Pharos* stately Ile,
 Could ranke with this, for cost, or height of stile.

65

Two hundred twenty yeares it was in framing,
 In length, foure hundred fve and twenty feet ;
 In breadth, two hundred twenty : Thus proclaiming
 Their feare of her, they chaste *Diana* greet :

Of all faire Damfels her the Goddesse naming,
And to her seruice, in her Temple meet:
A Fabricke famous, both for height and length,
Proportion, beauty, wormanhip, and strength.

66

A hundred seauen and twenty Collumbs great,
All of white Marble, in faire order stand:
Sixe hundred feet in heigh, both huge and neat,
The like were neuer wrought by mortall hand:
Princes of sundry Kingdomes that intreat
Her Diuine grace, and yeild to her command:
Each one, a high and stately pillar brings,
Full thirty sixe, rear'd by so many Kinges.

67

All these contend, which should the rest exceed
In large expence, to make it more admir'd,
Herostatus that neuer did glad deed,
Neither with wit, nor gracious Thewes inspir'd,
Knowing no meanes his owne renowne to breed,
In deuilish spleene, this royall wonder fier'd;
The purpose why he did this deed of shame,
Was, that the world should Chronicle his name.

68

This when dispoiled *Ephesus* once knew,
They made a law, with fine to him that brake it,
To make him lose the fame he did pursue,
His very name, was death to him that spake it,
For many yeares it dide, but times renew
And from obliuious dusky Caves awake it,
Elce had their seilence from these ages kept,
This strange report, that long amongst them slept.

69

The world, the very day it lost the grace
Of this rare worke, another Wonder bred
Greater than this, from royall *Philip's* race,
That then tooke life, when this in fire lay dead:
In *Macedon*, a much renowned place,
Young *Alexander* in that Temples stead
Entred the world, whose glories did aspire
Aboue this structure, then consumd with fire.

*Plutarch in
vita Alexand.*

Now

70

Now is *Calisto* one of *Dians* traine,
 And to th' *Arcadian* Forrest newly flitted,
 Her beaury can scarce equald be againe,
 Mongst al the Huntresses wheres she's admitted:
 Meane time *Ihoue* cheeres his friends: Inters the flaine,
 And all his businesse is by order fitted:

The State establisht, Time in triumph spent,
 And newes of all, by posts to *Epire* sent.

71

His great affayres determin'd: the *Prince* now
 Hath leysure to bethinke him of that face,
 To which his future actions he doth vow,
 Now he remembers each particular grace:
 That Loue that makes the Idle spirits bow,
 Still giues occasions way, and businesse place:
 Abandon sloth, and *Cupids* bow vnbinds,
 His brands extinguish, and his false fire spends.

72

For idlenesse makes Loue, and then maintaines
 What it hath made, when he that well employes
 His busie houres, is free from *Venus* traines,
 And the true freedome of his thoughts enioyes:
 He had no time to sigh, that now complains,
 The good his businesse did, his sloath destroyes:
 Loue from the painfull flies, but there most thrives,
 And prospers best, when men lead slothfull liues.

73

Being alone, *Calistees* shape imprest
 So deeply in his heart, liues in his eie:
 Shee's lodg'd both in the Forrest, and his brest,
 And (though farre off) she is imaginde nie,
Phabe abroad beholds her mongst the rest,
 Young *Ihoue* at home, in his blind phantasie:
 And now too late he wishes (but in vaine)
 Her still at Court, or him of *Dians* traine.

74

He haunts the Forrests and those shadowy places,
 Where fayre *Dyana* hunteth with her Mayds,
 And like a Hunt-man the wilde Stag he chases,
 Onely to spy his Mistresse mongst the shades:

And if he chance where bright *Calisto* traces,
He thanks his fate, if not his Starres vpbraids,
And deemes a tedious Summers day well spent,
For one short sight of her, his soules content.

75

At length, he thus concludes : I am but young,
No downy heire vpon my face appeare,
I'll counterfet a shrill effeminate tongue,
And d'on such habit as the Huntresse weares,
When my guilt Quier crosse my brest is hung,
And Bore-speare in my hand such as she beares :
My blood being fresh, my face indifferent faire,
Modest my eie, and neuer shorne my haire.

76

Who can discouer me ? Why may not I
Be entred as an Ancestresse mongst the rest ?
This is the way that I intend to try,
(Of all my full conclusions held the best)
My habit Ile bespeake so secretly,
That what I purpose neuer can be gest,
My Lords assemble, and to them shew reason
Why I of force must leaue them for a season.

77

Th'exculse vnto the Nobles currant seemes,
He takes his leaue and trauels on his way,
Of his intended voyage no man deemes,
Now is he briskt vp in his braue aray,
So preciously his mistresse hee esteemes,
That he makes speed to where the Virgins stay,
And by the way his womanish steps he tride,
And practis'd how to speake, to looke, to stride.

78

To blush and to make honors (and if need)
To pule and weepe at euery idle toy,
As women vse, next to prepare his weed,
And his soft hand to Chare-workes to imploy :
He profits in his practise (heauen him speed)
And of his shape assumed graunt him ioy,
Of all effeminate trickes (if youle belecue him),
To practise teares and Sempstry did most greeue him.

Yet

79

Yet did he these mongst many others learn,
 He growes compleat in all things (sauing one)
 And that no eye can outwardly discern,
 Vnlesse they search him, how can it be knowne?
 But come vnto the place, his heart doth earne,
 Twice it was in his thought backe to haue gone:
 But I am *Ioue* (quoth he) and shall I then
 Of women be affraide, that feare no men.

80

With that he boldly knockes, when to the gate
 A royall virgin comes, to know his will:
 This Lady after was a Queene of state,
 And in *Arcadia* the fierce Boare did kill:
Atlaula she was cal'd, admitted late,
 Who thinking to haue there remained still,
 King *Meleager* in *Achaya* raign'd,
 And to his nuptiall bed this Queene constrain'd.

81

Faire Virgin (quoth *Atlaula*) whats your pleasure?
Ioue, after bowes and Curtseys, thus bespake her;
 Bright Damsell, if you now retaine that measure
 Of grace, you haue of beauty from your maker,
 Pitty a maide, that hath nor Gold, nor Treasure,
 And to your sacred order would betake her:
 Know, from a Noble house I am descended,
 That humbly pray to be so much befrended.

82

Preferre me to the Mistresse of these shades,
Diana, whom I reuerence, not through folly,
 But as diuineſt Goddeſſe of all maides,
 To whose chaste vovs I am deuoted wholly,
Atlaula ſaies ſhe will, and ſtraight inuades
Diana thus. Oh thou adored ſoly
 Of Virgins: (faireſt *Cynthia*) will you daine,
 To make this ſtranger Lady of your traine.

83

Diana takes her ſtate, about her ſtand
 A multitude of beauties, mongſt the reſt
 As *Ioue* about him lookes, on his right hand
 He ſpies *Calisto*, *Dians* new come gueſt,

Atlanta that
 firſt ſtrook the
 Calidonian
 Boare.

She, for whose sake he left th'*Epirian* Land :
At sight of her, fresh fires inflame his breast :
And as he stands, wal'd in with beautilous faces,
He most commends *Calisto* for her graces.

84

So many sparkling eyes were in his sight,
That hedg'd the sacred *Queene* of Virgins round,
That with their splendor haue made noone of night,
Should all at once looke vpward, the base ground
Might match the sky, and make the earth as bright,
As in that ceuen, when *Ariadne* crown'd,
was through the *Galaxia* in pompe led,
Millions of starres all burning o're hir head.

85

Diana, *Ihoue* in euery part surueyes,
Who simpers by himselfe, and stands demurely,
His youth, his face, his stature she doth praise,
(A braue *virago* she suppos'd him surely)
Were all my trayne of this large size (she saies)
Within these Forrests we might dwell securely :
Mongst all, that stand or kneele vpon the grasse,
I spy not such another Manly Lasse.

86

So giues her hand to kisse : *Ihoue* grace doth win,
With *Phæbe* and *Atlanta*, who suppose
Him what he seemes, and now receiued in,
With all the Maydes, he well acquainted growes,
They teach him how to Sow, to Card, and Spin,
Calisto for his bed-fellow he chose :
With her all day he works, at night he lies,
Yet euery morne, the mayde, a Mayde doth rise.

87

For if he glaunst but at a word or two
Of Loue, or grew familiar (as Maydes vse)
She frownes, or shakes the head (all will not doe)
His amorous parley she doth quite refuse :
Sometime by feeling touches he would woo ;
Sometime her necke and breast, and sometime chuse
Her lip to dally with : what hurt's in this ?
Who would forbid a mayd, a Mayde to kisse ?

And

88

And then amidst this dalliance he would cheere her,
 And from her necke, decline vnto her shoulder,
 Next to her breast, and thence discending nearer
 Vnto the place, where he would haue bin boulder:
 He finds the froward Gyrle so chastly beare her,
 That the more hot he seem'd, she showed the colder,
 And when he grew immodest, oft would say:
 Now fie for shame, lay by this foolish play.

89

Alas (poore *Prince*) thy punishment's too great,
 And more than any mortall can endure,
 To be kept hungry in the sight of meat,
 And thirsty, in the sight of Waters pure:
 Thou seekst the food thou most desir'st to eate,
 Which flies thee most, when most thou thinkst it sure,
 Tis double want, mongst Riches to be poore,
 And double death, to drowne in sight of shore.

90

Besides, the *Prince* too boldly dares not proue her,
 As ignorant, how she may take his offer,
 Nor dare he tell her he is *Ihoue*, her Louer,
 Though she at first might deeme, the *Prince* did scoffe her:
 Yet if she should his secrecie discouer,
 He feares what violent force the *Queene* might profer
 To one, that with such impudence prophane,
 Should breake the sacred Orders of her traine.

91

He therefore a conuenient season watcht,
 When bright *Diana* the wilde Stag would chase,
 The beautilous Virgins were by couples matcht,
 And as the lawnes they were about to trace,
 Their pointed Iauelins in their hands they latcht
 About theyr necks, in many a silken lace
 Their Bugles hung, which as the groues they trip,
 Were oft-times kist by euery Ladies lip.

92

And in their eares the shrilling Musicke tingled,
 Which made the *ecchoing* hilles and Vales resound,
Ihoue and *Calisto* mongst the rest was mingled,
 Vntill the youthfull *Prince* occasion found

To shrink behind : him faire *Calisto* singled,
And throwes her selfe by *Ithone* vpon the ground,
And saies : how coms it you so soone are tyred ?
(Oh *Ithone* thou now hast, what thou long desired)

93

He chose a place, thicke set with broad-leau'd bowes,
Which from the grassie earth skreend the bright Sunne,
Here neuer did the wanton he-Goat browze,
Nor the wild Ass for food, to this place run,
This seate as fit for pastime he allowes,
And longs withall vntill the sport be dun,
For whilst the game flies from them, here he lags,
Couer'd with trees, and hemd in round with flags.

94

Nor are they within hearing of the cryes
Of the shrill Bugles th'Huntresse Virgins weare,
When the bold Prince doth gainst *Calisto* rise,
Resolu'd to act what he did long forbear,
Nothing to hinder his attempt he spies,
Being alone, what should the bold youth feare ?
Now with his Loue, he once more gins to play,
But still she cryes ; nay prethe (sweet) away.

95

He gins t'vnlace him, she thinkes tis for heate,
And so it was for heate, which only she,
And none but she could qualifie : His feat
He changde, and now his dalliance growes more free,
For as her beauty, his desire is great,
Yet all this while no wrong suspecteth she :
He heaues hir silke-coats, that were thin and rare,
And yet she blusht not, though he see her bare.

96

Ithone takes th'aduantage, by his former vow
And force perforce, he makes her his sweete prize :
Th'amazed Virgin (scarce a virgin now)
Fills all the neighbour-Groues with shriekes and cries,
She catches at his locks, his lips, his brow,
And rends her garments, as she struggling lies :
The violence came so sudden and so fast,
She scarce knew what had chaunst hir, till twas past.

*Calisto deflow
red.*

F

As

97

As when a man strooke with a blast of Thunder,
 Feeles himselfe pierst, but knowes not how, nor where,
 His troubled thoughts confuld with paine and wonder,
 Distracted twixt amazednesse and feare,
 His foote remoues not, nor his handes doth sunder,
 Seemes blind to see, and beeing deafe to heare,
 And in an extrasic so farre misled,
 That he shewes dead aliue, and liuing dead.

98

Euen so this new-made woman, late a mayde,
 Lyes senslesse after this her transformation,
 Seeing in vaine she had implor'd heauens ayde,
 With many a fearefull shrike, and shrill Oration,
 Like one intranc't vpon the ground shees layde,
 Amazde at this her sudden alteration :

She is she knowes not what, she cares not where,
 Confounded with strange passion, force and feare.

99

Ihoue comforts her, and with his Princely arme,
 He would haue raisd her from the setled grasse,
 With amorous words he faine her grieve would charme,
 He tels her what he meant, and who he was,
 But there is no amends for such shrewd harme,
 Nor can he cheere the discontented Lasse,
 Though he oft sware, and by his life protested,
 She in his Nuptiall bed should be inuested.

100

But nothing can preuaile, she weeping sweares,
 To tell *Diana* of his shamefull deed,
 So leaues him, watering all her way with teares,
 Young *Ihoue* to leaue the Forrest hath decreed,
 He would not haue it come to *Dians* cares,
 And therefore to the Citty backe doth speed :
 She to the Cloyster with her cheekes all wet,
 Alone, as many, as when first they met.

Iafius

IAsius raigned in Italy, at whose marriage, the famous Egyptian Io was present. This was in the yeare of the world 2408. It was iust six yeares after that Moyles at the age of forty, hauing slaine the Egyptian, fledde from the sight of Pharao.

Eleuen yeares after Moyles departed out of Egypt, the two brothers Dardanus and Iasius waged warres in Italy: Iasius was assisted by the Ianigenes (so cald of Ianus,) Dardanus was ayded by the Aborigines, so called by Sabatus faga, who succeeded Comerus Gallus the Scythian in certaine conquered Prouinces of Italy.

At this time Lusus raigned in Spaine, Allobrox in France, Crothopus the 8. king of the Argiues, now raigned: Craunus the second king of Athens: and at this time Aaron was consecrated high Priest among the Israelites.

Iasius was slaine in the yeare of the world 2457. in whose place Coribanthus his sonne succeeded.

Dardanus sojourned certaine yeares in Samothracia, & erected his City Dardan cald Troy, in the 31. yeare of the Dukedome of Moyles, receiuing that Prouince where his city was erected, from Atho prince of Mætonia.

Barotus

About the same time, by equall computation, Archas & Calisto subduing the Pelagians (by the helpe of Iupiter) cald the whole prouince Archadia.

Tantalus ruled the Phrygians, who were before his time, cald Mæones: This Mætonia is now called Lydia, vnder which clymate Arachne was borne, by Pallas turned into a Spider.

Diana was thought to be daughter to an ancient king called Iupiter of Atticke, which I take to bee Iupiter Belus before spoken of. She was the first that instituted a profest order of Virginitie. The Poets call this Diana Cinthia, and phæbe, figuring in her the Moone, and that her brother phœbus & she, were borne of their mother Latona, daughter to Cæus the Gyant in the Isle of Delos.

Atlanta was daughter to Iasius, sister to Coribantus, she first wounded the Calidonian Boare, and was after espoused to Meleagar sonne to Oeneus the king of Calidon, by his wife Althea.

Lycaon was the sonne of Pelasgus, the sonne of Iupiter and Nyobe, and of Melibea, or as some thinke Cillene. He had many sonnes by many wines, Mœnalus, Thesprotus, Nectinnes, Caucon, Lycus, Mænius, Macareus. In Archadia, Menæus that built the Citty Menæus. Mœleneus that built Mœleneus not farre from Megapolis. Acontius, that built Acontium. Charisius, that gaue name to Charisium, and Cynethus to Cynetha: he hadde besides Psophis, Phthinus, Teleboas, Aemon, Mantinus, Stimpheus, Clitor, Orchomenus, and others.

Apollodorus.

Some reckon them to the number of fifty, others to many more. Amongst all these, he had but two daughters, Calisto and Dia.

Arat. in astron.

Touching Ariadnes crowne, it is thus remembred,
Atq; corona nitet clarum inter sidera signum,
Defunctæ quem bachus ibi dedit esse Ariadnæ.
 being forsaken of Theseus in the Isle Naxos, whom before she had deliuered from the Mynotara, she was espoused by the God Bacchus, and by him had Thoas ænopolio, Staphilus, Exanthes, Latramis, and Tauropolis.

Theopompus.

The end of the second
 CANTO.



Argumentum

CAlista knowne to be with Child, is drinen
From Dians Cloyster : Archas doth pursue
His mother : vnto him Pelage is giuen,
Now termed Archady : when Tytan knew
Saturne had sonnes aliue, his hart was riuen
With anger : he his men together drew
To Battayle : the two brothers fight their filis,
Ioue saues his Father, and his Vncle kils.

ARG. 2.

TRans-formd Calisto, and the Gyant-kings,
Ioues Combat with great Tiphō, Gāma sings

CANTO. 3.



IHen I record,
the dire effects of Warre,
I cannot but with
happy praise admire
The blessed friendes of Peace
which smoothes the scar
Of wounding Steele,
and al-consuming fire,

Oh, in what safety then thy Subiects are,
Royall King James, secur'd from Warres fierce yre,
That by thy peacefull gouernment alone,
Studiest deuoted Christendome t'attone.

King James.

2

To thee, may Poets sing the r chearefull laies,
 By whom their Muses flourish in soft peace:
 To thee, the Swaines may tune eternall praise,
 By whom they freely reape the earths increase;
 The Merchants through the earth applaud thy daies,
 Wishing their endlesse date may neuer cease,
 By who they through the quartered world may traffick.
Asia, Europe, America, and Affrieke.

3

Thy Liege-men thou hast plac'd as on a hill,
 Free from the *Cannons* reach, from farre, to see
 Diuided Nations one another kill,
 Whilst thy safe people as Spectators be,
 Onely to take a view what blood they spill,
 They neere to ruine, yet in safety we
 Alone in peace, whilst all the realmes about vs,
 Enuy our blisse, yet forst to fight without vs.

4

Warwicke &
Oxford.

So did the Newter *Londoners* once stand
 On *Barnet-Heath*, aloofe, to see the fight
 Twixt the fourth *Edward*, Soueraigne of this land,
 And the great *Duke of Warwicke* in the right
 Of the sixt *Henry*, in which, hand to hand,
 Braue *John of Oxford* a renowned knight
 Made many a parting soule for liues-breath pant,
 And vanquisht many a worthy Combattant.

5

The Spanish
Armado, sent
to inuade En-
land.

So stood the Kentish men to view the maine,
 In the yeare Eighty eight, when th'English fleet
 Fought with the huge Armadoes brought from *Spaine*,
 With what impatience did they stand to see't
 On the safe shore, willing to leaue the traine
 Of such faint Cowards, as thinke safety sweet
 In such a quarrell, where inuaders threat vs,
 And in our native kingdome seeke to beat vs.

6

Where Royal *Englands Admirall*, attended
 With all the *Chivalry* of our braue Nation,
 The name of *Howard* through the earth extended
 By *Naval* triumph o're their proud Invasion,

where victory on the *Red-Crosse* descended,
In Lightning and Earths-thunder, in such fashion
That all the sheafed feathered shafts of *Spaine*,
Headed with death, were shot them backe againe.

7

It shewed as if two Townes on th' Ocean built,
Had been at once by Th' eavens lightning fired,
The shining waters with the bright flames guilt,
Breathd Clouds of smoke, which to the spheres aspired,
The blood of *Spanish* Souldiers that day spilt,
Which through the Port-holes ran, *Neptune* admired,
And tooke it for the Red-sea, whilst the thunder
Of *English* shot, proclaymed the *Sea-gods* wonder.

8

But least this Ordinance should wake from sleepe,
Our auncient enmity, now buried quite,
The graue of all theyr shame, shall be the deepe,
In which these peopled *Sea-townes* first did fight;
Yet that I may a kinde of method keepe,
And some deseruing Captaines to recite:

Liue famous *Hawkins*, *Frobisher* and *Drake*,
Whose very name, made *Spaines* Armadoes quake.

9

Now to retorne vnto *Pelagia* backe,
Which *Thoue* hath made to him and to his seed,
Then takes his leaue: the people loath to lacke
The Prince, that from a Tyrant hath them freed
Who of their liues and Honors sought the wracke,
would change his purpose, but he hath decreed
Pelagia to forsake, and I must leaue him
To *Epires* King, who gladly will receiue him.

10

And to the Forrest to *Calisto* turne,
Whose sorrow with her swelling belly growes:
Alasse, how can the Lady chuse but mourne?
To see hir selfe so neere her painfull throwes:
Tis August, now the scorching *Dog-Starres* burne,
Therefore the *Forrest-Queene* a set day chose
For all her traine to bath them in the floud,
Calisto mongst them by the riuer stood.

S. Fran. Drake
S. Jo Hawkins
S. Mart. Frobisher.

The

11

The Queene with iealous eyes surueies the place,
 Least men or Satyres should be ambusat by them,
 The naked Ladies in the floud to face,
 Or in their cloth-lesse beauty to espie them,
 Now all at once they gin themselves t'vn'ace:
 (Oh rauishing Harmony) had I bin by them,
 I should haue thought so many filken strings,
 Tutcht by such white hands, musicke fit for kings.

12

They doffe their vpper garments: each begins
 Vnto her Milke-white Linnen smocke to bare her,
 Small difference twixt their white smocks and their skins,
 And hard it were to censure which were fairer:
 Some plunge into the Riuer past their chins,
 Some feare to venture, whilst the others dare her,
 And with her tender foot the riuer feeles,
 Making the waters margent rinse her heeles.

13

Some stand vp to the Ankles, some the knees,
 Some to the Brest, some diue aboue the Crowne,
 Of this her naked fellow nothing sees,
 Sauing the troubled waues, where she slid downe:
 Another sinkes her body by degrees,
 And first her foot, and then her legge doth drowne,
 Some their faint fellowes to the deepe are crauing,
 Some sit vpon the banke their white legs lauing.

14

One onely discontented, shrinks aside,
 Her faint vnbracing idely she doth linger,
 Full faine the Lasse her swelling brest would hide,
 She pins and vnpins with her thumbe and finger,
 Twice *Phabe* sends, and musing she denide
 To bath her: she commands the rest to bring her,
 Who betwixt mirth and earnest, force and play,
 All but her Cobweb shaddow, snatcht away.

15

Dian at first perceiues her breasts to swell,
 And whispers to *Atlanta* what she found,
 Who straight perceiu'd *Calisto* was not well,
 They iudg'd she had her Virgins belt vnbound,

But when her vaile beneath her nauell fell,
And that her belly shew'd so plumpe and round,
They little need to aske if she transgress,
*Calisto*s guilty blush, the act confest.

26

Therefore she banisht her, nor sutes nor teares,
Can with the Queene of Damfels ought preuaile,
Who when by strict inquiry made, she heares
Of *Jupiter* and his deceitfull stale,
Who seem'd so like a Virgin: *Phoebe* sweares,
Because her iudgement thenceforth shall not faile,
And to avoide occasion of like venter,
To search all such as to her traine shall enter.

17

Thus is *Lycatons* daughter banisht now
The City, by her late assum'd profession,
Banisht the Cloyster by her breach of vow,
For by no praiers, teares or intercession,
Diana her reentrance will allow
After exilement, for her late transgression,
Therefore asham'd, through darke shades she doth run,
Till time expires, and she brings forth a sonne,

18

So did our *Cynthia* Chastity preferre,
The most admired Queene that euer reined,
If any of her Virgin traine did erre,
Or with the like offence their honors stained
From her Imperiall Court she banisht her,
And a perpetuall exile she remained,
Oh bright *Elisa* though thy dated daies
Confine: there is no limit to thy praise.

19

Calistos sonne imagine seuen years old,
Brought vp mongst Lyons, Tygers, Wolues, & Beares,
The sauage impe growes day by day more bold,
And (halfe a bruit) no beast at all he feares,
He brookes both Summers heat and Winters cold,
And from the Woolfe his pray by force he teares,
Vpon a time his mother crost his will,
Whom he inrag'd pursude, and saught to kill.

She

Qu Elizabeth.

20

She flies, he followes her with furious rage,
 Till she is forc't the Forrest to forsake,
 And seeing no meanes can his spleene asswage,
 She doth the way vnto the citty take,
 The neighbour Citty which is cal'd *Pelage*,
 Where *Iupiter* by chance did merry-make;
 Whose hap it was, then crossing through the street,
 The mother and th'inraged sonne to meete.

21

Calisto spies *Ioue*, and for helpe she cries,
 And at his Royall feet she humbly throwes her,
 He stops the sauage, and with heedfull eyes,
 Viewing *Calisto* well, at length he knowes her,
 Though clad in barke and leaues, (a strange disguise)
 For a kings daughter, and a Realms disposer:
 Helpe *Ioue* (quoth she) and my pursuer stay,
Archas thy sonne his mother seekes to slay.

22

Ioue gladly doth acknowledge the bold Lad
 To be his son, for all the gifts of nature,
 Pattern'd and shap't by *Iupiter* he had,
 And of him nothing wants, but age and stature,
 He caus'd him in rich garments to be clad,
 And then he seem'd to al, a goodly creature,
 For being attir'd in cloath of Gold and Tissew,
 He may be easily knowne to be *Ioues* Issue.

23

The strife betwixt the mother and the childe,
 Is by the father and the husband ended,
Calisto hath againe her selfe exil'd,
 Scorning the grace that *Ioue* to her extended:
 She hies her to the groues and Forrests wilde,
 With generall mankind for *Ioues* sake offended,
 But in her flight as through the fields she ranged,
 She feesles her figure and proportion changed.

24

Hecateus,

Her vpright body now gan forward bend,
 And on the earth she doth directly stare,
 And as her hands she would to heauen extend,
 She sees her fingers claws, o're-growne with haire,

And those same lips *Ioue* did of late commend
To be for colour per relesse, kissing rare,
Are rough and stretcht in length, hir head down hangs
Her skins a rough hide, and her teeth be fangs.

25

And when she would her strange estate bewaile
And speake to heauen, the sorrowes of her hart,
Instead of words she finds her Organs faile,
And grunts out a harsh sound, that makes her start,
She feares her shape, and ouer hill and dale
Runs from her selfe, yet can she not depart
From what she flies, for what she most doth feare
She carries all the way: the shape of Beare.

26

And though a perfect Beare, yet Beares affright her,
So do the *Wolues*, though mongst their sauage crew
Her Father liues, how should a *Wolfe* delight her
Vnlesse *Lycaon* in such shape she knew?
Meane time young *Archas* proues a valiant fighter,
And in all Martiall practise famous grew,
Adding seauen Summers more vnto his age,
Hee feats him in the kingdome of *Pelage*.

Calisto trans-
formed into a
Beare.

Pausan. in *Ar-*
cadicis.

27

Where leaue him raiging in his Grandfires sted,
Changing his kingdome and his peoples name,
Whether by loue or fate (I know not) led
Themselues *Arcadians* they abroad proclaime,
After the name of *Archas* now their head
Pelage a Citty too of ancient fame,
They *Archad* call, a stile that shall perseuer
Vnto the people and the Towne for euet.

Pelagia cald
Archadia of
Archas.

28

Archas in *Archad* liues, in *Epyre Ioue*,
Saturne in *Crete*, the God of *Earth* proclaimed,
Tytan through forren Seas and Lands doth roue,
Hauing by Conquest many Nations tamed,
For time still gaue him Conquest where he stroue,
which made him through the world both fear'd & famed
Yet with a world the Tyrant seemes not pleas'd,
Till he haue *Crete* his Natiue birth-right cea'd.

By

29

By strict inquiry, he at length hath found
 His periur'd Brother hath kept sonnes aliue,
 against the couenant he by oath was bound,
 Which was, that no male issue should suruiue:
 This of his future war must be the ground,
 He vowes in Irons his Brothers legs to gyue,
 His hands to Manacles, his necke to yoke,
 In iust reuenge that he the league hath broke.

30

Tytus sons
all Gyants.

His sonnes all Gyants, and by nature strong,
 He sends to assemble to this dreadfull warre,
 Who like their father apt for rape or wrong,
 Without the cause demanding gathered are,
 Vnnubred people in their armies throng,
 Brought by the Big-bon'd *Titans* from farre,
 Where he and all his Gyant-sonnes assemble,
 They make the groning earth beneath them tremble.

31

Typhon.

Briareus.

Lycaon was not there, him *Ioue* before
 Had from th' *Arcadian* kingdome quite put downe,
 There was the Gyant *Typhon*, he that wore
 The *Ciprian* wreath, and the *Cicillian* crowne,
 Huge *Briareus* that the scepter bore
 Of *Nericos*, a monster, at whose frowne
 Nations haue quak't, whole armies stood agast,
 And Gods themselues shooke till his rage were past.

32

Caon.

Aegeon.

Caon likewise king of great *Caras* Isle,
 A fellow of a high and matchlesse size,
 Who the rough Ocean calmed with a smile,
 And with a frowne hath made the billowes rise,
Aegeon too that hath enlarg'd his stile
 Through many a kingdome: from whose raging eies
 Bright lightning flames haue in his furious ire,
 Afore a storme of thunder flasht out fire.

33

Of him the great *Mediterranean Ocean*
 Is call'd th' *Aegean* Sea, it doth deuide
Europe from *Asia*, and hath further motion
 along the greatest part of *Greece*: beside,

This Gyant to the Gods scorn'd all deuotion,
Therefore was cal'd *Brianchus* for his pride:
The next *Hyperion* of the selfe-same breed;
All these haue sworne the death of *Saturnes* seed.

Hyperion.

34

There likewise came vnto these wars *Iapetus*,
(*Calum* and *Terraes* son) in *Tytans* aide,
He brought with him his sonne *Prometheus*,
Whom *Tytan* the first houre a Captaine made,
His brother *Athlas* too, and *Hesperus*,
Their royall Ensignes in the field displai'd,
And ouer diuers seas their armies ferried,
From *Mauritania*, *Lybia*, and *Hesperied*.

Iapetus

Prometheus.

35

Their *Randezvous* in *Sicily* they made,
And thence by sea they rigge a royall fleet,
The flourishing realme of *Saturne* to inuade,
In time, their countlesse hoast takes land in *Creet*,
Vallies by them are fil'd, hils euen are laid,
Townes burnt, high Castles leuel'd with their feet,
Where ere they turne, fire from their eye-balls flashes,
Which townes and villages consumes to ashes.

36

Saturne their bold inuasion much admires,
Not knowing whence their quarrell may be grounded,
He cals his Counsell, and of them inquires
How their immense ambition may be bounded,
How with his enemies blood to quench the fires,
And by what power the foe may be confounded;
Aduise is given to make a generall muster,
To beat them backe that in such numbers cluster.

37

And as the king thron'd in his chaire of state,
Sits in his pallace, all his chiefe Peeres by him,
On these affaires to Counsell and debate,
In thrusts a Knight from *Tytan*, to defie him,
And mongst the Lords that bout him circled sat,
He rudely throngs, and presseth to come ne him,
But being kept backe, aloud he lifts his voice,
And thus greets *Saturne* from the *Tytanoys*.

G

Thus

38

Thus sayes imperious *Tytan*, *Saturnes* Lord,
 Like a low vassaile from my Throne descend,
 Or I shall chase thee thence by fire and sword,
 And with thy glory, to thy daies giue end,
 For thou hast broke thy oath and Princely word,
 And therein made an enemy of thy friend:
 My Crowne I but resign'd vpon condition,
 And thou those bands hast broke by thy Ambition.

39

The occasion
 of this warre.

Whilst *Saturne* his male-children kills : so long
 He is the King of *Creet*, but that neglected,
 He weares the *Cretan* Diadem by wrong,
 Thy petiury is to the world detected,
 And therefore with an army great and strong,
 Shall *Saturne* from his high throne be delected:
 Thus *Tytan* doth the king of *Creet* descie,
 And by these Summons, to submit or die.

40

Bold spirited *Saturne* doubly mou'd appeareth,
 At his proud Message, with disdain and wonder,
 Disdaine; as being a Prince that nothing feareth
 To heare his scorned enemy-threatnings Thunder;
 With admiration: when he strangely heareth
 Of sonnes aliue, which makes him deeply wonder,
 And taking *Sibell* by the hand thus say,
 (Hauing commanded first his traine away.)

41

Sister and wife, I charge thee by the zeale
 Thou owest to me thy husband and thy brother,
 The truth of all this practise to reueale,
 And what I next demaund thee nothing smother,
 Since it concernes th'estate of all our weale,
 Art thou of any liuing sonne the mother?
 The trembling Queene, low kneeling, thus repli'de,
 You charge me deepe, and I will nothing hide.

42

I am a woman, and full well you know,
 A woman hath a soft and tender brest,
 But more, I am a mother: can you show
 A mother that in this kind hath transgressed?

Stranger may stranger kill : Foe murder foe,
Which mothers to their children most detest :
Was it for murder you espous'd me first,
To be a wife, of all good-wiues accurst ?

43

I'de rather be a pittious mother helde,
Then through the world a Murtheresse be esteem'd,
Be my selfe mured rather, then compeld
To murder those for whom this womb hath teem'd:
This wombe with three faire Princely sons hath sweld,
Which dead to *Saturne* and the world are deem'd,
Yet all three liue, but cruell husband where,
Saturne shall neuer know, nor *Tytan* heare.

44

Th'amazed king inmagines by her looke,
Her feruent tongue doth on her hart-string strike,
Necessity at this time, makes him brooke
What his disturbed soule doth most dislike,
Without reply the sad Queenę he forsooke,
It pierst his hart as if an enemies pike
Had by the aime of some strong hand bin cast,
And side to side through all his entrailes past.

45

He comes where all his Lords in counsell sat,
And tels them of three sons preseru'd to life,
The Peeres at first see me much amaz'd thereat,
Yet all commend the pittie of his wife,
And praise her vertue : (intermitting that)
They next proceed to *Tytans* hostile strife,
And thus conclude their enemies to expell,
Whom they know Barbarous, bloody, fierce and fell.

46

When calling him that the defiance brought,
This answer backe to *Tytan* they returne,
That they his brauing menace set at naught,
That their owne blouds shall quench the towns they burn
That their immediate ruines they haue sought,
And they no longer can reuenge adiourne,
But the next sonne shall see strange vengeance tane
Of all his *Cretan* subiects they haue slaine.

The

47

The Messengers dismist, while they prepare
Armes and munition for the Morrowes field,
Meane time great *Tytans* sonnes assembled are,
Who all their Fortunes on their fury build,
Their hauty looks their spleenfull harts declare,
Each brandishing his sword, and ponderous shield,
Longing to heare from *Saturne* such reply,
That on his men they may their valours try.

48

Nor do they tempt the *Deities* in vaine,
They haue what they desire: to them behold
The baffled messenger gallops amaine,
But ere the Knight his message hath halfe told,
So much the Gyant kings their braues disdain,
That with their scornfull feet they spurne the mold,
Their browes they furrow, and their teeth they grate,
And all the Gods blasphem'd, to shew their hate.

49

Now hath the Sunne slid from his fiery Car,
And in cold *Ister* quencht his flaming head,
Blacke darknes rising from the earth afar,
You might perceiue the welkin to orespread,
Orions blazing lockes discouered are,
Pale *Cynthia* gouernes in *Apolloes* stead,
Bootes his waine, about the pole hath driuen,
And all the stars borne bright that spangle heauen.

50

The morning comes, *Tytan* in field appeares
In compleat harnesse, arm'd from head to toe,
Next him *Aegeon*, who no Corset weares
Or coat of Armes to incounter any foe,
Vnarmed as he is, he no man feares,
A plume doth from his guilded helmet flow,
Made of the Peacockes train, his armes is strong,
In which he shakes a skeine, bright, broad, and long.

51

Creous huge sinnowy Armes, and brawny thighs
Are naked, being tawnied with the sun,
Buskins he weares that boue his ankles rise,
Pufft with such curl'd silke as *Arachne* spun,

The Armour
of the gyants.

A coat of Armes well mail'd that fits his size,
Laceth his body in, these Armes he woon
Of a huge Monster, in the Isle of *Thrace*,
Whose weapon was a weighty iron mace.

52

His knotted beard was as the *Porphir* blacke,
So were the fleecy lockes vpon his crowne,
Which to the middle of his armed backe,
From his rough shaggy head disceded downe,
His fiery Eie-balls threaten *Saturnes* wracke,
Sterne vengeance rous'd her selfe in *Caons* frowne,
His sheild, a broad iron dore, his Lance a beame,
Oft with his large stride he hath Archt a streame.

53

Typhon in skins of Lyons grimly clad,
Next his too Brothers in the march proceeds,
The hides of these imperious beasts he had,
From th' *Erithmanthian* forrest, where his deeds
Liue still in memory, like one halfe mad
The Gyant shewes in these disguised weeds,
The Lyons iawes gnawing his Helmet stood,
And grinning with his long fangs stain'd in blood.

54

And yet his owne fierce visage lowring vnder,
Appeares as full of terror as that other,
Two such aspects makes the *Saturniens* wonder,
Next him appeares *Euceladus* his Brother,
Whose eye darts lightning and his voice speaks Thunder
(This was the onely darling of his mother,)
His weapon was a tall and snaggy Oake,
With which he menac't death at every stroake.

59

Hiperion in an armor all of Sunnes,
Shines like the face of *Phæbus* o're the rest:
This Gyant to his valiant Brothers runs,
Crying to Armes, base lingering I detest,
Damn'd be that Coward soule that damage shuns,
Or from apparant perill shrinkes his brest,
Behold where *Saturne* mongst his people crownd,
His hornes and Clarions doth to battell sound.

56

Saturne appeares as great *Hyperion* spake,
 Borne in an Iuory chaire with bright stones stoodded,
 Mongst which in trailes ran many an Anticke flake,
 With rich Inamell, azur'd, greene and rudded,
 At the first push their enemies rankes they brake,
 He fought till his bright Chariot was all bloodded :
 About him round their bowes his Archers drew,
 A fight which yet their Foe-men neuer knew.

57

The big-bon'd Gyants wounded from a farre,
 And seeing none but their owne souldiers by them,
 Amazed stand at this new kind of warre,
 To receiue wounds by such as came not nie them,
 From euery wing they heare their looses iarre,
 They knew not where to turne, or how to flie them,
 The showers of Arrowes rain'd so fast and thicke,
 That in their legges, thighs, brest, and armes they stick

58

So long as their strong Bowes of trusty Ewe
 And silken strings held fast, so long fresh riuers
 Of Crimson blood the Champion did imbrew,
 For euery shaft the Archers Bow deliuers,
 Or kils or woundes one of their countlesse crew,
 But when they once had emptied all their quiuers,
 And that the enemy saw their arrowes wasted,
 To blowes and handy-strokes both armies hasted.

59

Henry the 5.

Agincourt.

Thou famous English *Henry* of that name
 The fist : I cannot but remember thee
 That wan vnto thy kingdome endlesse fame,
 By thy bold English Archers Chiuallry,
 In *Agincourt* : when to the Frenchmens shame,
 King, *Dolphin*, and the chiefe Nobility
 Were with the ods of thousands forst to yeeld,
 And *Henry* Lord of that triumphant field.

60

But such successe king *Saturne* had not then,
 He is in number and in strength too weake,
 His people are but one to *Tytans* ten,
 Nor are his guards so strong their spleene to wreake,

The Gyant-Kings with infinites of men,
Into their foes Battallions rudely breake:
Their Polaxes and Clubs they heaue on hie,
The Kings surpriz'de and the *Saturniens* fly.

61

The *Tytans* brandish their victorious Glaues,
and enter the great Citty (*Hanocke* crying)
In *Cretan* bloud they drowne their Chariot Naues,
And slaughter all the poore *Saturniens* flying,
One hand sharpe Steele, the other fire-brands waues,
In euery place the grones of people, dying
Mixt with the Conquerors showts, to heauen aspire,
and in their harsh sound, make a dismall Quire.

62

The Citty's ceizd, *Saturne* and *Sybill* bound,
Whilst *Tytan* Lords it in the *Cretan* Throne,
His reuelling sonnes for Pillage ransacke round,
And where they heare Babes shriek, or olde men grone,
They showt for ioy; meane time King *Saturnes* wound
Sybill bindes vp: and being all alone
In prison with her Lord, to him relates
The fortunes of her sonnes, and their estates.

63

She tels him that young *Ihoue*, in *Epire* famed
For Martiall triumphs, is theyr naturall sonne:
He that *Lycaon* queld, *Pelagia* tamed,
And many spoyles for *Millsens* woon:
No sooner did the King heare young *Ihoue* named,
But he repents the wrongs against him doon;
and proud of such an Issue so farre praisd,
Hopes by his hand to haue his Fortunes rayld.

64

He therefore by the carefull Damsell sends,
(The selfe-same Damsell that to *Oson* bore him
as from a sorrowfull father kind commends)
The Damsell hauing found him, kneeles before him,
And the whole proiect she begins and ends
Of *Saturnes* fall, and prayes him to restore him:
Ihoue (that till now) a father neuer knew:
amaz'd at first, himselfe a space withdrew,

And

65

And hauing in his hart her words debated
 And euery thing conferrd: his birth vnknowne
 Which from his infancy the maide related
 Euen to the time that he to yeares was growne,
 Knowing the day and houre exactly dated,
 His mothers pittie, and his fathers frowne,
 To which her words she doth as witnesse bring
 The two fayre daughters of the *Epyre* King.

66

The youthfull Prince is to the full perswaded,
 It glads him to be sonne to one so great,
 He sweares his Vncle shall be soone disgraced,
 And tumbled headlong from his Fathers seat,
 And all that haue the *Cretan* Clyme inuaded
 Shall be repulst with scandall: In this heat
 The *Epyre* King he doth of ayde implore,
 And *Archas*, whom he late had crownd before.

67

Were he a stranger, yet he holds it sinne,
 Not to pursue his rescue being opprest,
 But being his father, and his next of Kin,
 That by a Tyrants hand is dispossest,
 His mother to, that had his ranfome bin
 And kept the bloudy weapon from his breast:
 All these incite his valour, and the rather
 To seeme kind sonne, to so vnkind a Father.

68

Posts are to *Archas* in *Archadia* sent,
 His father with two thousand men to meet,
 Who musters vp his troopes incontinent,
 Proud that his valour shall be knowne in *Creet*:
 The bold *Parthemians* likewise to *thoue* sent
 Of their owne voluntary minds a Fleet
 Of ships well stor'd with men, who both admire
 His valour, and his amity desire.

69

The men of *Oson* round about him flocke,
 Glad by so braue a Captaine to be guided,
 Knowne to be issued from a Regall stocke,
 Meane time King *Millesens* hath prouided

His stout *Epiriens*, who haue vowd to blocke
The *Cretan* Streetes, with trunks of men deuided,
So with the remnant of their forces troope
To make proud *Tytan* and his Issue stoope.

70

Their Army they transport, and on the beach
Of the rich *Cretan* shore securely land it,
No man appears their entrance to impeach,
The selfe-opiniond Foe so slightly mand it,
They thinke their fortunes out of dangers reach,
And that their power's so great, none can withstand it,
The couetous Princes more intend the spoyle
Of one rich towne, then losse of all the soyle.

71

But when the watch from the high Citty wals,
Sees all the neighbor playnes with Armor spread,
Alowd to *Tytan* and his sonnes he cals,
To arme with speed: the Gyants straight make head
Tydings of bloody broyles them nought appals,
With courage they their businesse managed,
And hauing each addrest his sword and shield,
Issue from forth the gates, and take the field.

72

Into three Battailes *Iupiter* diuides
The Royall Army he conducts: The mayne
King *Mellisens* by appointment guides,
Th'*Osoniens* and *Epyriens* fill his traine,
Some from *Alacre* he receiued besides,
A Citty subiect vnto *Epires* raigne:
Thoue the *Parthemians* in the vaw doth beare,
Yong *Archas* with th'*Arcadians* leads the reare.

73

Syx Battailes *Tytan* makes, the great'st he leades,
And in the other fve his sonnes employes,
It cheeres him when he sees his Army spreads
So many furlongs, led by his bold boyes:
He sweares, the ground whereon his enemy treads
Shall drowne the hoast that he this day destroyes
In their owne gore: and after in small while,
Yeld to their mangled trunks a funerall pile.

By

Jupiters Em-
bassy to Tytan

74

By this young *Archas* twixt the Camps appeares,
A trumpet all the way before him sounding:
For *Tytan* through the army he inqurers,
The Tyrant with all pride and spleene abounding
Admits him, in the presence of his Peeres,
Legions of armed men his person rounding:
His sudden comming, much amazement breeds,
When *Archas* with his message thus proceeds.

75

Thus saith Prince *Jupiter*, king *Saturnes* sonne,
Stray there (quoth *Tytan*) for thou hast confest,
That what I do, is all by Iustice done,
And by good right my selfe I here invest:
The *Cretan* Crowne I haue by conquest won,
In which I haue a filiall Interest:
The name of *Saturns* sonne, *Saturne* excludes,
And *Tytan* iustly enters (not intrudes.)

76

When *Archas* thus replyes: Great *Saturnes* seede
And yssue Male suruiues, to see thee slayne,
The blood thou sought to shed, shall make thee bleed,
And all the Gyant Princes of thy traine,
So hath the *Epire* King with *Ihoue* decreed,
Therefore before your blouds this verdure staine
Leaue (these vsurped Confines) and release
My Graundfire King, that hostile armes may cease.

77

Else, thus thy Nephew *Ihoue* by me hath sworne,
By me his sonne *Archas*, th' *Arcadian* King,
To plucke that Crowne from off thy browes, in skorne,
And thee from that Tribunall headlong fling,
and such as thy vsurped state suborne
He shall to ruine and destruction bring:
Tytan, whose rage darts fire out of his eyes,
Thus to the bold vndaunted youth replies:

78

Princox, Thou thinkest by thy despightfull braue
To daunt vs, but thou giu'st vs greater spirit:
Thou com'st from *Saturnes* sonne: Thou dost deprauce
In that one word, his *Tytile*, not my *Merit*:

Thou telst vs we our naturall Kingdome haue,
Which as our fathers eldest we inherit,
For iust so old as *Ithone* is, iust so long,
Saturne vsurpt vpon my right, by wrong.

79

Go tell thy Father, that his life is mine,
And I that life am now come to bereaue,
So is thy life too which thou must resign;
When he got thee, he should haue askt me leaue,
His death was at his byrth due, so was thine,
Which then deferd, you now come to receiue:
Reply not: the proud braues thou hast commenced,
Hath vs and all our Issue much incenced.

80

Archas departs: *Tytan* his Souldiors cheeres,
And tels them the directnesse of his cause;
That tis *Tranus* Scepter which he beares,
And he his eldest by all Natures lawes,
The true successor to the Crowne he weares,
They signe his *Aue* with a shrill applause,
And by these motiue arguments perswaded,
Threaten their liues, that haue his Clyme inuaded.

81

So *Ithone* and *Millesens* hauing heard
His peremptory answer, both prepare
For imminent vengeance, not to be deferd,
Lowd shewts and cryes from both sides pierce the ayre,
In euery battell dauntlesse rage appeard,
The Champions in their hot blood proudly fare:

The Battaille.

A confuld noyse drums in their halfe-deafe eares,
Of trumpets, drums, shouts, swords, shields, splinterd

82

(Speares.

Out of this Battailles *Chaos* and confusion,
Of vndistinguisht valor Prince *Ithone* springs,
And where he *Tytan* spies makes rough intrusion,
Maugre the strength of all the Gyant-kings:
This prologue was to some the full conclusion
Of that daies Tragedy: theyr darts and Slings
From euery part with enuious hands they cast,
And *Ithone* through thousand weapons points hath past.

Pro-

83

Proceeding still, his sword prepares the way
 Euen to the Chariot where his Vncle sat,
 And spite of those that would his violence stay,
 He strikes him on the Helme, and layes him flat,
 There had he slaine him dead, but to the fray
Encelad comes, and much inrag'd thereat
 Assayles the Prince, whilst he the fight intends,
 The rescude *Tytan* his high chayre ascends.

84

The noyse of his surprisall, in small space
 Was spread through euery wing of this large field,
 Such as beheld him fall, ran thence apace,
 And to his sonnes reported he was kild:
 In hast they draw their forces to this place,
 And *Ihoue* is round incompast (Heauen him shield)
Saturne from his high turret lookt, and wondred,
 To see one Knight hold battell, gainst an hundred.

85

And calling *Sybill* to the Battlement,
 From whence they might the doubtfull skirmish view,
 They may perceiue how *Ihoue* incontinent,
 Twenty tall Souldiors of King *Tytans* slew:
 Amaz'd they stand at his great hardiment,
 One askt another, if this Knight they knew:
 When noting well the bold deedes he had done,
 (Quoth *Sybill*) may not this be *Ihoue*, our sonne?

86

Whilst in this hopefull doubt they stand confounded,
 Behold, young *Archas* hauing vnderstood
 His Father *Ihoue* with thousand foes was rounded
 And mongst the Gyants fought, all gul'd in blood,
 He cauld a lowd charge to be shrilly sounded,
 And thither makes where *Ihoue* inuiron'd stood:
 Now grew the battell hot, bold *Archas* pierces
 Through the mid-hoast, & strewes his way with herles.

87

And at first shocke, breakes through th' Iron ring
 Of armed men, that had his Father pend,
 Whose sword by this emboweld the proud King
Enceladus, and to his daies gaue end:

But when he saw his sonne fresh succors bring,
And to large prooffe his dreadlesse spirit extend,
With such essentiall ioy the Prince doth cheare him,
Each blow deales death and not a man dares near him

88

Saue *Tytan*, who mongst many Corfes lying,
O're which his Armed chariot swiftly ran,
Amongst the rest *Euceladus* espying,
The blood forsooke his cheekke, his face look't wan,
He stampes, he stares, he strikes, still vengeance crying,
And in disordered fury spares no man,
Plummets of Lead, he from his Chariot threw,
And many of the bold *Archadians* flew.

89

Ioue wondering whence so great a cry should grow,
Or who so many of his men had slaine,
Spies *Tytan* comming on, him *Ioue* doth know,
And with all speed makes towards him againe:
Now is the warre at height, for many a blow
Deales wounds and death, thicke shewers of arrows rain,
Quarters of men, and heads, with Helms battered,
Halfe hid in blood through all the fields are scattered.

90

Tytan encounters *Ioue*, *Ioue* him defies,
And from his Steely Burgon beates out fire,
By *Tytans* side doth proud *Hyperion* rise,
Against him *Archas* doth the field desire,
And now each other brauely doth despise,
They combat son to son, and Sire to Sire,
But *Ioue* and *Archas* best in power and skill,
Old *Tytan* and the young *Hyperion* kill,

91

Iust as they fall, comes *Typhon*, hauing late
King *Millesius* and his battell chased,
His enemies swords had hewd off many a plate
From that iron coat in which his sides weare laced,
Who letting out the nailes that bound him strait,
Waikes in a cloud of his own smoake, vnbraced,
And as vpon his fathers trunk he gazed,
He pluckes his bold foote backe, and starts amazed.

H

But

Tytan & Hyperion slayne.

The Combat
twixt Iupiter
and Ioue

Typhon

92

But when he further looking, gan espy
The proud *Hyperion* weltring in his gore,
And huge *Enceladus* besides him lie,
He quite forgets their Obits to deplore :
The Earth he curses, and blasphemes the sky,
And from his knotty head the blacke locks tore :
With that inrag'de, his *Axe* aloft he heaued,
And *Ihoues* broad shield iust in the middle cleaued.

93

Both armies giue them field-roome, two such spirits
Beget in their encounter preparation,
If *Ihoue* suruiue, King *Saturne* Creet inherits :
If *Typhon* liue, great *Typhon* rules that Nation :
Both parties stand Spectators of their merits,
To view this Combat with high admiration,
Forgetting fight, their weapons downe they bend,
To see these two (the best on earth) contend.

94

Huge *Typhon* is vnweeldy, *Ihoue* more quicke,
and better breath'd, doth oft-times trauerse round,
(To speed him with a blow, or with a pricke)
Till he hath worne a bloody circle, round
about his bulky foe : *Typhon* strikes thicke,
But his vaine blowes dig Trenches in the ground,
Had they falne right, they to the waist had cleft him,
and both of Father, Crowne, and life bereft him.

95

Two tedious houres lasts this renowned fray,
Yet neither Victor : with this fight compar'd
All the dayes bloody broyle appeard but play,
Both warde, both strike, both skorne to be out-dard,
Ihoue with one blow, quite through his Targe makes way
It cuts the steele-bars, the guilt studs it pared :
Typhon to be aueng'de of this disgrace,
Aymes a stiffe stroke full at his armed face.

96

It crost his Visor, and so downe it glanced,
And onely rac't his Gorget : when *Ihoue* stands
A Tip-toe with his armes on high aduanced,
Holding his conquering sword in both his hands,

He fals it on his Beauer as it chanced,
The massy stroake vnreuels all the bands
That lockt his Helme, his wounded face appeares,
He mad, with his sharpe nayles his Armour teares.

97

And now both strike at once, Steele against Steele,
And armour against armour : their lowd strokes
Make the woods tremble, and the earth to reele,
Such blowes, cleaue Rocks, and fell the mountain-Oakes,
At length they close and grapple, *Typhons* heele
Twines about *Ihoues* mid-legge, his armes he yoakes
about his Gorget : actiue *Ihoue* lets slip,
and by fine flight, catcht *Typhon* on the hip.

98

The Gyant scapes the fall, and both let goe,
Their weapons lost, they buffet fist to fist,
and at aduantage lie : now hie, now low :
To close againe, *Ihoue* catcht by *Typhons* wrist,
Typhon by his, both tugge, both cunning show :
Typhon makes play, *Ihoue* catcht him by the twist,
Heaues him aloft, and in his armes he brings him
To a high Rocke, and in the Sea he flings him.

99

Typhon thus dead, their bands disordred fly,
Ihoue, *Archas*, and the *Epyre* King pursue them,
Aegeon scapes, hereafter kept to die
By him that with his brothers fought and slew them,
Bri'reus, *Iapet*, *Athlas*, *Hespery*,
Prometheus too disguild, that no man knew them,
Fled with the rest : *Ihoue* tyred in the chace,
Returnes to *Creet*, his parents to embrace.

100

Oh in what ioy was *Sybill* boue the rest,
And Grandam *Vesta* freely to behold him,
They weepe their teares of Ioy vpon his breast,
And thousand sighes in their strict armes infold him,
Saturne for *Iuno* lends, with *Ihoue* to feast,
And his two sonnes (of whom his wife hath told him)
With *Archas* and the *Epyre* King to meet,
At generall Triumphs, to be made in *Creet*.

HEr virgin belt unbound, Stanzo 15. It was the custome in those daies, the day of eucry virgins marriage, to haue hir girdle loosed, by him that shoulde bee her husband.

In the 26. Stanzo, where Calisto is sayde to bee turned into a Beare, Phurnutius sayth, that the Lady hunting, was deuoured of a Beare, and being seene no more, was thought to be metamorphosed into a Beare. There be two Beares in the heauens, the greater and the lesse, into which Ouid saith, Archas and his mother were translated: one of them Nau-phus first obserued, the other Thales Milesius. Homer calls them Helicopes.

The warrestwixt Iupiter and the Tytanoyes, is called by the Poets Gygantomachia, of which Ouid the first of his Metamor:

Aff: classe ferunt regnum cœleste gigantes,

Attaq; congestis struxisse ad sidera mantes, &c.

Of this there are diuers Fables extant.

Briaceus they call Centimanem Gigantem, the Gyant with a hundred hands, alluding to his valour and his creditious strokes, which he gaue so thicke, as if he had strook with an hundred hands at once.

And of Typhon, Ouid in his Metamorph. 5. most ingeniously thus speaks;

Vasta Gyganteis Iuierta est Insula memoris,

Tynacris & magnis subiectum motibus vrgit,

Æthercas ausum sperare Typhoea ledes,

et sic deinceps

Iapetus is certainly thought to be sonne of Iaphet, the 3. sonne of Noah.

Tantalus some thinke to be the sonne of Iupiter and the Nymph Plota: Others, of Iupiter and Plutus: as Iohannes Diaconus and Didimus: Others haue thought him to be the sonne of Imolus King of Lydia: as Zezes: Others, the son of Æthon.

Talia ferre Puto quoq; Tantalou æthone natum,

Qui nullo potuit fonte leuare sitim.

Tantalus being to feast the Gods, for the more magnificence of the banquet and as the richest dish, slew his sonne Pelops, and

Euseb. 2. euag.
prepar.

Lucian in dial.
de dipsad.

and serued him in : which the Goddes knowing, all refused to
eate, onely Ceres, almost distraught with the losse of hir dan-
ghter, rashly eate of the shoulder : The Goddes pittying the
murder of his sonne, floung al his limbes into a Caldron, which
boyling a space, they restored him againe to life, whom bicause
he came out of the Caldron yonger then when he was slaine,
he was called Pelops, but when his shoulder wanted (of which
Ceres had hungerly fed) the Goddes made up the place with
Iuory, which shoulder of Iuory, was after, a badge of all the
Pelopidans. Of his torments in hell, the report is common.
His children were Broteus, Pelops and Niobes.

Pind. in Olimp.

Lycophron.

Isacius.

The end of the third

CANTO.

H 3



Argumentum

I Houe *Esculapius* kills, *Apollo* drines
To keepe *Admetus* sheepe in *Thessaly*,
And next his beaution sister *Iuno* wiues,
At her returne from *Creet* to *Parthemy*,
The father with the sonne in battell strives,
But by his puissance is inforst to fly:
Actisius keepes his daughter in a Tower,
Which amorous *Ihoue* skales in a golden shower

ARG. 2.

To deuine *Physicke*: Gods made first of men,
And *Perseus* birth, swift *Delia* guides my pen

CANTO. 4.



Hou deuine Art of *Physicke*
let me sing
Thy honoured praise,
and let my pen aspire
To giue thee life,

that vnto life canst bring
Men halfe departed: whether thy first Syre
Was that *Prometheus*, who from the Heauens King
Stole by his skill part of the vitall fier
That kindles life in man, thereby to saue
Sicke men, that stand with one foot in the graue.

2

Or whether *Æsculapius* was thy father,
Sonne to the *Sun-god*, by whose liuely heat
Symples and Plants, their saps and vertues gather,
Let it suffice I know thy power is greate;

And my vnable muse admires thee rather,
Then comprehends thy worth, let them intreat
Of thy perfection, that with fame professe thee,
And in their Arts vnto the life expresse thee.

3

As famous *Butler*, *Pady*, *Turner*, *Poe*,
Atkinson, *Lyster*, *Lodge*, who still suruiue:
Besides these English *Gallens* thousands moe,
Who where they come, death and diseases driue
From pale sicke creatures: and all *Cordials* know,
Spirits spent and wasted to preserue aliue,
In this with Gods and Kings they are at strife,
Physicians Kings and Gods alone giue life.

4

Some hold young *Mercury* deuisd the skill
Of Phisicke first, and taught that Art abroad,
Some vnto *Arabus* impute it still,
Some yeild that honour to th' *Egyptian* God,
Cal'd *Apis* or *Serapis*, others wil
Apollo chiefe, what time he made abroad
With king *Admetus*, but most voyces rinne,
The first renown'd was *Esculap* his sonne.

Arabus sonne
to Apollo.

5

Hippocrates reduc't it to an Art,
Gallen and *Auicenna* him succeed,
Cassius and *Calpitanus* too, impart
His soueraigne skill, *Rubrius* taught first to bleed,
Antonius Musa chear'd the wasted hart,
Aruntius too helpt euery grieve at need:
Archagathus profest this first in *Rome*,
But all submit to Noble *Gallens* doome.

6

The first that did this sacred Art renowne,
And gaue it fame on earth was as I read,
Great *Æsculape* who tracing vp and downe
To gather *Simples* in the flowry Mead,
Hard by a rocke that weares a bushy crowne,
And boue the neighbour champion lifts his head,
He spies a Swaine in habit neate and briske,
Hold battrell with a dreadfull *Basiliske*.

The tale of
Æsculapius.

A

7

A monster that kils onely with his eie,
Which from th'vnrmed Shepheard shrunke and ran,
Apolloes sonne with wonder stands him nie,
And thinks, or that no beast, or this no man,
Admiring by what hidden *Diety*
The piercing *Cockatrice* out-gaze he gan,
Vnlesse by chance there lodg'd a Vertue rare,
In some one simple in the wreath he ware.

8

All the strong armour gainst this horrid beast,
Was but a Chaplet which begirt his braine,
Which *Esculape* suspecting, much increast
His Ardency, to know what hidden straine
Slept in strange working herbs (thus being possesst)
He begs the Garland from the ignorant Swaine,
Who now vnwreath'd, againe the beast defies,
Who straight retutnes, and kils him with hir eies.

9

Apolloes sonne by certaine prooffe now finds
Th'inuertued hearbes haue gainst such poyson power,
To combate with th'eie-killing Beast he minds,
(Thirsting for fame) the wreath with many a Flower,
And hearbe, and plant, about his braine he binds,
And so with speed hasts to her Rocky tower,
Scales her foule den, and threatens present warre,
T'out-gaze her neare, who seeing, kils from farre.

10

The big-swolne Serpent with broad eye-lids stares,
And through the aire her subtile poison flings,
The Sunnes-hearbe charmed, soone her venom dares,
And shrinks not at her persaunt eie-bals stings,
The *Basiliske* in her owne strength dispaire,
And to flie thence, she shakes her flaggy wings,
But his Dart takes her as she meant to rise,
And pierst her hart, that pierst harts with her eies.

11

Proud of this Trophy, he returning sees
The harmelesse Swaine vpon the ground lie dead,
Whom pitying, he discends vnto his knees,
Taking the vertued Chaplet from his head,

And hearbe by hearbe into his mouth doth squeeze,
And downe his throat their powerfull liquor shed,
But when the iuice of one pure herbe was draind,
The new departed life it backe constraind.

11

Nor wonder if such force in hearbs remaine,
What cannot iuice of deuine Simples brui'd?
The Dragon finding his young Serpent slaine,
Hauing th'herbe *Balin* in his wounds infusd,
Restores his life and makes him whole againe.
Who taught the Heart how *Dettrany* is vsed?
Who being pierced through the bones and marrow,
Can with that hearbe expell th'offensiuē arrow.

13

Who taught the poore beast hauing poison tasted
To seeke th'hearbe *Cancer*, and by that to cure him?
Who taught the Bore finding his spirits wasted
To seeke a branch of Iuy to assure him?
The *Tortois* spide a *Dragon*, and straight hasted
For *Sauery*, arm'd with which he can endure him,
Chyron found *Centery*, whose vse is holy,
Achilles Yarrow, and great *Hermes*, Moly.

Distamum.

Sauory or
Maioram.

14

The *Storke* hauing a branch of *Orgamy*,
Can with much ease the *Adders* sting eschew,
And when the little *Weasill* chafte, doth fly
The *Dragon*, he defends himselfe with *Rew*,
Much might be done by their rare purity,
By such as all their operations knew:
No maruell then if such as know their skill,
Find by their practise, Art to saue or kill.

15

The *Basiliske* and the reuiued *Swaine*,
With all the powerfull hearbes that life restore,
He beares to *Paphos*: they beholding slaine
So horrible a Monster knowne before,
Perceiuing likewise how he cal'd againe
Men dead to life: his person they adore,
Now *Esculapius* name is sounded hie,
Through the vast compasse of the spacious skie.

And

16

And whether enuious of this Princes name,
 Fitting the humorous world with such applauses,
 Or whether for receiuing such as came
 From the last field: or at what carping claues
Ioue was agrieu'd at *Esculapius* fame,
 I find no cerraine ground but for some causes
 Vnknowne to me, he *Paphos* doth inuade,
 And great *Apollo* to his sonne giues aide.

17

But *Saturnes* seed preuailes: much bloud he spils
 To quench the heat of his incensed ire,
Paphos he sackes, and *Esculapius* kills,
 Oh, wheres the Art that made thy name aspire?
 Whose fame, Sea, Earth, and Heauen with clangor fils,
 To others thou gauest life, now life desires,
 (In vaine alas) when heauen hath doomd thy date,
 Prepare thy soule, all phyck comes too late.

18

Besides this sentence, I pronounce of hie
 There is no strife with heauen: when their houres call,
 Physitians must as well as patients die,
 And meete at the great iudgement generall,
Paphos is spoil'd, *Apollo* forcst to flie,
 The *Cretans* him pursue, he scapes them all
 Disguis'd, and is in exile forcst to keepe
 In *Theffaly*, the king *Admetus* sheepe.

19

I told you erst, how *Saturne* reinuested
 Into *Parthemia*, for bright *Iuno* sent
 There, with her vnknowne Brothers to be feasted,
 And how *Athenian Neptune* had intent
 To meet with *Pluto* there. Things thus digested,
 Triumphant *Ioue*, now full of grieve Ostent,
 For his late conquest, in his breath'd defiance,
 Is in all pompe receiu'd by his alliance.

20

Chiefely by twin-borne *Iuno*, not alone
 His Sister, now his troth-plight Queene and Bride,
 Their long diuided bodies they attone
 And enter amorous parley, which espipe

Jupiter mari-
 ed to Iuno.

By *Saturne*, speedy Pursuants are gone
To all the bordering Kings to them alide,
Vnto their solemne spoufales to inuite,
King, Prince, Duke, Marqueffe, Baron, Lord, and
21 (Knight.

Metis the daughter of *Oceanus*
They say, was *Ioues* first wife, whom being great
He swallowed: least of her being childed thus,
One should be borne to lift him from his seate;
By this the God growes more then *Timpanus*,
And swelling with the same, with throwes did sweat,
Till after anguish, and much traueiling paine,
The armed *Pallas* leapt out of his braine.

Apol. lib. 1. lib.

Hesiodus.

Iho. Diaconus.

22
Metis deuour'd, he *Themis* takes to bed,
Espousing her within the *Gnossean Isle*,
There where the flood *Theremus* lifts his head,
His third wife *Iuno*, whom he wan by guile,
Ioue knowing it vnlawfull was to wed
His sister: by his God-hood in small while
Transformes himselfe, and like a Cuckow flies;
Where *Iuno* tastes the pleasure of the skies.

Orphens in arg.

Pausan corint.

Apol. Rhodius.

23
But at his becke the King of Gods and men,
Commands a storme the Welkin to orecaft,
At which the Cuckow trembling, shrinketh then
Her legges beneath her wings, *Iuno* at last
Pitties the fearefull Bird, who quakes agen,
And wraps it softly, till the storme was past,
In her warme skirt, when *Ioue* within few houres
Takes hart, turnes God, and the faire Queen deflours.

24
After which rape, he takes her to his Bride,
And though some thinke her barren without heires:
Some more iudicious, haue such tales denide,
(Gods that know all things, know their owne affaires)
And vwhat they vwill, their povverfull vvisedomes guide,
Their children *Preces* were, vvhom vve call Prayers,
These dwel on earth, but when they mount the sphears
Haue free accesse to *Ioue* their fathers cares.

*Hermesimach
eleg. scriptor.*

Imagine

25

Imagine all the pompe the Sea can yeild,
 Or ayre affoord, or earth bestow on Man,
 Seas-fish, Ayres-Fowle, beast both of Parke and field,
 Rarities flowed in abundance than,
 Nature and Art strue which is deeplier skild,
 Or in these pompous Nuptials better can :
 Twixt these (being more then mortall) seem smal ods,
 And the high sumptuous shewes made by the Gods.

26

Hebe.

Night comes, a daughter is begot, and nam'd
Hebe, the long-liu'd Feast at length expires,
 Great *Jupiter* and *Iuno* are proclaim'd
Parthemian King and Queene : *Neptune* desires
 To visite *Athens*, being likewise nam'd
 Th' *Athenian* King, (his bloud Ambition fires,)
Pluto departs, in *Tartary* to dwell,
 There founds a deuilish Towne, and cals it *Hell*.

27

No day so cleere but darke night must ensue,
 Death is the end of life, and care of pleasure :
 Paine followes ease, and sorrowes ioy pursue,
 Saue (not to want) I know not what is Treasure,
 The Gods that scourge the false, and crowne the true,
 Darknesse and Light in equall ballance measure :
 Tydes fall to ebbes, the world is a meere graunge,
 Where all things brooke decay, and couet change.

28

Not long these triumphs last, when *Saturne* seeing
Parthemian Ihoue such generall fame archieue,
 Out-shining him, hee envyes at his being,
 (Still feare is apt things threatned to belecue :)
 But when the Oracle with this agreeing
 He cals to mind : his Soule doth inly grieue,
 For this is he whom *Delphos* did foretell,
 Should *Saturne* from his Crowne and Realme, expell.

29

Now turnes he loue to hate : his Ioy to Sadnesse,
 His Fathers-pitty, to a Foe-mans spight,
 His pleasure to despaire, his myrth to madnesse,
 In teares he spends the day, in sighes the night,

To spleene his feares conuert, to grieve his gladnesse,
And all to Melanchollie is sad affright,
Nor can his troubled senses be appeas'd,
Till as a Traitor he Prince *Ioue* hath ceas'd.

30

He therefore musters vp a secret power
Of his vnwilling Subiects, to surprize
Ioue in *Parthemia*, *Ioue* ascends a Tower
At the same time, and from a farre espies
Their armed troopes, the fields and Champions scowre,
From euery quatter clouds of thicke smoke rise,
No way he can his eyes or body turne,
But he sees Citties blaze, and Hamlets burne.

Warre twixt
Saturne and
Iupiter.

31

More mad with anger, then with rage dismayd,
From that high Tower he in hast discends,
To know what bold foe dares his realmes inuaid,
And gainst his peacefull kingdome enuy bends,
Tidings is brought, great *Saturne* hath displaid
His hostile fury, and his wracke intends:
But *Ioue*, that in his Fathers grace affide,
Sweares he shall die, that hath his name belide.

32

It bears no face of truth, no shape of reason,
A father should a guiltlesse sonne pursue,
A sonne that hath his father sau'd from Treason,
And but so late his dangerous enemies slew,
From whose embracing armes he for a season,
With much vnwillingnesse himselfe withdrew,
All things well poy'd, he cannot yet debate,
How such hot loue so soone should change to hate.

33

But whilst he argues thus, behold his foes
With armed ranks begirt *Parthemia* round,
Mongst whom the prince his father *Saturne* knowes,
And heares his warlike tunes to battell sound,
He now forgets the filiall zeale he owes,
And cries (to armes) their fury to confound,
But then againe into himselfe retiring,
He to his Father sends, his peace desiring.

I

Twice

34

Twice his submission to King *Saturne* came,
 Twice his submission he returnes in skorne,
 Then *Ihoue* his protestation doth proclaime,
 That with vnwillingnesse his Armes were borne,
 Loth with his Syre to fight, more loath with shame
 By his bold foes, to haue his Kingdome torne :
 Which to make good as *Saturne* earst had vowd'e,
 They charge and (*cry Assault*) with clamors lowde.

35

Since no entreaty can preuaile, he rather
 Then trust to certaine death, must battaile wage,
Archas with him their sterne *Parthemians* gather,
 And issue boldly, to withstand the rage
 Of their knowne mallice : Twice *Ihoue* meetes his Father,
 Twice giues him place, yet nothing can assuage
 His setled hate, he threats the Prince to kill,
 Who whilst he strikes, beares off, and guardeth still.

36

And seekes out other Conquest mongst the troopes,
 Of men vn-numbred, where his valour shines,
 The strongest Champion to his fury stoopes,
 And where he profers warre his stand resignes,
 That now the pride of *Saturne* flagges and droops,
Archas his forces with Prince *Ihoue* combines,
 And make one hoast of able strength and feare,
 Before them as they fight the field to cleare.

40

So haue I seene a storme of hayle and rayne,
 With thicke tempestuous clouds of night and smoke,
 Before it lay the fields of standing graine,
 And top the stiffe bowes from the tallest Oake :
 So where they come these Princes smoothe the plaine,
 Making the greene leaues weare a Crimson cloake :
 The skarlet drops that from the wounded slide,
 Into deepe red, the spring-tydes liuery dide.

38

They still pursue the slaughter, *Saturue* flies,
 Him *Archas* hotly to the Sea-side chaces,
 But in a *Creeke* a new-rigd ship he spies,
 And skapes by sea, his swift steps *Archas* traces,

But all in vaine, the gentle gusts arise
and beare him from the sight of his disgraces;
Leaue we the conquered Father basely fled,
The conquering sonne, triumphant mongst the dead.

39

Who from *Parthemia* posts in hast to *Creet*,
To ceize vnto his vse his Fathers Crowne,
The *Cretans* him with Olyue branches meet,
(For who at prosperous Fortunes dare to frowne ?)
The Scepter and themselves too, at his feet
With one consent and voice they prostrate downe,
His person with applause they circle round,
Thus *Ihoue* & *Iuno*, King and Queene are crownd.

40

So without threatned armes or rude hostility,
In greater pompe, and more degrees of State,
By *Englands* Commons, and our high Nobility,
Was Royall *James* mongst vs receiued of late,
With his Queene *Anne*, to the Realmes large vtility,
Oh, may their dayes on earth haue endlesse date :
In stead of Olyue branches, entertained
With zeale, with loyall thoughts, and harts vnfeined.

K. James and
Queene Anne

41

Some say, *Ihoue* gueldd *Saturne*, and surrendred
His procreatiue parts into the Ocean,
Of which the Goddesse *Venus* was engendred,
Betwixt them and the Seas continuall motion
I thinke such superstitious people tendred
Vnto these idle dreames too much deuotion :
Else by this Morrall, signifie they would,
He mongst his Souldiors dealt his Fathers gould.

42

And from this plenty surfets mongst them grew,
Lasciuious gestures, Lust that had no measure,
And in this kind, appeares the Morrall true :
For oft excesse, begets vnlawfull pleasure ;
And so the Froath-borne *Venus* might accrew ,
and be begot by *Saturnes* gelded treasure :
So sacred spels are writ in parchment Tables,
So golden truths are meant, in Leaden Fables.

I 2

Opinion

42

Opinion, strongly mongst the Heathen raignes,
And hath continued from the longest season,
I searcht the Iudgments of some ydle braines,
(That no *Religion* like, but built on *Reason*;)
To know what strength it hath, when it restraines
Some men in loyall bonds, fils some with Treason:
But found theyr censures vary from the right,
For thus th' Irregular prophanely wright.

43

Opinion iudgeth all by apparition,
And from *Opinion*, shame or Honor springs,
(*Opinion*) Thou that art all Superstition,
Thou makest Beggars, or pronouncest Kings,
For why should man to man, make low submission;
Since each of vs, his line from *Adam* brings?
Hauing at first, one Father, and one mother,
What duty owes a brother to a brother.

44

Whats wealth to him that nothing doth esteeme it?
Whats to the dunghill Cocke the Pearle he found?
Giue him a graine of Barley and hee'l deeme it
A richer prize: What differs gold from ground
To him that hath no iudgement to esteeme it?
Or Diamonds from Glasse? Search the world round,
Nothing is pretious held, but whats thought best,
Nothing acquir'd, but whats in most request.

45

Opinion's all: Say, I this man adore:
He is to me a King, (though but a Slaue,)
Or if a King, of him that bowes no more
Or holdes him none, the stile he cannot haue.
Religion is *Opinion* too: Before
Religion was, Man worshipt euery Graue,
And in these daies, through all the worlds dominions,
We see as many Churches as *Opinions*.

46

Opinion first made Kings, first founded Lawes,
First did deuide the *Gentle* from the *Base*,
First bounded Man in compasse for, because
Men thought it good, they gaue *Opinion* place:

The opinion
of some ydle
discontents.

From this comes all contempt and all applause,
Reuerence to some, and vnto some disgrace:

This, Peace compounds, or Concord turns to ods,
This, first dam'd Deuils, first created Gods.

48

This, breeds the Atheists skorne, the Christians feare,
The *Arrians* error, *Pagans* misbeliefe,
This makes the *Turke* his *Alcoran* to heare,
Breeds in the bold, presumption: penitent, griefe:
This made the *Jewes* their Saniour *Christ* forswear,
Despising him, choose *Barrabas* the Theefe:

Hence came the *Persian* Haly (long agone)
Differing from him the sect of *Præster-Ihon*.

49

Hence comes the *Protestant* to be deuided
From Triple-crowned *Rome*: a long-liu'd warre
Not yet by armes or Arguments decided:
Hence came the *Catholikes* mongst themselves to iar,
Hence, diuers orders, diuers waies are guyded:
Some *Iacobins*, and some *Franciscans* are:

Templers, *Capoochians*, Fryers both blacke and gray,
Monks, and the *Iesuits*, bearing the most sway.

50

In our reformed Church too, a new man
Is in few yeares crept vp, in strange disguise
And cald the selfe-opinion'd *Puritan*,
A fellow that can beare himselfe precise,
No church supremacy endure he can,
No orders in the Bishops Diocysse:

He keepes a starcht gate, weares a formall ruffe,
A nosegay, set face, and a poted cuffe.

51

He neuer bids God speed you on the way,
Bicause he knowes not what your bosomes smother,
His phrase is, Verily; By yea and nay,
In faith, in truth, good neighbor, or good brother,
And when he borrowes mony, nere will pay,
One of th'elect must common with another,
And when the poore his charity intreat,
You labour not, and therefore must not eate.

52

He will not Preach, but Lector: nor in white,
 Because the Elders of the Church commaund it,
 He will no crosse in Baptisme, none shall fight
 Vnder that Banner, if he may withstand it,
 Nor out of antient Fathers Latine cite,
 The cause may be, he doth not vnderstand it,
 His followers preach all faith, and by their workes,
 You would not Iudge them Catholickes, but Turkes.

53

He can endure no Organs, but is vext
 To heare the Quirristers shrill Anthemes sing,
 He blames degrees in th' *Accademy* next,
 And gainst the liberall Arts can Scripture bring,
 And when his tongue hath runne beside the text,
 You may perceiue him his loud clamors ring
 Gainst honest pastimes, and with pittious phrase,
 Raile against Hunting, Hawking, Cockes, and plaies.

54

With these the *Brownists* in some points cohere,
 That likewise hold the marriage ring prophane,
 Commanded prayers they'l not indure to heare,
 and to subscribe to *Cannons* they disdain:
 They hold more sinne a corner'd cap to weare
 Then cut a purse: leaue these as vilde and vaine,
 By thee (*Opinion*) Realmes haue bin confounded,
 What darst not thou, wher thou art firmly grounded?

55

To the first world now let my muse retire,
 And see how strong thou wast *Opinion* then,
 To create dieties I must aspire
 And giue eternity with my fraile pen,
 Such as the world did in those daies admire,
 It deified, and so made Gods of men:
 The *Cretan Iupiter*, to heauen translated,
 And *Saturne*, sire of all the Gods instated.

56

Made *Iuno* Queene of heauen, *Venus* of pleasure,
Ceres of Corne, and *Bacchus* God of wine,
Cupid of Loue, *Mars* Warre, and *Mammon* treasure,
Pallas of wisdom, and of speech deuine,

God *Mercury*: men did their God-hoods measure
By their owne thoughts, and vnto such resign
Their speciall honours, in whose harts they guest
Most power in that, which they on earth profest.

57

This made the Heathen kings by *Ioue* to sweare,
Their Queenes at *Iuno*s sacred Altar kneele:
Child-bearing women, chaste *Lucian* feare,
Souldiers at *Mars* his shrine, to hang their steele,
The Swaines to honor *Ceres*, by whose cheare
Their graine decaide or prosper'd: this made kneele
Drunkards to *Bacchus*, *Orpheus* strung his *Lyre*
To *Phabus* God of Musicke, and of Fire.

58

To *Esculapius* the Physitians prai'd,
Shepheards to *Pan*, and Poets to the *Muses*,
A God of *Neptune* Nauigators made,
And he that gardens loues, *Pomona* chuses,
Chaste Virgins still implore *Diana*s aide,
And who that loues, God *Cupids* name refuses,
Vulcan commandeth Smiths, *Flora* Flowers,
Aeolus winds, and *Pluto* infernall powers.

59

The Poets write, three brothers lots did cast
For th'Vniuersall Empire: To *Ioue* fell
Th'*Olimpicke* heauens, which all the rest surpast,
Great *Neptune* with his three fork't Mace must dwell
Within the bosome of the Ocean vast
And guide the Seas, blacke *Pluto* gouernes hell,
Opinion, whence these Gods build all their glory,
Must be the Base, to our succeeding story.

60

Whilst thus *Egyptian Belus* was instated,
The reuerend *Moyse*s in Mount *Nebo* died,
And Captaine *Iossua* second Iudge created,
The *Thracian Boreas*, from his Mothers side
Stole faire *Orithia*, hauing long awaited,
To make the beautious Virgin his sweet Bride,
From whose rude armes she neuer could be freed:
But leauing these, of *Belus* we proceed.

Which

61

The blustering winds before they had a king
 To locke them fast within his brazen Caues,
 Great deuastations ore the earth did bring,
 Tossing blacke tempests on the curled waues:
 Tis said rough *Boreas* shak't his flaggy wing,
 Gainst his three brothers with opposed braues,
 Who with such mortall hate, at variance fell,
 They made heauen shake, earth reele, the Ocean swell:

62

How the Me-
 diterranean
 sea first came.

No *Mediterran* Sea, before this brall,
 Was knowne in the earths armes to be inclos'd,
 The Seas tost by the winds, brake downe the wall,
 Which for his bounds the fates had interpos'd,
 At such dissention, the foure Brothers fall:
 Hauing the raines of all their gusts vnlos'd,
 They cleft the Earth, the Ocean full of pride,
 Thrusts in, and two maine Lands shoulders aside.

63

His traine of waues by *Calpes* he brought in,
 And through his deepe Abismes leads them to warre,
 He peoples euery place where he hath bin
 With his broad waters: who are still at iarre
 With the torne earth, more roomth and space to win,
 For his vnbounded limits (stretch't so farre)
 That they haue pierst the aged *Tellus* hart,
 And from *Europa*, *Affrica* still part.

The middle-
 earth sea, that
 parts Europe
 from Africa.

64

Valer. Flaccus
lib. 1. Argon.

So was *Italia* and *Sicilia* one,
 Till the rough gusts the *Ocean* did inuade,
 Who forcst a channell, where before was none,
 And twixt these kingdomes large irruption made,
 Therefore the Gods th'vnbrideled winds t'attone,
 That their commaundleffe furies might be staid,
 Surpris'd them, and to *Æolus* bound in chaines
 Gave them, and he their roughnes still restraines.

65

With *Ioues* lasciuious pastimes I proceede,
 As cheefely to the fall of *Troy* allide,
 Oh you *Ioues* daughters borne of heauenly seed,
 My braine and pen by inspiration guide,

That what the fates haue against *Troy* decreed
Of *Priams* glory, and *Achilles* pride,
Of *Hectors* valor, and bright *Hellens* fate,
With all your aydes I may at large delate.

66

Not how on *Semele*, *Ioue* *Bacchus* got,
Nor in the shape of Bull *Europa* stale,
Of Swan-transformed *Loeda* speake I not,
Nor of *Mnemosine* frame I my tale,
Nor how *Esopis* did her honour blot,
Nor *Astery* by *Ioue* turnd to a Quaille,
Nor how for *Nicteis* he himselfe transformed,
Nor *Ioes* rape, at which *Queene* *Iuno* stormed.

67

But how he rauisht *Danae* that bright Lasse,
By many suters (but in vaine) assailed,
How she was closed in a Tower of Brasse,
Which with a golden Ladder the prince skaled :
What cannot gold ? whose brightnesse doth surpasse,
How oft hath Gold boue womens strength preualed ?
Laps that haue had gainst all temptations power,
Haue spred themselues wide, to a golden shower.

68

From *Iupiter* of *Archad*, and a dame
Cal'd *Isis* did one *Epaphus* proceed,
To him was borne a sonne of ancient fame,
Hight *Belus*, who great part of *Egipt* freed
From turrany ; and after swaide the same,
He had a Sister too, who soone decreed
Archad to change for *Affricke*, and her name
Lybia, from whom the grim *Busyris* came.

69

Belus two children had (so the same runnes)
Danaus and *Egiptus* : *Danaus* he
Had fifty girles, *Egiptus* fifty sonnes,
Twixt whom, these Brothers a full match decree,
All parts are pleas'd, not one the marriage shunnes,
False *Danaus*, with his daughters doth agree,
As with their Bridegroomes in their beds they lay,
The fifty husbands in one night to slay.

Danaus,
Egiptus,

2409.

1473.

Saue

70

(Saue young *Permenestra* not a maid,) But in her husbands bosome sheath'd her knife,
And she alone the bloudy plot bewraid,
And to her *Linceus* prou'd a loyall wife,
Of all *Egistus* sonnes, he by her aide,
Alone did from the murther scape with life,
Of whom, as they in nuptiall loue remained,
He *Abas* got, *Abas* in *Arges* raigned.

71

The tale of *Iu-
piter* & *Danae*.

Abas Acrisius got, from him discended
Bright *Danae*, of whom we now intreat,
Whose beauties fame is through the earth extended,
Acrisius iecalous of his Fathers seat
To *Egypt* hies, and there his prayers commended,
Offering large quantities of Gold and Wheat:
At the God *Belus* his great Grandfires shrine,
Of his faire daughters fortunes to deuine.

72

This answer he returnes: Away, be gone
Thou sonne of *Abas*, *Danae* forth shall bring
A gallant boy, shall turne thee into stone,
And after thee in *Arges* raine sole-King:
Acrisius now hath turn'd his mirth to mone,
From whence his ioyes should grow, his sorrows spring,
His hoped Issue and successiue heire,
Late, al his pleasure, now is all his care.

73

He intimates that from her wombe shall rise
A gallant boy, that shall his Grandfire kill,
And *Arges* Crowne by force of armes supprize,
He sweares the maid shall liue a Virgin still,
And to preuent his fate, doth straight deuise
A Tower impregnable, built on a hill,
Strong of it selfe: but yet to make it sure,
He girts it with a treble brazen Mure.

The building
of Barreia to-
wer

74

The guiltlesse Lady wonders at the state
Of this new worke, not knowing why tis built,
To see sharpe *Pynacles* themselues elate
So high towards heauen, the Arches richly guilt,

Huge Marble columnnes to support the gate,
In euery place rich tinctures largely spilt,
The Tarras with white Iuory pillers rail'd,
And the Crosse-ebon bars, with guilt stools nail'd.

60

It seemes too strong for pleasure, and for warre
It shewes too neat: but now the worke is ended,
Who that beholds it shining from a farre,
But with admiring thoughts the worke commended?
The nearer you approach, the more you are
Inflam'd with wonder, not a staire ascended
But of white Marble, not a doore but Brasse,
The windowes glaz'd with Cristals, not with glasse.

61

All things prepar'd, the King will *Danae* carry
To view the Tower, she giues it due with praise,
He thus proceeds; Child thou shalt neuer marry,
But in this place of pleasure end thy daies,
And in this brazen circuit euer tarry,
The Lady starts, and thinkes too long she staies
In that loath'd place which now to her appeares
No Pallace, but a dungeon full of feares.

62

And asking why she must be kept a slaue,
Or how she hath deseru'd so strict a doome,
To be so young put in her Marble graue,
(For whats a Prison, but a liuing Toombe?)
Or for what cause she may no husband haue,
But liue an Ancestresse in so strict a roome,
Knowing her selfe a Princessse ripe and fit,
Wrongd (as she thinkes) not to be married yet:

63

Acrisius tels her what great *Belus* spake,
When hee with Orisons kneeld at his throne,
That from her wombe the world a sonne should take,
That shall his Grandfire change into a stone,
She interrupts him, and thus silence brake,
Oh would you be eternall liu'd alone?
And neuer die? What would *Acrisius* haue,
More then an heire to lodge him in his graue.

Did

79

Did you not into stone great *Abas* turne,
 And *Abas* to his Father *Lincens* so,
 Their funerall trunks to sacred ashes burne,
 O're which their monumentall marbles grow,
 Oh Father, no man can his Fate adorne,
 Shall these your eyes be closed vp by a Foe?
 Or can you deeme your owne blood shall betray you?
 Who are more fit within your stone to lay you?

80

What you did to your Father, let my sonne
 Performe to you: successiue succeed:
 Your Fathers glasse is out, yours must be run,
 Leauē then your Crowne to one of *Abas* breed:
 In vaine (quoth he) we cannot thus be wun,
 To alter whats vnchangeably decreed;
 Here shalt thou liue, but royally attended,
 Like a bright Queene, and from a King descended.

81

So leauēs her guarded with a troope of Mayds,
 And envious *Beldams* that were past their lust,
 These, with rewardes and threats the King invades
 In his high charge, to be seuerē and iust,
 But most the Maçons, (fittest for such trades)
 Rather than wanton wenches, he dare trust:
 Louers may Louers fauour, *Crones* are past it,
 and enuy, but not pittie those would tast it.

82

So doth the full-fed stomach meate deny
 Vnto the famisht: So the Drunkard spils
 Wine in abundance, which would cheare the dry,
 Cold age the appetite of hot lust kills,
Danae thy beauties fame is sounded hie,
 Mongst many other Kings: *Ihoues* cares it fils,
 He loues her by her fame, and longs to see her,
 Nor are her thoughts at peace before he see her.

83

A thousand bracelets, Jewels, Pearls and Rings,
 With gold of sundry stamps, the King prepares,
 And hauing readied all these costly things,
 In a poore Pedlers trusse, he packs his wares,

So hies to *Danaes* Tower (loue gaue him wings)
 Hope sometime cheeres him, sometimes he dispaire:
 At length arriues there, in an euening late,
 And fals his rich packe at the Castle gate.

84

Where two leane wrinkled Crones stand Centinell,
 To giue the watchword to *Acrisius* guard,
 Appointed straight to ring the larum Bell,
 If any man once neere the Castle dar'd,
 The Pedler askes, who in that pallace dwell,
 Or how they call the place? Hast thou not heard
 Of *Danae* quoth the Beldam (looking sower)
 Whom *Arges* King, closd in this-brazen Tower.

85

He viewes the place, and finds it strongly feared,
 Not to be won by armes, but skal'd by flight,
 I came from *Crete*, quoth he, and was intreated
 Heere to deliuer tokens of some weight
 From great king *Jupiter*: their cold blouds heated
 With hope of gaine, they cheare their age-duld sight,
 And with a couetous longing, earne to view
 What precious knackes he from his Hamper drew.

86

A thousand severall Trinckets he displaies,
 If this be *Danaes* Tower quoth he, then these
 Belong to you: the Crones his bounty praise,
 And in their hands two costly Jewels cease,
 The younger Ladies now are come to gaze,
 Not one amongst them but he seekes to please: (gaue,
 Some Gold, some stones, some Rings, some Pearles he
 And all haue something, though they nothing craue.

87

Blas'd with these gifts, their charge they quite forget,
 And euery Ladies eie dwels on her prize,
 Comming fore *Danae*, she holds them set
 With sundry brouches sparkling in her eyes,
 And asking whence they had them, they bid set
 The Pedler vp, who hath of fairer size,
 Brighter Aspect, and for a Queene to weare,
 In worth not to be valewed, yet not deare.

K

Danae

88

Danae commands him vp, he glad ascends,
 And through their brib'd hands freely is admitted
 Euen to her chamber : Gold, thy might extends
 Beyond all opposition, the best witted
 Thou canst corrupt, diue through the hearts of friends,
 By thee are wal'd Townes entred, skonces splitted,
 By thee are armies sway'd, Camps ouer-runne,
 Children the Fathers spoile, and Sire the sonne.

89

No wonder then if Gold the Pedler brought,
 To enter, where besides him, no man came,
 Behold the Goddesse this great King hath sought,
 Oh how her bright eie doth his soule inflame !
 Pearles, Iewels, Rings, and Gold, he sets at naught,
 yea all the world, if valewed vvith this Dame,
 Variety of costly gems he shewes her,
 And makes her of them all, the free disposer.

90

So wils the *Cretan* King, nor vvill he take
 One mite in way of Chaffer or set price,
 She thanks the Pedler for his Maisters sake,
 And hovv to please him, askes her maids aduice,
 But they so much of their ovvne Ouches spake,
 Whole brightnesse did their thoughts imparadice,
 That they contend whose Iewell rarest glisters,
 Whilst *Ioue* in *Danaes* eare, thus softly whispers.

91

Behold vvhat loue can do : that King of *Crete*
 That prizes *Danae* aboue any rate,
 Wrapt in course Garments (for a King vnmeet)
 (For *Danaes* Loue and grace, despising state)
 Prostrates himselfe at thy Imperiall feet,
 Resolud before he entred *Darrains* gate,
 Thy beauty, vertue, youth, and fame to saue,
 Buried already in this brazen graue.

92

For Lady, to vvhat purpose are you faire?
 as good to haue a tan'd and vvrinkled hide,
 Why is your hands so vvwhite, your browv so rare ?
 An *Ethiops* face maskt, shevvves as full of Pride,

These brazen walles that only Iudges are
Of your bright lookes, al wonder are denide,
Your Goddesse-shape is to the sencelesse stone
No better than the beauty of yon *Crone*.

93

What difference makes the dead twixt grace and skorne?
What luster giues *Apollo* to the blind?
What are the choylest dainties if forborne?
Whats musicke to the eares whom deafnesse binde?
What is the costlyest garment if not worne?
Or being worne, if none his riches mind?
What shewe's in Jewels hid behind a skreene?
Whats state vnknowne? whats beauty if not scene?

94

The *Princesse* sighes, as knowing all is true,
When *Iupiter* proceeds: Renowned Dame,
Set this rich beauty to the broad-worlds view,
These rare perfections let the world proclaime,
Whom thousand Kingly Sutors shall pursue,
Vnmaske this beauty: to that end I came:
Oh, leade not here a base condemned life!
That may abroad, liue a free Queene and wife.

95

Pitty yout seruant *Iupiter*, whose treasure,
Whose life, whose Crowne, whose fortunes are al yours,
Robbe not your selfe of all earths glorious pleasure,
Pitty your youth, whose pride a gayle deuours,
A dungeon takes of such perfections ceasure,
That should command all free enthroned powers:
And die not here, t'eternal bonds betraide,
Rob'd of all sweets, that for your tast were made.

96

You are a woman desperate here, and lost,
Kept from mans sight, for which you were created,
And beauteous *Princesse* (which should touch you most)
Your gealous father by the world is rated
As one that coopes you but to spare his cost,
And enuying you a Queene should be instated,
A Tyrant, that prefers his gealous feares,
Before your vertue, beauty, youth and yeares.

97

Graunt me your loue (oh grant it) blush not Queene,
 That loue, shall be your ransome from this place,
 This prisoned beauty shall abroad be seene,
 and Empresses shall homage to your face,
 and then this Gaile where you haue cloystred beene
 You will despise, and tearme *Acrisius* base,
 That gold in Brasse; and pearle in stone would throwd,
 Muffling the bright Sunne in so base a clowd.

98

Her tender hart relents, his amorous shape
 Appeares out of his base vknowne disguise,
 and if her hart his sweet words cannot scape,
 No wonder if his feature charme hir eies,
 She knowes no Peasant dares attempt her rape,
 Nor any base thought ayme at her surprise:
 and saue King *Iupiter* by fame held peerlesse,
 She knowes no prince so bold, so rich, so fearlesse.

99

But as she would reply, her Virgin-guard
 Began to leaue their conference, and draw neere them,
 Which *Iupiter* espying, straight prepar'd
 His bounteous packe with more rewards to cheere them,
 and whilst they askt the *Princesse* how she far'd,
 He ranacks for more trifles, and doth beare them
 Vnto the female waiters, *Danaes* traine,
 So with fresh toyes he bribes them once againe.

100

They throng about him round, to be seru'd first,
 and as they tast his bounty start aside,
 Comparing which is best, and whose the worst,
 More words and wagers must the strife decide,
 and whilst these gemmes are by the Ladies purst,
 and none neere *Danae* and the King abide:
 She viewes the amorous *Prince* with more satietie,
 and he the *Princesse* courts with fresh variety.

101

She neither giues him promise, nor deniall,
 Neither repulse, nor graunt, (so Women vse)
 When men (in sight of others) make their tryall,
 They will not say you shall: least you abuse

Their friendly grant, but take them free from spyall,
And say withall, they shall nor will, nor chuse,
Then you shall find them weakly, fighting fall,
And willingly, vnwilling prostrate all.

102

Giue louers opportunity, their loues
Are halfe won to their hands without more sute,
The man that verball Court-ship onely moues,
Shall all his life time in vaine words dispute,
When one that proffers faire, and fine force proues,
Speeds with his Action, though his tongue be mute,
For euery maid, takes one thing from her mother,
Whilst her tongue one thing speaks, to think another.

103

The night growes old, and the bright Lamps of heauen,
Are halfe burnt out: the Beldams call to rest,
What shall the Pedler do, so late be driuen
Out of his Inne, the lodge that likes him best,
To lie with *Charles-waine*, and the *Hyads* seauen,
He hath deseru'd more grace they dare protest,
To turne him out at this time might seeme cruell,
That bought his bed with many a high priz'd Jewell.

104

And yet to harbor him, they needs must feare,
Because they shall incurre *Acrisius* ire,
If such a tiding should arriue his care,
Their bodies all were doomd vnto the fire,
But by what meanes can King *Acrisius* heare?
Beside, what peasant pedler dares aspire
To *Danaes* bed? and all their liues betray,
Faine they would haue him gone, and faine to stay.

105

His bounty hath preuail'd, and he prouided
A priuate lodging in a place remote,
Danae vnto her Princely couch is guided,
So much her Hand-maids on their fauours dote,
They carelesse plucke her doore too, the locke slid
Besides his fasting place, which none doth note,
Then take their toyes, and to their beds they bear the,
Longing for day, that they in sight may weare them.

K 3

A

106

A generall hushnesse hath the world possesst,
 And all the Tower surpriz'd with golden-dreames,
 Alone King *Jupiter* abandons rest,
 Still wishing for *Apolloes* Golden beames :
 Desperate of hope, he knowes not what is best,
 When rising, from a farre he spies bright gleames
 Pierce from his window, as from *Danaes* Tower,
 In th'humid nights most taciturnall houre.

107

He knowes sad sleepe hath ceas'd vpon the many,
 He heares no waking clocke, nor warch to iarre,
 He venters forth, and searhing, finds not any,
 And in his way to this new blazing-starre,
 He layes his eare to euery rift and crany,
 Till he with fearefull strides hath woon so farre,
 That he must now these Marble steps ascend,
 Which led vnto the bower of his faire friend.

108

Wher comming, with a soft and trembling pace,
 To touch the doore, he feesles it yeild him way,
 And freely giues him entrance to the place
 Where his diuineſt Miſtreſſe *Danae* lay,
 He kiſt her finger, hand, necke, brest, and face,
 And euery thing the white sheete durst betray,
 That done, into her ſiluer armes he crept,
 And all this while the amorous Virgin slept.

109

Imagine how she waking grew amazed,
 Imagine him a double Rhetoricke vsing,
 Action and words: ſometimes her ſelfe ſhe raiſed
 To call for helpe, his dalliance quite reſuſing,
 Imagine then how he his loue imblazed,
 He at her ſcorne, ſhe at his boldneſſe muſing,
 His gifts, his name, his loue, plead on his part,
 Gainſt him, her fame, her feare, and her chaſt hart.

110

Loue makes him eloquent, and ſweet occaſion,
 Makes him bold too, ſhee's baſhfull, and withſtands;
 He laies to her both battry and perſwaſion,
 And much ado ſhe hath to paſſe his hands,

Being girt in Armes, how can she scape invasion,
Or breake the compasse of his Iuory bands:

She would be gon, he wooes her to lye still,
So hee'l no violence vse, she sayth she will.

III

Oh banquerupt *thoue*, in midst of all thy blisses
Ioylesse, and yet with pleasures ring'd about:

He wooes againe with Court-ship mixing kisses,
A thousand batteries, *Danae* hath held out:

And still the siedger his irruption misses,
They parly, but conclude not, both are stout:

Sometimes he strives, then she begins to threat,
Then hee from striuing, falles againe t'entreat.

III

What, cannot opportunity and place
Bed-fellowship and loue, if they conspire?

A comely feature and a Courtly face,
Court-ship and Name of King to win desire?

All these in *Jupiter* intreat for grace:
All these haue set her amorous hart a fire,

And gainst all these, the least of which command,
Saue bashfulnesse, sh'hath nothing to withstand.

III

And thats too weake gainst things of their ability,
Yet is it of a temper, not to yeeld,

For though it be subdude with much facility,
T'will proudly seeme still to maintaine the field:

It raignes in many that professe ciuility,
Who all their pleasures on compulsion build:

For bashfull women long since learnt this skill,
What they would giue, to grant against their will.

III

Women are weake, and weake ones must obey,
Faite *Danae* is but woman, and must fall,

Her glory is, that she hath held him play,
And kept her friendly foe so long from all:

What should she doe, the Prince will haue no nay,
Her guard's asleepe, if she for help should call:

What with compulsion, loue, force, and faire words,
She lyes confus'd, and he the Princesse bords.

This

Perseus

115

This night the warlike *Perseus* was begot,
 And now the early day-star gins to rife,
 Who calls the Prince vp, leaft the *Beldam* trot
 Should find his night-walke with her gealous eyes,
 But ſhe their priuate ſport ſuſpected not,
 Nor knew the King in his aſſum'd diſguiſe:
 Teares when they part are in abundance ſhed,
 When he muſt leaue the Princely *Danaes* bed.

116

It is compounded and betweene them ſworne,
 That *Ihoue* muſt come in Armes by ſuch a day,
 By whom the Laſſe muſt be from *Arges* borne;
 So takes his leaue, he dare no longer ſtay,
 The Sunne is cal'd vp by the early Morne,
 High time, to ſend the *Pedler* on his way:
 They praiſe the largeſſe of their bounteous gueſt,
 But of his Jewels, *Danae* keeps the beſt.

117

Leaue *Ihoue* towards *Creet*, and *Danae* in ſad plight,
 For his departure, whom ſhe renders dēerely,
 She neuer lou'd yntill this *Ominous* night,
 And now to ſee him part, ſhe riſeth early,
 Gladly with him ſhe would haue tane her flight,
 But feares her father would reuenge ſeuerly
 Her bold attempt, and backe retorne her weeping,
 To ſpend her future youth in ſtricter keeping.

118

Befides ſhe feares (that which indeed was trew)
 That ſhe (of *Ihoues* ſeed) might conceiue a ſonne,
 Which if the gealous King *Acrifus* knew,
 At theſe ſad tidings he would franticke run:
 The Princeſſe to her chamber now withdrew,
 Arm'd with this hope, that *Ihoue* the deed had done:
 Th'only renown'd, ritch, puiſſant, and of power,
 By force of Armes, to free her from the Tower.

119

Now to record what I remembred earſt,
 How *Troos* in *Troy* his neighbor Kings out-ſhined,
 And in the ſame place where it was reuerſt,
 How all *Troys* fame King *Tantalus* repined,

But how the *Phrigian* forces were disperst
By *Troas*: is to another place assignde:
Here should I speake how *Troy* to fame aspired,
But my Muse flags, and my dull pen is tired.

E Sculapius the sonne of Apollo and the Nymph Coronis
others thinke, of Arsiona the daughter of Leusippus.
Hee was taught his Physicke of Chiron the Centaur,
which Zetzes chil. 10. and Lactantius lib. de falsa Religione,
both affirme he had a sister called Eriope, a wife, Epione, &
a sonne Machaon and Podilarius. He was called Antonius,
Medicus oucæata, Leuëtricus, Cortineus, Corilaus, Ag-
nitas Booueta, and he was borne among the Epidaurians.

Homer hymno.
Pauson. in mē-
seniacis.

Merleanus.

Orpheus in hym

Iupiter wan from Æsculapius the Isle Paphos, and gaue
it to his daughter Venus. Paphos was built by Æos sonne to
Typhon.

In Saturne ended the golden world, and in his sonne Iupi-
ter began the Brazen age.

Acolus was son to Acesta and Iupiter, because the clouds
and mysts rising about the seauen Eolian Islands, of which
he was king, did alwaies portend tempestuous gusts and blasts,
therfore the Poets feigned him to be king & god of the winds.

Epaphus the sonne of Isis and Iupiter Belus, builded the
famous Egyptian Memphis, the yeare before Christ came in-
to the world 1492. Orosius writes, that the fifty marriages
concluding in nine & forty murders, was the year before Chr:
1473. for which Daunus was expulst his Realme, and fled
to the Argiues, where he spent the remainder of his age. The
yeare after this unnaturall massacre, Aaron deceased amongst
the Israelites.

By Isis some say is meant Io, and by Iupiter Belus, Iupiter
of Crete, Ovid in his metamorph:

Hinc Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem,
Creditor esse Ihouis.

Epaphus and Phaeton, the one the sonne of Iupiter by Io,
the other the sonne of Phæbus by Clymenen, beeing at some
difference about their blouds, Phaeton leaues his mother to
trauaile to the Pallace of the Sunne, where asking his unhappy
boone as a sure testimony of his discent from phæbus, he by his
rashnesse and pride fired the world, and was strooke headlong
from

from the Chariot of the Sunne, by one of Iupiters thunderbolts.

*Calimachus de
coaditis insulis.*

*Archelaus lib.
de fluminibus.*

Of Iupiter it is thus remembred, of Europa he begot Minoes and Rhadamant, Archas of Calisto, Pelasgus of Niobe, Scarpodon & Argas of Laodomeia, Hercules of Alcmena: Taygetus of Taigetes: Amphion and Zetes of Antiope: Castor, Helena, Pollux, and Clitemuestra of Leda: Perseus, of Danae: Deucalia of Iodoma: Britamart of Carme the daughter of Eubulus. Æthilius the father of Endimion of Protogenia. Epaphus of Ione. Ægina of the daughter of Asopus. Arcecilas and Carbius of Terrebia: Colaxes of Ora: Cirnus of Cirna, Dardanus of Electra, Hiabus of Garamantius: Preces, Proserpina, and the Titiæ, with infinite others, too long to recount.

Fit Taurus Cignus satyrasq; aurumque ob amorem,
Europa, Lædes, Antiopæ, Danaes.

Zeus kvknos Tavnros Satvros krusos di e' rnta

Ledes, Evrotës, A'ntiopes, Danaes.

*Lucianns in di-
al. Calim. in
hymn.*

Apollo exile by Iupiter kept Admetus sheepe, which Pindarus in pithicis affirme, or his Oxen, as Horace 1. carminum. And therefore he had the title to be called ever after, the god of pastures. As Virg. 3. Georgic.

Te quoq; Magne pales & te memorande Canemus
pastor ab Amphriso.

The end of the fourth
CANTO.



Argumentum

King Tantalus before the Troians flies,
 Saturne arrives in Creet and by Troas ayded
 Once more intendes his Kingdome to surprise,
 Creet is by Troian Ganimede invaded,
 In ayde of Iupiter the Centaures rise,
 Aegeons ful-fraught Gallies are disladed:
 Danae and her young sonne are turnd afloate,
 By Arges King, into a Mast-lesse boate.

ARG. 2.

Pelops, the two Attides and Aegeon,
 Vulcan the Gorgones in Epsilon.

CANTO. 5.

I



Hose inspiration
 shall my heavy brayne
 Implore, to make
 my dull Inuention light,
 Or to a lofty key
 my pen constraine,
 Or raise my Muse,
 that takes so low a flight,

Thou *Ihoue*-borne *Pallas* o're my numbers raine,
 And muscally *Apollo* giue me spright,
 With the bright rayes that from thy temples shine,
 To shew me way vnto the *Muses* nine.

Of

2

Of whom the eldest *Clio* first deuifd
 To Chronicle the Royall gefts of Kings,
 Strutting *Melpomene* in *Gules* difguifd
 In Theaters, mongft Tragicke Actors fings,
 But foft *Thalya* hath fuch ftraines defpifd,
 And to her Commicke fceanes shrill laughter brings,
 Wind Instruments *Entirpe* beft affects,
Terpsichore the ftringed *Lyre* directs.

3

The *Geometricke* figures *Erato*
 Hath in her charge, as firft by her difclofed,
 But from *Calliope* hie Stanzoes flow,
 For the *Heroik* numbers firft compofed,
 The courfe of ftarres are by *Vrania* know,
 And how the Planets we aboue difpofed,
 But *Polihimnia* fmoth *Rhetoricke* chufes,
 The youngelt of *Ioues* daughters, and the Mufes.

4

All thefe at once their fared gifts afpire,
 That may giue beauty to my tafke in hand,
 Affoording helpe when I their aide defire,
 To guide my toft-Bark to defired Land,
 A flender barke, flow fayld, and apt to tire,
 And founder in the Sea: weake, and vnmand,
Apollo with the reft, my voyage fpeed,
 Whilft to *Troyes* fatall ruine we proceed.

5

King *Tantalus* the fonne of *Iupiter*,
 That rain'd in *Attique*, brought an hoft fore *Troy*,
 Which his fonne *Pelops* led: how can he erre,
 Being directed by fo braue a Boy
 That vndertakes his army to transferré,
 And *Troos* with his new City to deftroy,
 This *Pelops* with the King of *Elis* ran,
 And in the courfe bright *Hyppodamia* wan.

6

Her Father *Oenemaus* was betraid
 My *Myrtolus* his treacherous Chariot-driuer,
 And in the race flaine, *Pelops* by his aide,
 Of many futers dead the fole furiuer,

After the goale obtaind, inioyes the maide,
Intending with all pompous state to wiue her,
Th'esponsals ended, Time with swift pace runnes,
And she in processe, hath product two sonnes.

7

Thyestes and *Atreus* nam'd : the first
Ore-come with burning lusts insatiate heat,
Rauisht *Atreus* wife (oh deed accurst)
For which *Atreus* doth him home intreat,
And takes his Children where the Babes were nurst,
To dresse their bodies for their fathers meat,
Some bak't, some rost, some fod (oh bloody deed !)
To make a father on his owne childe feed.

8

Atreus two sonnes had, the eldest hight
Agamemnon, who was after *Mycenes* king,
And *Greekish* Generall of the ten yeares fight,
Twixt *Greece* and *Troy*, which we must after sing:
The second *Menelaus*, in whose right,
The *Argiue* Dukes their puissant Armies bring,
Husband to *Hellen*, when prince *Paris* sought her,
And *Hellen*, *Jupiter* and *Ledaes* daughter.

9

But we digresse : gainst *Pelops* and his Sire
Ilion and *Ganimed* from *Troy* appeare,
These are the sonnes of *Troos*, many a bold squire
They led with them to *Ilion*, the first yeare
He rain'd in *Troy* in bright celestiall fire,
Came the *Palladium* downe from heauens high spheare,
Which *Ilions* Towers long after did inioy,
Continuing till the vtter sacke of *Troy*.

10

Their hostile Instruments to battell sound,
Ten thousand hands at once to heauen are raised,
Which in their fals, as many strike to ground,
Cowards are scorn'd, none but the bold are praised,
The *Troyans* haue begirt the *Phrygians* round,
Pelops aboute the rest his fame imblazed,
And *Ganimed* that doth bold *Pelops* see,
Fights, as if none need kill a man but he.

L

Such

2617.

1346.

Eliud of the
tribe of Benia-
min, slew Eg-
lon K. of Mo-
ab.

The progeny
of Menelaus
and Agamem-
non.

11

Such was the valour of this *Troian* youth,
Though *Troos* and *Iliou* both did wondrous well,
He onely stands, defends, breakes, and pursueth
Their standing battailes : by his valour fell
The *Phrigian* host, now mured without ruth:
Charon is tyr'd, with ferring soules to hell :

The *Trojans* follow with victorious cries,
Whilst *Tantalus* and valiant *Pelops* flies.

12

Tantalus in
Hell.

This was that *Tantalus* bright *Flota* bare,
(Whom for a speciall grace) the Gods admit
To their high Counsell, where they oft repaire,
He blabs their secrets, therefore they held fit
To punnish him in hell with torments rare,
In *Lethe* chin-deepe he must euer sit,
Hungry, whilst Apples touch his lips : and dry,
Whilst from his thirsty chin the waters flie.

13

Pelops death
and life.

1642.

1321.

And this that *Pelops* whom his father slew,
And hewd his body into gobbets smal,
Whose Massacre the Gods in mercy rew,
And gathering vp his limbes to match them all,
They misse that peece to ioyne his body new,
Which from the throat doth to the shoulder fall;
Which they with Iuery peece, and who more bolder
Then new-made *Pelops*, with his Iuery shoulder.

14

And yet inforst to flie : but had his men
Bin euery one a *Pelops*, none had fled,
He was the last in field, preferring then
Fore Coward runners, the resolu'd dead,
But what can one alone gainst thousand ten ?
Led by so braue a Prince as *Ganimes*,
Leaue we triumphant *Troos*, now let our hand
Direct sea-toyled *Saturne* safe a Land.

15

Saturnes ar-
riue in Troy.

Who from his sonne in the last battaile flying,
his Grand-child *Archus* to the sea-side chaste,
We left him in a ship the Ocean trying,
Where he hath plowed strange Seas : great dangers past :

Now entring th'*Hellespont*, from farre espying
(After his tedious course) a Towne at last;
His Martiners to shore their sailes imploy,
And Sea-beat *Saturne* touches land fore *Troy*.

16

Which *Troos* amidst his plausiue triumphs seeing,
With *Ilion*, *Ganimes*, and thousands more,
Makes towards the harbor, whilst old *Saturne* freeing
His men from ship-bord hath imprest the shore,
He makes his habit with his stile agreeing,
The *Troyans* wonder at the state he bore:
Himselfe so well prepar'd, his ships so faire,
Both to the barbarous *Troians* seeming rare.

17

So small a number can no warre pretend,
Therefore their strange arriue they neede not feare,
As farre as doth their *Hemisphere* extend,
They view the sea, but see no shipping neare,
Which makes the King salute him as a frend,
And aske the reason of his landing there,
Saturne replies: Behold poore strangers throwne,
To vnknowne people, on a Land vnknowne.

18

Yet would you haue his Countrey, Nation, name,
That knowes not on whose earth his bold feet tread,
Nor with what breath he may his stile proclaime,
From his owne Natiue ayre so farre being fled:
If you perhaps haue relisht *Saturnes* fame,
Whose glory liues, although his state be dead:
Then view that *Saturne* with respectiue eies,
Whose far-spread beames set, at his sonnes vprise.

19

Saturne hath spoke enough, whose longing cares
Haue not bin fild and cloy'd with his renowne,
The Heauenly musicke of th'*Harmonious* spheares,
Climbe to his praise: by him the fields are sowne,
(The Archers shoot) and Childing *Tellus* beares,
In what remote climbe is not *Saturne* knowne,
By him are seas past, heady ships contrould,
He first Tild, Ploud, Sowd, Reapt, and fined Gold.

L 2

He

20

He need not of his *Ominous* wars possesse him,
Troos knowes his issues triumph, and his flight,
 Inspir'd with supernaturall gifts they gesse him,
 And hold themselves heauen fauoured in his sight:
 He vows in *Creet* againe to repossesse him,
 Where *Ihoue* vsurps gainst all paternall right,
 After few daies in feasts and triumphs ended,
 A puissant host is to his charge commended.

21

Ganimeds
 warre against
Iupiter.

Of twenty thousand souldiers, *Troians* all,
 Commanded by the valiant *Ganimed*,
 A better war-employted Generall
 Neuer appear'd in sight of Er signes spred,
 They passe the *Egeon* seas (which men so call)
 Of the Grand Thiefe *Egeon*, he that fled
 From *Iupiter*, when all the *Tytans* perisht,
 Now on these Seas by murderous Pyrats cherisht.

22

Saturne directs their landing, as best knowing
 The safest harbors: and their army guided
 Through many furlongs of his ancient sowing,
 Neuer till his daies by the Plough diuided;
 But as their host to *Creet* is nearer growing,
 With hope to take the *Cretans* unprouided,
 King *Iupiter* is by the skouts discride,
 With many *Centaures* that on horsebacke ride.

23

But not expecting any hostile power,
 Or to beat backe invaders, doth he gather
 This puissant host, hee's for the brazen Tower
 Where *Danae* liues, coopt by her ruthlesse father,
 But now that host the *Cretan* soile must scoure,
 Which amorous *Ihoue* would haue conducted rather
 To scale the brazen forresse, the darke skreene,
 Twixt courtly freedome, and his cloistred Queene.

24

To this imployment the stout *Centaures* came
 Vnder *Ixions* conduct, twice two hundred,
 Who first deuise'd *Thessalian* steeds to tame,
 They seem'd at first, halfe horse, halfe man vsundred,

At whose strange manage, and admired name,
(Vnknowne till now) th'amazed *Troians* wondred,
The battailes ioyne, and both the hosts discouer,
About *Ithones* Tent, a Princely Eagle houer.

25

He takes it for an *Ominous* signe of good,
The *Troians* for some heauy sad preface,
By this, a thousand quarters swim in blood,
And from both sides the heated Champions rage,
In a deepe red they dy the neighbour flood,
Neuer did bolder spirits battaile wage,
The dying grone, the feare-confounded shriek,
The wounded bleeding fall, the standing strike.

26

The *Centaures* boldly fight, the Prince of *Troy*
Shines both in Armes and valour aboue all,
Hauing both Art and strength his steele to imploy,
And many halfe-dead limbes about him sprall,
To him *Ithoue* makes, and is re-met with ioy,
On either part whole troopes before him fall,
So haue I seene two burning *Meteors* fare,
Breaking through diuers clouds to tilt in th'aire,

The Combat
twixt *Ithoue*
and *Ganimed*.

27

Two fiery *Meteors* I may call them right,
For they were both in gilded Armors laced,
And had they fought in a darke cloudy night, (raced
With such rough blowes their shields and helmes they
And forest from them such store of fiery light,
With steele encountring steele, and blowes well placed,
The two maine Armies might haue fought in view,
By the bright sparkes that from their Armors flew.

28

This Monomachy lasted not, for yonder
Comes *Saturne* on the part of *Ganimed*,
On th'other side, the hoofed *Centaures* thunder,
And Character deepe halfe Moones where they tread,
By whom the Champions are inforst assunder,
And all confus'd that was in order led,
Thus in this tumult and disordered brall,
By scores and hundreds they drop downe and fal.

L 3

Saturne

29

Saturne assailes his sonne, but is refus'd,
 He shuns th'vnnaturall combat with his Sire,
 Amongst the *Troians* he his Champions chus'd,
 The Hostile stranger shall his worth admire,
 Against whose Armies he such valour vs'd,
 That force, perforce, their vaward must retire:
 Meane time Prince *Ganimed* King *Saturne* righting,
 Alone, is midst a hundred *Centaures* fighting.

30

Iason.

Encountring *Eson*, arm'd at euery peece,
Eson well mounted, gainst the *Troian* ran,
 This *Eson* sonne was after knowne in *Greece*,
 Twas he that did the stately *Arges* man,
 And in his bold quest of the golden fleece,
 With the rich Sheepe deepe-speld *Medea* wan,
 Who after old, decrepit, weake, and hored,
 Was by his daughter to his youth restored.

31

Him *Ganimed* vnhorst, and in despight
 Of the bold *Centaures* mounted on his sleed,
 Prouing the manage of this vnknown fight,
 And in the prooffe made many *Centaures* bleed,
 (But all in vaine) his troopes are put to flight,
Saturne is shrunke, and left him at his need,
 And to ther ships in troopes his souldiers fled,
 Whose shamefull steps, the Prince of force must tread.

32

The *Centaures* and the *Cretan* king pursue them
 Vnto the Oceans Margent, and euen there,
 Twixt Sea and shore, in countlesse heaps they slew them,
 Such as escape, their course to *Troy*-ward beare,
 For *Saturnes* men, the *Cretans* cannot view them,
 Another vnknowne tract (alas) they fleare:
 Whether the winds and waues their vessaile driue,
 Twice driuen from *Crete* (gainst heauen in vaine wee

33

Jupiter and the *Centaures* such ships take,
 As should haue bin imploid for *Darrynes* Tower,
 And after *Ganimed* to Sea they make,
 Pursuing them to *Troy* with all their power,

They Land at once, the fearefull *Troians* quake,
Doubting if earth or sea, shall them deuoure,
Troos with an host discends, as one that guesled,
The Prince his sonne, was by his foes distressed.

34

The battaile is renewed, the king intends
To rescue sonne and Subiects in such state,
But (ouer valiant) *Ganimed* extends
His valour beyond wisdom, all too late
The King of *Troy* his puissant fury bends,
In rescue of his sonne, now in sad fate:

The *Cretans* him surprize, and he being tane
With this rich prize, they make to Sea againe.

Ganimede taken.

35

Leaue *Troos* and *Istion* mated at this crosse,
The pride of *Troy* is not to be re-won,
He rates him much aboue his kingdomes losse,
And all *Dardania* mourneth for his son,
How in the guard of those that from *Moleffe*
Came with *Ixion*, and on horse-backe run,
Ioue giues command (being at Sea assured)
The Prisoners to be chear'd, the wounded cured.

36

And calling now to mind the Bird that soared
About his rich Pauillion, he ordained
Her picture should be drawne and quaintly skored,
Vpon a Crimson Ensigne richly stained,
Which since that fight, to all that *Mars* adored,
As a perpetuall instance hath remained:
Till then, they bore no flags, no Scutchions drew,
Ioues Eagle was the first, in field that flew.

The first ensigne borne in Battell.

37

He now remembers *Danae*, and commands
His Pylots to direct his wastage thither,
But what the king inioynes, the wind withstands
With boysterous gusts it foulds their sailes together,
And hurries them along by diuers Lands,
They beare their wandering course they ken not whether
At length, they in the sea, *Aegean* wander,
Of which, the Theefe *Aegeon* was commander.

Aegeon.

The

38.

The blustering tempest hath diuorſt their Fleet,
 Only the Ship wherein the *Centaurs* faile,
 With *Ithone* and *Ganimed*, the Pirats meet,
 The reſt were ſtraide, and of their Voyage faile,
 Yet ſome amongſt the reſt take land in *Creet*,
 Some bandied too and fro, by euery gale,
 Yet all their barkes liue, none ſo neere to die,
 As this the Pyrats from the ſhore diſcry.

39

Sixe Gallies they diſanker from the Iſle
 Cald *Deſert*, and their Barke incompaſſe round,
Ithone and the *Centaurs* arme them in ſmal while,
 And al their Martiall notes to battel ſound,
 Which the bold *Troian* hearing, gan to ſmile
 In ſcornfull guiſe, to ſee his armes faſt bound :
 Oh when (quoth he) ſtood *Ganimed* thus ſtill
 To heare the Martiall muſicke of *Kill, kill*?

40

Is my opinion of knowne Armes ſo weake?
 My name ſo poore, the *Centaurs* ſcorne mine ayde?
 Did we for this their maine Battallions breake?
 And with our Armed breſt their hoaſts invade?
 Why may I not in this caſe boldly ſpeake?
 Shal I ſtand ſtill, to ſee my life betraide?
 Although a Priſoner, yet this fauour ſhow,
 To guard mine Honor, gainſt a common foe.

41

Not fighting againſt *Troy*, we are a friend,
 Theſe Pyrats with your honors couet mine :
 Oh let the King of *Creet* ſuch grace extend,
 That by his ſide I may in Armour ſhine,
 To ſee how wel I can my head defend :
 Some desperate Act vnto my charge aſſigne :
 They hale vs neere, our ſhip the Pirats boord,
 For Honors ſake, giue me my Armes and ſword.

42

Theſe words charme *Iupiter*, and draw a vaile
 Betwixt his hart and *Ganimeds* diſgraces,
 The King relents, the *Princes* words preuaile,
 His hands he looſeth, and with kind embraces

Swæres to him friendship that shall neuer faile,
Armd as they are, they take their pointed places,
Thone in the Prow, the *Centaurs* at his beck,
To face their foes, guirt round their vpmost decke.

43

Their golden Eagle is displaide : the Gallies
Grapple on euery side their hooked Steele,
Some from the Beak-heads, some the wast make fallies,
But those the *Centaurs* make like Drunkards reele,
And drop downe to the Sea, here no man dallies,
Some, with long pointed Irons bare their Keele
To sinke them, others by the Ship sides crall,
The *Centaurs* lop their hands off, downe they fall.

44

Twice they are forst t'vnggrapple and vnhooke
Their double chaynes : To this I may compare,
Thy boording (valiant *Greenvild*) thou didst brooke,
A hotter skirmish then the Pirats dare,
Who keeping one good Ship, skornst to be tooke
By a whole Fleet of *Spanish* men a-warre,
Fighting till powder, shot, and men were wasted,
And these consum'd, euen til thine owne life lasted.

Sir Richard
Greenvield.

45

As often as they boarded thee, so oft
Brauely repulst, their sides bor'd through and through,
And three times with thy three Decks blowne aloft,
As high as heauen (what more could valor doe ?)
Now thy proud Ship hath al her Ensignes doft,
Those sayles the Amorous winds with courtings wooe
To tinder burnt : thou profferd life despising,
Leau'st thy (*Reuenge*) euen with the waters rising.

Reuenge, one
of Q. Elizab.
ships Royall.

46

The Gallyes fasten still : (a watchword giuen
By *Iupiter*,) at once they headlong skip
(Dispearst) into such vessels as were driuen
Within their reach, and leaue their *Cretan* Ship,
Now many a Pirats skull is brui'd and riuen,
Some heau'd ore boord, some softly slip
Into the sea for feare, their liues to smother,
So, by auoyding one death, seeke another.

The

47

Th'vndaunted Gyant-Theefe-*Egeon* now
Kens *Jupiter*, him *Jupiter* espies,
And facing him in his owne Gallies prow,
Thus with vndaunted language he defies:
Behold thy fate, see *Ihone* thy ruyne vow,
Whom thou by Coward-ods sought to surprife,
Thou, that by land my ruthlesse fury fled,
Shalt now by Sea be forst t'abide me dead.

48

I am the sonne of *Saturne*, by whom fell,
Tytan, with al the Earth-bred Gyant seed,
Thy Sire and brothers I haue sent to Hell,
and thy destruction I haue next decreed:
At this, th'inflam'd *Egeon* gan to swel,
Rage makes his language lagge, his fury speed:
Action proceeds his words, before he spake,
With his huge *Axe* vpon *Ihones* helme he strake.

49

The blow was put to loane, while they two striue,
Prince *Ganimes* hath al the Gally cleared,
and mongst them all he leaues not one aliue,
Saue the graund-theefe, who now not to be feared
Ihone hath subdude, and gins his legges to gyeue,
Since in the Gyants rescue none appeared,
Bulke, hands, legs, thighes, the *Prince* at once inuirones
and leads him with an hundred chaynes of Iron.

Egeon surpris-
ed.

50

In these the harmlesse Trauellers he bound,
(Now his owne plague) they that suruiue are fled,
and on the Seas disperst, now doth *Ihone* ground
His loue vpon his new friend *Ganimes*,
He enters his owne ships and wanders round
The spacious Vast, where wind and waters led,
Crossing both *Torrid* and the frozen lines,
By this the *Sunne* had compast all the *Signes*.

51

The *Ramme* of *Helles*, and *Europaes* Bull,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Cancers* burning Signe,
Th' *Herculean* Lyon, and the *Virgin*-Trull,
The skale of *Iustice*, and the *Scorpions* line,

The 12. Ce-
lestiall Signes.

Chyron the *Centaur*, with the horned skull
Of watry *Capricorne*, next whom doth shine
The *Troian* lad, that from his lauer powres,
Last the two *Fishes* drilling Southern showres.

52

And at the yeares end taking land in *Creet*,
After his tedious progresse on the streame,
Queene *Iuno* welcoms him with kisses sweet,
His subiects kneele to him as their supream,
Fine hundred *Steedes* presenting at his feet,
But he whose thoughts harpe on another theame,
Prisons *Ægeon*, *Ganimed* sets free,
And in his grace (saue *Iuno*) who but he?

53

But *Iuno*, when his mind on *Danae* ran,
Shewd like a *Crow* vnto a siluer *Doe*,
Rose to a *Black-berry*, *Rauen* to a *Swan*,
It makes him mad he cannot ayde his Loue,
Twelue Moones are fild and waind, since haplesse man
The day expir'd, he should his valour proue,
And now (though late) hee'l try his best endeavour,
To fetch her thence (for better late than neuer,)

54

But loe, amidst his hostile preparation,
By chance a Lord of *Arges* rode that way,
Who, knowne to be a stranger of that Nation,
The King demaunds of *Danae*, to bewray
What he hath heard: he gins a sad Oration
Which doth the *Princes* hoast from wastage stay,
In what remote Clime, if by Rumor blowne,
(Quoth th' *Arges* Lord) was not bright *Danae* known?

55

When she was *Danae*, and whilst *Darrain* Tower
Inclos'd earths-Beauty in her brazen hold,
But now shee's crompt, and that sweet smelling flower
Is vaded quite and withered, wrapt in mould:
The King at this lost all his vitall power,
His bloud forsakes his hart, his braine growes cold,
His thoughts confuse, his soule within him bleeds,
When th' *Arges* Lord of *Danae* thus proceeds.

The rest of
the history of
Danae

Of

56

Of the Tower, *Darrains* strength, *Acrisius* guard,
 Within how many gates of brasse inclosed,
 Of their *nocturnall* watch, *Diurnall* warde,
 Twixt man and her, what strong bars enterposed
 To keepe her chaste, what deafe man hath not heard:
 Yet al these locks are with those bolts vnlosed:

Oh heauens! what mortall wit? what humane skil
 Can keepe a woman chaste, against her wil?

57

Thou gealous foole, why dost thou gayle thy wife?
 When *Darrains* strong Tower cannot loue expel?

The fruits of
 Geloufie.

Better thou hadst to graunt her a free life,
 If she be honest, she wil guide it well:

If otherwise adicted, vaine is strife

Though in the circuit of Brasse walles she dwel,

Inmure her body fast as thou canst thinke,

Shee'l make thee Cuckold, bee't but through a chinke.

58

Perhaps her body in strict bonds thou hast,

Yet canst thou not the thoughts within her stay:

Not she that dares not sinne, is counted chaste,

Not she thats matcht, and cannot step astray:

Not she that feares, is mongst the vertuous placst:

"*Alone shee's Chast, that will not, though she may:*

Their Natures are, to couet things denide,

And in forbidden pathes to tread aside.

59

Oft haue I seene a Steed would keepe no Traet,

But sling, and bound, when he was too much raynde,

But when he felt his curbe and bridle slackt,

Play with the Byt, that he so much disdained,

And so that Steed by gentle meanes is backt

Which brookes no Ryder, being much constraind,

So doth a sicke man stil, though he be chid,

Most couet, what the Doctors most forbid.

60

Had *Danae* mongst a thousand suiters playd

And reueld in her Fathers pallace, then

I doubt not but she still had beene a mayd

And (as she did before) despised men:

Her ruthlesse Father her fresh youth betraid,
When he inclos'd her in her brazen den :
Though thousand gates and doores her beauty smother
Loue breakes through al, to make the maide a mother.

61

Her time expires, her father spies her great,
And threats the Beldams to consuming fire ;
New Guardiēns are appointed in this heat,
Acrisius doth by sundry meanes inquire
Of her, and of her guard, by no intreat
Or forced torment, made to glut his ire :
Will they confesse, the Ladies all dare sweare,
(Saue th'vn suspected Pedler) none came there.

62

Nor will bright *Danae* yet disclose her shame,
Vntill the long lamented houre draw neare,
Nine Moones o'repast, her houre of Childing came,
Deniall bootes not, when such signes appeare ;
And now gainst *Cretan Ithone* shee gins t'exclaime,
And gainst all them that will themselues forswear :
A childe is borne, the Lad she *Perseus* names,
Cleares all her maids, and on her selfe exclai mes.

63

Th'offended King hath doom'd them both to die,
And (being inexorable) that doome stands ;
The Seas they in a mastlesse boat must try,
Where both th'Imperious wind and waue commands,
The pitteous Marriners themselues apply
To their vnwilling taske : In their loth hands
They *Perseus* take, and the faire *Danae* guide,
To tast the mercy of the rigorous tide.

64

The *Argiue* Lord heere sighes, but heere *Ithone* rages,
Threatning *Acrisius*, cursing his delay,
But *Ganimes* at length his spleene asswages,
And aymes his threatned thoughts another way,
Hauing lost *Danae* quite, he now ingages
His loue to *Iuno*, and beside her lay,
Of whom he got a sonne ; In small time after,
From his Aunt *Ceres* he deriu'd a daughter.

M

None

The birth of
Perseus.

65

None comes amisse to him, stranger nor kin,
 Of his owne Nation, or of climes remore,
 His daughter *Venus* tels him tis no sin
 For men to practise dalliance where they dote,
 Prince *Ganimed* that long in grace had bin,
 And did this loosenesse in his Hauior note,
 Demanded how he could his thoughts deuide,
 To loue so many, thus the King repli'de :

66

I will not in my owne vaine errors stand,
 Nor boldly that (which some condemne) maintaine,
 The fault is great, if it bee truely scand,
 I knew it bad, but can it not refraine ;
 For mad-man like I strue to plow the sand,
 In seeking my free humor to restraine :
 I burne, and seeking ease, run to the fire,
 I loath my fault, and yet my guilt desire.

67

I want the power to gouerne mine owne will,
 My head-strong appetite beares all the sway,
 I know my waies losse, yet I wander still,
 I see the path, and yet I turne astray :
 Thus like a Ship misguided without skill,
 Whom a stiffe violent Tempest beares away,
 To wracke it on some Rocke or shallow sounds,
 I am transported quite beyond my bounds.

68

I loue, but yet I know not in what fashion,
 I loue a thousand, for a thousand reasons,
 My mouing thoughts abide in no firme station ;
 My hart is subiect to my blind thoughts Treasons,
 For euery sundry Lasse I enter passion,
 And am of loue prouided at all seasons :
 That wench is modest ! oh shees in my Bookes,
 I onely loue her for her modest lookes.

69

Yon lasse is bold, (see, see) my heart she easeth,
 I like her, shees not like a Milke-sop bred,
 And straight this thought my apprehension seyseth,
 She will be much more plyant in the bed,

This is a Shrew : her sharpenesse my soule pleaseth,
Because no sheepe, I would the Damsell wed;
And in that thought I skale her amorous fort,
Sharpe Noses are all Shrewes, yet apt for sport.

70

Is she a Scholler ? Then her Art delights me:
Is she a Dunce ? Her simplenesse contents me:
Doth she applaud my loue ? Her praise incites me:
Or discommend me ? Yet she represents me
With matter of new loue : Admit she spights me,
I loue her : for her spight no whit torments me;
For though her words be rough, smooth is her skin,
What in the first I loose, the last, I win.

71

Hath she a tripping gate ? Her short steps moue me,
And in her quicker motion I take Pride:
Takes she large steps in going ? As you loue me
Let me haue her, I like her for her stride:
Sings she ? I am enchanted, let her proue me,
I on her lips can quauer and deuide:
Is she vnweildy ? Yet my hart she charmes,
And may be much more actiue in my armes.

72

Her I affect, she is so sweet a Singer,
And I loue her, though she can tune no note:
She playes vpon the Lute, that nimble finger
Would please me better in a place remote:
Yon dances; I affect a lusty springer,
And on such captiue legges who could not dote.
This cannot dance; yet when she lies in bed,
She will find Art to haue thy fancies fed.

73

All things Inchant me that these Ladies do,
And in my frozen breast bright bon-fires make;
Thou art a *Bona-roba*, and I wo
Thee for thy bredth and length : thy Stature sake:
Thou art a little Lasse, I like thee too,
And were I sleepey thou wouldst keepe me wake:
Not one can come amisse, I can find sport,
Both with the fat and leane, the long and short.

M 2

You

74

Yon Lady manners wants, I straight suppose,
 Would she learne Court-ship, how it would be seem her:
 This court-ship hath, and I must needs disclose
 What loue I for her manners can bet seeme her,
 That hath a whitely face, and a long nose,
 And for them both I wonderous well esteeme her:
 This the Greene sicknesse hath, I long to proue her,
 This lookes not Greene, but black, I therefore loue her

75

Is her haire browne? So louely *Ladaes* was,
 Browne trameld lockes best grace, the brightest hew:
 Are her lockes yellow? Such *Auroraes* glasse,
 Presents in her attyring to her view:
 Is haire orient bright? It doth surpassse,
 If Chesnut coloured? Such do I pursue:
 My eies still aime at beauties rare perfections,
 and I all colours loue, and all complexions.

76

My loue can fit it selfe to euery story,
 I loue a young girle, and a woman staid,
 Her fresh yeares please me, and I should be sorry
 To loose her youth: who would not loue a Maid,
 anothers lookes are Matron-like, I glory
 In her: and I her person must inuade:
 To end as many as the world can hold,
 M'ambitious loue likes, be they young or old.

77

Now to proceed of *Danae* and her sonne,
 Long tost vpon the Oceans ruthlesse streames,
 at length her barke th' *Apulian* shores hath won,
 about the houre when *Phabus* dons his beame,
 and to ascend the Easterne hill begun,
 When she new wakt out of her horrid dreames:
 Her selfe halfe dead with cold, her Babe neare frozen,
 Finds that her barke hath a faire harbor chosen.

78

Which a poore *Naples* Fisherman espying,
 Kenning a Barke that had nor Oare nor saile,
 He leaues the nets that on the shore were drying,
 and puts to Sea the mastlesse boat to hale,

Which boording on the bare planks, he sees lying
A beaurious Goddesse, couer'd with a vaile,
And on her knee a babe, or dead, or sleeping,
To which she sange not, but was softly weeping.

79

It mou'd the poore man to behold her teares,
He sees th'extremity they both are in,
Her faileffe boat vnto the Land he steares,
And her young infant that was bare and thin
A wraps in his Capootch, and softly beares
Vnto his cottage, where no Prince hath bin,
He makes a chearefull Fire, and in a while,
The halfe-staru'd babe doth on his mother smile.

80

And being refresht with what the Cottage lent,
Their Natiue beauties repolest their faces,
Whose rarenesse the poore man admiring; went
To acquaint the King with one so full of graces,
Who sends for her to Court incontinent,
And hauing seene her beauty *Danae* places,
In his throne Royall, swearing by his life,
The bounteous seas haue sent him this rare wife.

81

This King *Pelonnus* hight, who gently praies,
To acquaint him with her birth and fortunes past,
The blushing Dame her modest eye gan raise,
And to his faire demaund replies at last,
She tels him she hath spent her youthfull dayes
In *Arges*: next how she to Sea was cast:
Of *Darraines* Tower, of her vntimely fate;
Of *Iupiters* forg'd loue, *Acrisius* hate.

82

Discoursing orderly the sum of all,
At which the King oft wept, her fortunes ruing,
blaming the cause of her vntimely fall,
At euery *Inter-medium* loue renewing,
He thinks *Acrisius* hate too great: too small
Ihoues loue, that left such beautie for pursuing,
he wooes, she yeelds, that did the King besot,
And married, *Danaus* is betweene them got.

Pelonnus ma
rieth *Danae* &
begat *Danaus*.

83

Of whom and of young *Perseus* forbear,
 To speake of *Saturne* through the world notorious,
 And *Iupiter* subduing *Climats* neare,
 As *Cecill*, *Lemnos*, *Cipres* (stil victorious)
 Piercing large *Italy*, and welcom'd there
 By *Ianus*, for mongst Kings his stile was glorious,
 This *Ianus hyfrons* was of auncient name,
 Of him our *Iannary* tooke first name.

Iannary.

84

Ianus tels *Ihone* King *Saturne* dwels them by,
 Teaching rude Nations Tillage, there vnkowne
 And held in reuerence, for the Princes nie
 Receiue his exilde people as their owne,
 He shewes him plowes, teemes, yokes and harrowes lie,
 And fields of ripened graine, already growne:
 This King at length brought *Saturne* to *Ihones* view,
 And by his meanes, attonement twixt them grew.

Saturne & Iu-
piter accord.

85

The good old *Ianus* in *Taurentum* raignde,
 So did *Euander* in Mount *Auentine*,
 Since one of *Roomes* seauen hils, and proudly nam'd
 By these King *Italus* of auncient line,
 This *Italus* from *Ciracuse* constraind
 Built the great Citty *Albe*, by which shine
 Bright *Tyber* Streames, al these at once desire,
 Peace and accord betweene the sonne and Syre.

Ianus
Euander.

Italus.

86

Saturne surrenders *Creet*, hauing erected
 A Citty, where *Roomes* Capitoll now stands,
 And a chaste Virgin to his wife elected,
Philicus cald, colleagued in nuptiall bands,
 Of whom he *Picus* got, *Picus* protected
 That Citty after *Saturne*, and commands
 The Realme adiacent, *Fannus* was his sonne,
 and from this *Fannus* did *Latinus* come.

Saturns second
marriage.

87

The Poets make this *Fannus* for his care
 O're husbandry, the auncient Sire and Father
 Of all the Rural-gods: His Queene was fayre
 And *Fatua* hight, who would haue bedded rather

With *Hercules* suppos'd *Amphitrites* heire,
But our disperſed ſtory we muſt gather,
And of *Nicoſtrate*, wife to *Euander*,
A little ſpeake, before too farre we wander.

88

Who dotes on *Iupiter*, and laught him charmes,
With *Negromantick* Charraeters, in which
He expert growes, and hauing left off armes,
Studies the blacke ſpels of this ſorcering Witch,
Abandons horrid ſound of ſhrill alarmes,
Now onely labours to be wiſe and rich,
And leaues the *Iatian* Kings, where long he ſtaid,
After the league twixt him and *Saturne* made.

89

To *Ceeet* returning, where Queene *Inno* was
Deliucred of a foule miſhapen Lad,
Cald *Vulcan*, *Ceres* of a louely Laſſe,
Hight *Proſerpine*: the enuious Queene growes ſad,
To ſee her Aunts child in bright looks ſurpaſſe
Hers in deformed fouleneſſe: *Ihoue's* more glad
Of *Proſerpine* then *Vulcan*, which eſpide,
The icalous Queene doth with her husband chide.

90

She chafes, he laughes, ſhe blames his wanton ryar,
He giues her liberall ſcandall a deafe care,
She counts her ſelfe food to ſuffice his diat,
and tels of all his ſcapes, how, when, and where,
That he is forſt to keepe his Queene in quiar,
To marry *Ceres* to a great Lord there,
With whom he gaue t'augment his name and power
Sicill and *Syracuſa* for her dower.

91

To *Vulcan* he the Iſle of *Lemnos* gaue,
To be inſtructed in hid *Geomancy*,
In the deepe bowels of the earth to raue,
To learne the force of fire in *Pyromancy*,
Taught by *Beroutes*, and *Piragma* graue,
The third *Sceropes* red him *Negromancy*,
Himſelfe the God of Smiths, *Lemnos* his ſeat,
Where theſe three *Cyclops* on his Anuiles beat:

The birth of
Vulcan and
Proſerpine.

and

How Vulcan
became lame.

92

And frame *Ihoues* trifulck thunders, some deuine
Lame *Vulcan* in his birth was straight and faire,
And being in *Ihoues* lap where Planets shine
And stars like golden studs sticke round his chaire,
The Mansion of the Gods, th'heauens Christaline,
Dandling his smiling babe, he spies the ayre
Al in guilt flames, earth burne, the Meteors drinke
The boyling Seas, and heauens huge Collumes shrink.

93

For *Phaeton* had set the world on fire,
At which *Ihoue* rising from his throne in hast,
To thunder-strike the youth that durst aspire,
Downe drops his sonne towards earth, and falling, past
Through al the Planets, by *Apollo* hier
Then al the rest, So by the Moone at last,
Twixt heauen and earth, who can describe the way?
When he was falling a long Summers day.

94

He lights in *Lemnos*, nor can *Vulcan* die
By this occase, being borne of heauenly seed,
Though on the earth amaz'd the infant lie
He breaths at last, (so haue the Fates decreed)
Of *Vulcans* craft, and how he did affie
Venus (Loues Queene) how *Mars* did twixt them breed
Strife and dissention: how the winged boy
Was borne, belongs not to the tale of *Troy*.

95

Yet that I may not slightly let them passe,
Without some smal remembrance of my pen,
Whose history so oft recorded was,
By auncient Poets, hie-renowned men,
To Thracian *Mars*, and the bright *Paphian* Lasse
A little space we must looke backe agen;
And speake how she her bridal bed did blot,
The very night yong *Cupid* was begot.

96

When *Mars* and *Venus* made appoint to meet,
And to that end a priuate Conclauē found,
To dally out the howers in kisses sweet,
And sports in which the loues-Queene did abound,

That no sly tell-tales should their pastimes greet,
The obscure Caue they first perused round,
To shunne disturbance til their game was done,
Icalous of all: but fearing most the *Sunne*.

97

Knowing his searching eye is prying still
Through euery Casement, loope-hoole, chinke, or crany,
Therefore to blind him they must vse their skill,
The blabbing *Phabus* they dread most of any:
A noble youth on *Mars* attended still,
Whose secrecie he had prefer'd 'boue many:
Gallus they call him, whom God *Mars* wil haue
To watch the *Sunne* at th'entrance of the Caue.

98

The Louers enter, *Gallus* stayes behind,
All the night long his eye-lids neuer close,
But towards the *Dawne*, dul sleepest his senses bind
In their soft chaines: his powers to rest dispose;
He neither feares Fawnes, Nymphs, stars, moon, or wind,
Nor any other eye: the *Sunne* God rose,
And in his mounting through th'*Olympick* sky,
He that sees all things, did the Louers spy.

99

The Tel-tale *Sunne* straight to the Smith discouers
Th'adulterate practise of this amorous payre,
Who straight deuise'd a net to catch the louers;
Meane time *Mars* wakes, sees *Venus* lye all bare,
(Both ouer-slept themselves) for *Phabus* houers
Ouer their caue, and in his face doth stare:
Th'astonisht VVar-god knowes not what to thinke,
Seeing the *Sunne* stil peeping through a chinke.

100

Th'astonisht God first gently *Venus* wakes,
Who blusht to thinke the *Sunne* their stealth had spide,
Then by the curled lockes he *Gallus* takes,
And thus he saies; Since then we are descride
By thy default, behold (poore *Gallus* quakes
Before his sentence, and his face would hide)
be thou transformd, thou that hast wrought our shame
Vnto a bird, that stil shal beare thy name.

This

101

This new made Bird (the *Cocke* in shape translated)
 Yet in his hart his ancient thoughts retaines,
 For euery morne the *Sunne* by him is rated;
 He by his crowing to God *Mars* complains,
 Before the *Sunne* is in his chaire inflated,
 Or in his hand takes the Celestiall raines,
 He gainst his sides still with his wings, is drumming,
 And tels to all the world the *Sunne* is comming.

102

Of *Perseus* next, and of the *Gorgon* slaine,
 And of *Acrisius*, by young *Danaus* ayde
 Restor'd to *Arges*, and the Tower *Darraine*,
 And of *Andromede* the louely maid
 My muse sings next: In *Hesperia* cal'd *Spaine*,
Porcus (suppos'd a Sea-god) often preyd
 On harmelesse Strangers, who their voyage bore
 Along by *Spaine*, vpon th' *Hesperian* shore.

103

The Gorgons.

This *Porcus* three sweet daughters leaues: *Medusa*,
Euriale, and *Scennio*, their names;
 All faire at first: the glorious eye of day
 Saw neuer three more bright and stately dames,
 These did the spacious *Dorcad* Islands sway:
 The eldest gainst *Mynerua* waite proclaimes,
 At which the Goddesse high displeasance takes,
 And turnes their golden heires to crawling snakes.

104

She leaues them all no more faue one broad eye,
 Plac't in *Medusæ's* forehead, and to shine
 Likè sulphure, whose Aspect infects the sky,
 Parches the grasse, and blasts both Rose and Spine,
 It hath the *Basiliskes* true property,
 To kill farre off, her head is Serpentine:
 And by the pest, that on her fore-head burnes,
 All that behold her face, to stones she turnes.

105

About her Pallace thousand pictures stand,
 Once men, now Images of sencelesse stone;
 Of all that in the *Dorcad* Islands Land,
 If by these *Gorgons* scene suruiues not one:

More then *Medeas* rod, or *Circes* wand,
her poysonous eye-ball hath trans-form'd alone :
armies of men haue compast her at ones,
Armies of men her eie hath turnd to stones.

106

Throughout her kingdome you may people see
Disperst and taking stands in sundry places,
But neither moue hand, arme, head, foot, or knee,
For they haue stony limbes and Marble faces,
That oft-times Trauellors deceiued be,
To see dead stones retaine such liuely graces :
Some asking them the climate, some the way,
Others to know th' vncertaine time of day.

107

Nay sometimes quarrels haue betwixt them growne,
Receiuing to their answeres no reply,
one angry fellow drawes vpon a stone,
And sweares deepe Oaths hee'l make it speake or die,
others more patient yet displeas'd are gone,
And say they skill no points of honesty :
Nor wonder if these strangers so mistooke,
When euery dead face had a liuing looke.

108

Heare one was going, and in going spide
By Adder-haird *Medusa*, and so stayes,
Euen as one legge did fore another stride,
and as his hindmost heele he gan to raise
To draw it after, both his legges abide
Fixt to the earth, his armes beside him playes :
his body forward bends, the picture showing,
The shape of one on earnest businesse going.

109

Another digging as the Queene came by,
Stoopest stil with one Hand boue the other placst,
The right foot fixt, the left aduanced hie
To driue the dull Spade in, another facst
the Gorgon-monster, as his loue past by,
Who spreads his amorous armes r'infould her wast :
and smiling in her face, his Image stands,
Laughing with halfe-shut eyes, & broad-spread hands.

Here

110

Heere stands a Fisher by the waters brinke,
 The Angle-hand stretcht forward to the riner,
 And there a Sheapheard heau'd his hands to drinke
 On his blacke bottle, both his lips vnseuer,
 His head bends backe, legs stride, and you would thinke
 He dranke still, but this draught must last for euer:
 His bottles gone, stil stands he strangely fating,
 Hands heau'd, necke bent, mouth yawning, eies broad

111

(staring.

Of Marble Statuës many thousands more,
 In Field, Groues, orchards, High-waies, houses, streets,
 Some naked, others in the robes they wore,
 So hardly doth she deale with al she meets,
 This man she takes conferring, but before
 He can conclude his tale, his spirit fleets:
 Some she finds chafing, laughing, striking, riding,
 Al turn'd to stones in selfe-same shape abiding.

112

I feare my pen hath with *Medusa* met,
 For on the sodaine it growes stiffe and dull,
 And cannot now defray my promist debt,
 And with the *Gorgons* staine this Margent full,
 Heere therefore this daies iourney shall be set,
 And blame me not, if my tyr'd hand I pull
 From his *Diurnal* task, at our next view,
 I bring him on this stage, that *Gorgon* flew.

IXyon was King of Thessaly, who being by Iupiter taken
 vp into Heauen, and comforted of certaines griefes there,
 fell in loue with Iuno, which Iupiter perceiuing, deceined
 him with a cloud, made in the likenesse of Iuno, of which Ixi-
 on begat the Centaurs: After adiudged by the Destinies to be
 tortured with the wheele in hell.

I hold Ganimed rather surprized by Iupiter in battaile,
 then as some write to be stolne by him as his minion, & after
 this rape made his Cup-bearer.

Apulia where Danae was cast vpon the shore, is now a part
 of Italy bordering vpon the Adriaticke sea.

Vulcan

Vulcan was Iupiters Smith, an excellent workeman, on who
the Poets Father many rare workes, among which, I find one,
not vnnecessary to be remembred, which Ouid speaks of, and
I thus English.

This Tale is blaz'd through heauen, how once vnware
Venus and Mars were tooke in Vulcans snare :

The God of Warre doth in his brow discouer

The perfect and true patterne of a Louer :

Nor could the Goddesse Venus be so crewell

To deny Mars : (soft kindnesse is a Jewell

In any woman, and becomes her well)

In this the Queene of loue doth most excell :

(Oh heauen) how often haue they mockt and flouted

The Smiths polt-foote (whilst nothing he misdoubted)

Made Iests of him and his begrimed trade,

And his smoog'd visage, blacke with Cole-dust made :

Mars, tickled with lowd laughter, when he saw

Venus like Vulcan limpe, so halt and draw

One foot behind another, with sweet grace

To counterfet his lame vneeven pace.

Their meetings first the Louers hide with fear,

From euery iealous eye, and captious eare.

The God of Warre and Lones lasciuious dame,

In publicke view were full of bashfull shame ;

But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agree,

(Oh what bright Phœbus can be hid from thee ?)

The Sun both sees and blabs the sight, forthwith,

And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith :

(Oh Sunne) what bad examples dost thou show ?

What thou in secret seest, must all men know ?

For silence, aske a bribe from her faire treasure,

Shee'le grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure.

The God whose face is smoog'd with smoke and fiar,

Placeth about their bed a net of Wiar

So quaintly made, that it deceiues the eye

Straight (as he feignes) to Lemnos he must hie,

The Louers meet, where he the traine hath set,

And both lie fast catcht in a wiery net :

He cals the Gods, the louers naked sprall

And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all :

Mars chafes, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch,

Mars & Ve-
nus.

N

Grappled they lie, in vaine they kicke and winch:
 Their legs are one within another tide,
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide:
 Amongst these high Spectators, one by chance
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance:
 Thus to himselfe said: If it tedious be
 Good God of warre, bestow thy place on me.

Of the Gorgons, because there are many opinions, we wil a little insist vpon their particuler discovery. Of them there is a double; kind some hairy, some bald, yet al born of Phorcus & Cetus. These three Sisters had but one common eye, and one common tooth to feed with. The Latines call them Lamia, a gutteris amplitudine, which Lamia some thinke to bee the daughter of Neptune, and the first Prophetesse, cald Sibilla among the Aphrians. They were also cald Pemphrado Pri- to and Dino, to whom some haue likewise added Iano, whose name both Æschilus and Hesiod in their workes remember. They were cald Grex, and liue in the vtmost Islands of Iberia towards the West. Some likewise number Silla amongst the Gorgons; Others describe them not with snaky lockes, but heads of Dragons and Girdles (about their waists) of Vipers. All concluding in this, that their sight was immediat death, which Æschilus signified in this.

Sunt tres sorores his volucres non procul
 Serpentibus diisq; comptæ Gorgones
 Quas intuens nemo diu spirauerit.

The Beast Nomades in Libia hath likewise the name of Gorgon, somewhat resembling a sheep, which others describe more like a Sea-calf, It is said this monster by the infection of his eyes kills what beast soener he meets. His hair couers his brows. Many of Marius Souldiers marching against Iugurth, followed this beast, mistaking him for a sheepe, and presentlie fell down dead: by these Gree, Phorci, these Gorgon & monsters of the sea, is vnderstood nothing else but that knowledge and wisdom, which is acquired by experience, to purchase which it behoued Perseus to vse the aid of Pallas, the helme of Pluto, and the sword of Mercury, by vertue of which, he subdude those monsters. Which the Poets haue amongst others thrust into hell. Centauri in foris stabulant, scillæq; biformes.

Et centum geminus Briareus, ac belua Lerna
 Horrendum stridens, flammisq; armata chimæra
 Gorgones Harpiæq; & forma tricornis vmbra.

Hesiodus in
 Theogon.

Æschilus in
 Prometheus.

Pausanias in
 Phoriciis.

Athen. Apol-
 lodor. lib. 2.

Melanthos lib,
 de mysterijs.

Apollod.

Menander lib,
 de mysterijs.

Nymphodorus

Theopompus.

Poetemo.

Alexander.
 Miodius lib. d:
 Inuentis.

Athanasius lib. 2.

Virgil.

Argumentum

PErseus the Gorgon kils, then takes his way
To Ioppen, on his flying horse alone,
Destroyes the Monster, frees Andromeda,
Acrisius saues, turnes Atlas into stone:
King Pricus Wife, the beauteous Aurai
Doates on the valiant Knight Bellerephon:
The Troians are with fearfull pests annoyde,
By Hercules, great Troy is first destroyde.

ARG. 2.

IN ZeraPhineus fals, Chimer is slaine,
Dis acts his rape: Queene Ceres doth complain.

CANTO. 6.

I



Minerva, thou that hadst
the power to make
Monsters of them, that thy
high Name despise,
To turne a golde-Wire
to a crawling Snake,
And change the beauty
of bewitching eyes,

The Patronage of all my labors take,
More sacred Names, thy God-hood may comprise
Religion, Vertue, Zea'e, we may thee call,
Whose foes are vgly, and with Adders crall.

2

The three foule *Gorgons* by thy power disguised,
 Were *Lust* insatiate, *Auarice* and *Pride*,
 These Sisters in *Hesperia* tyrانىsed,
 All looking with one eye, who can deuide
 Their powers and Natures, being three comprised
 Within one head, and Sisters neere allide,
 All such as on their strength themselues assure,
 Sencelesse of good, as stones they soone obdure.

3

Therefore to arme vs gainst this horrid fiend,
 Behooues vs to implore *Myneruaes* ayde,
Perseus bright shield vnto our arme to bind,
 And then we boldly may such foes inuade,
 His shield was *Cristall*, and so bright it shind,
 It dim'd the *Gorgons* eye, and whilst she plaid
 In darkenesse, and her killing fight forsooke,
 Her monstrous head he from her shoulders strooke:

*Perseus killeth
 the Gorgon.*

1497

1466

4

About the time *Perseus* the *Gorgon* slew,
Busyris gouern'd in *Egiptia*,
Cadmus rul'd *Thebes*: to *Komos* *France* was due,
Belochus Emperor of *Assyria*,
Othniell Trumpets before *Israel* blew,
 Prince *Radamant* raig'n'd King in *Lycia*:
Tyrhenus *Italy*, and *Triton* *Spaine*,
 Whilst *Liber Pater* all the East doth gaine.

*Nimphodorus
 lib. 3. Histor.
 Theopompus lib
 17. Pegasus.*

5

The *Gorgons* head with power to turne to stone,
 Vpon his shield he fixt, and of the blood
 That Issued from the wound, swift *Pegas* shone,
 And neigde out of the earth a Stallion good,
 Whom *Perseus* backt, and out of sight is gone,
 Flying o're Mountaine, Valley, rocke, and flood,
 From *Arctos* vnto *Cancers* burning tracke,
 And from hot *Cancer* to cold *Arctos* backe.

6

In his high Airery progresse ouer all
 The Prouinces and Clymes beneath him spreading,
 Where ere the purple drops from *Gorgon* fall,
 Adders and Snakes are bred, the people treading

Their secure steps, see vgly Serpents crall,
Their venomous stings, and fearefull hisses dreading:
Affrique doth Snakes in most abundance store,
Because he longest did o're *Affrique* soare.

Africa most
abounding
with snakes.

7

Yet whilst his venomous spoyles were bleeding new,
But leauing *Affrique*, forward *Pegas* flies,
He now the *Ramme*, now doth the *Fishes* view,
And mounts and stoopes as the winds fall or rise:
At length he leaues the Orient to pursue,
The farre *Septentrion* keeping still the skies:
Till falling with *Hyperion* in the West,
He with the day-tyrd *Phæbus* couers rest.

8

And stooping with the Sunne into these Seas,
Where night by night he sleckes his fiery Carre,
And *Atlas* of that Orchard keepes thekeyes,
Where golden Apples in abundance are;
Thus *Perseus* greetes him: May your Highnesse please
To be my royall Host, who come from farre:
If greatnesse may my welcome more approoue,
Know thou in me receiuest the Sonne of *Ithone*.

Atlas.

9

If nouelty in strangers thou acquirest,
Behold, my flying steed and couered shield,
Hence groomme (quoth *Atlas*) thou hast rest desirest,
Lodge with the waking starres in the broad field,
To thee that to our Pallace thus aspirest,
We scorne all succour and reliefe to yeeld:
Thou com'st, as Prophets did long since reueale,
From *Hesperus* my golden fruit to steale.

10

One of *Ithones* yssue our Deniners say,
Must perpetrate such theft, and thee I feare,
Thou lookst like one that aymes at golden pray,
And I my *Aurea Mala*, hold so decre,
That I haue stopt vp each accessiue way:
Instead of pales, high mountaines their heads reare
About mine Orchard, by a Dragon kept,
Awakefull Monster, one that neuer slept.

This prophe-
sie had his
end in Hercu-
les.

N 3

With

Atlas trans-
formed.

11

With that he violent hands on *Perseus* layes,
To beat him from his Pallace, but *Ihoues* sonne
The Gorgon-sheild vnto the King displaies,
Who instantly turnes to a hill of stone,
His haire and beard increase to Trees and sprays,
His Bulke and Shoulders into hills are growne:
His head a Promontory top, o're-peering
The neighbour Rockes, and other Mountains neering.

12

His bones to stones, his bloud to Christall springs,
And by the Gods decrees he so increaseth,
And with his growth such height and vastnesse brings,
That heauens huge weight, the two strong poles releaseth
To rest them on his shoulders: the Larke sings
The Sun his earely note, the night surceaseth:
Acrisius Grand-child doth with *Phabus* rise,
And to his arme his shield *Gorgonian* ties.

13

His hooked skeyne he fastens to his thigh,
So mongst the clouds on *Pegas* backe he sores,
The Swaine below that filles his wandering eye,
Leaues off his labor, and the helpe implores
Of powers deuine, t'expaine this noueltry,
He passeth diuers Seas and sundry shores:
Euen to th'*Aethiopian* Clime, and thence,
To where *Cepheus* makes his residence.

14

There for her Mothers guilt, *Andromeda*;
By vniust *Hammon* was condemnd to die,
Whom as yong *Perseus* in his Ayery way,
Did from amongst the racking clouds espy,
Saue that the winds her golden haire display,
And drops of Pearle raine from her watry eye,
He had mistooke her, being chain'd alone,
For some faire Image of white Marble stone.

15

But when he saw no Marble was so white,
Nor Iuory to her skin to be compared,
He raines his winged Steed and staies his flight,
And greedily vpon her beauty stared,

The tale of
Perseus and
Andromeda.

2589

1374

To shake his flaggy wings forgetting quite;
He loues, and greeues to see how ill she fared;
And now his toong no longer he refrains,
But sayes: oh you, vnworthy these rude chains,

16

Much fitter for a louers kind embrace,
Tell me your stocke, your Nation, and your name,
And why such beauty should possesse this place?
Or for what crime into these bands you came?
Faine would the bashful girle haue hid her face,
Saue that her hands were bound: she blusht for shame:
Twice did he vrge her, she was silent still,
Yet the third time tels al, against her will.

17

How bright *Casseipe* her beauteous Mother,
Knowing her daughter to be wonderous faire,
The pride her hart conceiued could not smother,
But with *Nereides* must needs compare,
For which they all complained to *Ihoues* great Brother
Neptune, who with infection taints the ayre,
Nor can the pest cease, or the Towne be spared,
Til she there dy, that was with Nymphs compared.

18

But in the midst of her discourse, behold,
Ere she can end her lamentable tale,
A huge Sea-monster with his long traine rold
In curled knots, makes the poore Girle looke pale,
The frowning billowes are by him controld,
Boue which h'aduanceth many a shelly skale:
She shreekes: her Sire and Mother, both dispaire,
The people with shrill out-cries pierce the ayre.

19

Which *Danaes* sonne espying, thus he saies
Vnto the Queene and the lamenting King:
The time you see is short, the Monster staies
Assur'd destruction to yon maid to bring,
If then *Ihoues* son his towring fames can raise,
And pierce yon huge Sea-Dragons skaly wing,
Destroy the Monster, and preserue her life,
Shal the bright Virgin be my troth-plight wife?

Who

Geoffias in Per-
seide.

Aratus.

20

Who doubts, but the sad Parents soone agree?
 They pawne their honors to this sudden motion;
Phineus besides, the Maide doth promise free,
 Resigning vp his right with much deuotion;
 The Couenants made, and now from farre they see
 The Whaly Monster beare a-brest the Ocean,
 And driving with his Fins whole Seas afore,
 In making to the Virgin on the shore.

21

When suddenly young *Perseus* mounts the skies,
 His shadow danc't vpon the siluer waues,
 Which when the wrathfull Serpent did espy,
 Against the idle shape he fumes and raues,
 And as his drowned traine appeares on high
 About the brine, in which so oft he laues:
 The dantleffe Prince, whose courage neuer failes,
 Strikes with his Faulchion, fire out of his scales.

22

And as you see a towring Eagle, when
 She spyes a speckled Serpent, soone her spangles
 Vpon the Greene brest of some Moorish Fen
 Stoopest downe, and in the Dragons Crest intangles
 Her talents: least his Iawes turning againe,
 Ceaze her proud Sears, and whilst in vaine she wrangles
 And threatens ruine to the princely Fowle,
 She tires on euery knot and curled rowle.

23

So *Perseus* sowles on the horrid Beast
 He hewes and beats him, till he makes him reele,
 Possessing still his backe, which much increast
 The Monsters fury, such strange weight to feele,
 Sometimes about the Sea he lifts his brest,
 And *Perseus* still pursues him with his steele,
 Sometime beneath the blood-stain'd waues he shrinks,
 The whilst his wounds like graues, whol billows drinks.

24

Whilst he the Sea, the Prince the Ayre supplies,
 Waiting aloft to see the fiend appeare,
 Whose yawning chaps about the Billowes rise,
 Ready to swallow all the Confines neare,

Whom as the valiant Prince againe espies,
He makes to him amaine, all voyde of feare :
And on his winged Steede against him tilts,
Shouing bright *Harpe* vp euen to the hilts.

25

The wounded Whale casts from his hillish Iawes
Riuers of Waters, mixt with purple gore,
But from their force the wary Prince withdrawes,
And strikes behind, on both sides and before,
In many a place his shelly Armour flawes,
Still byting *Harpe*, makes the Hell-hound rore :
And tyrd at length, the brutish Monster drownds,
In the blacke bloud that yssued from his wounds.

26

The God of Seas quak't at the frightfull sound
His Monster made : the Gods about looke pale,
The waters in the which his bulke lay drownd,
With feare shrunk from him: now the slaughterd whale
Receiues from *Perseus* many an vnfelt wound,
Whom Keene-edged *Harpe* pierst from head to tale :
The parents now clap hands: the Mayde reioyces,
The people list to heauen their plausiue voyces.

27

And whilst the multitude their wondring eyes
Cast on the Monster, *Perseus* raines his steede,
And from the Marble rocke the Mayde vntyes,
By his late valour from the Hell-hound freedde,
How can *Cepheus* or his Queene deuise,
Or the bright Mayde to giue sufficient meede
To *Perseus* for his merite, who desires,
With quick dispatch to kindle *Hymens* fires.

Cepheus.

28

The yeere *Andromeda* from death was freedde,
Pheamone first in *Pythia* propheside,
Cadmus found Letters: taught the *Greekes* to reede :
Cecrops th' *Athenian* Monarchy supplyde,
Rhomus the *Spanish* Scepter (in the weede
Pontifike.) *Ranses* did through *Egypt* ride,
Achaio did *Achaya* first instaure,
Now breath'd in *Creete*, the two shapt Mynotaur.

Cecrops.

The

29

The pallace is prepard, in euery place
 Lowd Musicke sounds, the Bride is richly clad,
 The Father his bold Sonne in Law to grace
 Inuites the Neighbour Kings: but *Phineus* mad,
 From this high feast absents himsele a space,
 Till of his friends, great troops he gathered had,
 To force the Virgine, freed on *Ioppens* shore,
 Now *Perseus* Bride, though plight to him before.

30

Behold, the Pallace Court throngd with a crew,
 Of men in Armour glistring: The loud sound
 Of Nuptiall Musicke, through the Hall that flew,
 With shrill confusions on the sudden drownd,
 And still their showtes and cryes more violent grew,
 Till all the Bridall guests, incompast round
 With hostile sledge, amazedly discend,
 To know what foes their powers against th em bend.

31

With wrath vntam'd, the hurrying multitude
 Rageth, and growes Impetuous: some cry, bring
 That Stranger hether, whom we will exclude
 From the fayre Court: some cry, lets haue the King:
 Others the Bride: some mongst the rest more rude,
 Say, come, the Pallace to the ground lets fling:
 And whilst these seuerall clamors pierce their eares,
 Proud *Phineus* first, before them all appears.

32

And shaking in his hand an Oaken Speare
 Headed with Brasse: he thus bold *Perseus* greets:
 Behold, th' Auenger of my nuptiall Pheere,
 Whom thou wouldst force. The Pallace Court & streets
 Glister in armes, and canst thou hope to beare
Andromeda from hence, Him *Cepheus* meets,
 And as he was about his Speare to cast
 At warlike *Perseus*, Thus replies at last.

33

Oh! what will *phineus* do? What hellish rage
 Mads thee to mischief? Who begot this strife?
 Is this for *Danaes* Sonne sufficient wage,
 Whose valor hath preferud my Daughters life?

Why doest not thou, thy loue with ours ingage,
For sauing her that should haue bin thy wife?
Whom not bold *Perseus* but the Gods bereft thee,
The fates, and not the prince, hath wiuelesse left thee.

34

When she was married to the Marble rocke,
The fastning of those chaines thy bands vntide,
Wast not enough, thou borne of *Cepheus* stocke,
Her husband and her Kinsman neere allide,
Sawst all this people round about her flocke
To see the sea-Whale in his bowels hide
And bury her? Her freedome not pursuing,
Vnworthy thou didst leaue her to her ruine.

35

Is *Phineus* sorry that she did not bleed,
That her Redeemer he pursues with ire?
Or if thou holdst her such a high-priz'd meed,
Why didst thou not her from the Rocke desire?
Or else, to him that hath my daughter freed,
Why dost not yeeld her? *Phineus* eyes sparke fire:
Doubtfull at whom he shall his Iauelin sling,
His Riual *Perseus*, or his Kinsman King.

36

The vprore like the raging sea increaseth,
Where thousand Rebels are by *Perseus* slaine,
Till tyr'd with slaughter his tough arme surceaseth,
With multitudes of men to strow the plaine,
For not a daring souldier neere him preaseth,
But dies by *Harpe*, and yet all in vaine
Such throngs of *Phineus* friends his valor cumber,
That Noble vertue must needs yeeld to number.

37

Therefore the Prince his *Gorgon* shield vncaies,
And saies aloud (since you compell me) see,
Reuenge sufficient for my foule disgraces,
For where strength failes we must vse policy,
All that are *Perseus* friends, turne hence their faces,
My foes all perish in their surquedree:
Fright Babes with Bug-beares, quoth the next that
ayming a speare at *Perseus* with both hands. (stands,

But

38

But as on Gorgons head he casts his eye,
 His limbes grow stiffe, and he is changd to stone:
 Another strikes the next that stands him by,
 And pierst him through the brest, who now doth grone
 His soule to Ayre: this done, he ment to fly,
 But feeles his a&tiue spirits fled and gone:
 His Marble arme hath lost his nimble speed,
 To draw it from the bulke which he made bleed.

39

Behold a Prince borne by the seauen-fold Nyle,
 Crying to *Perseus* thus: See here thy bane,
 Be proud, that we who dallied all this while,
 Will at the length vouchsafe thy blood to draine:
 And as he spake such words, a scornfull smile
 His visage casts, intending to haue slaine
 The *Ihoue*-star'd prince, his frozen Statue showes
 Like one still smiling, and still threatening blowes.

40

What? Stand you at the *Gorgons* sight amazed?
 (Quoth Moble *Erix*;) or hath *Witchcrafts* spell
 Such power vpon the valiant, who haue blazed
 Their armes in many conflicts, and fought well?
 Lets see what deuill in this shape is raised,
 Whom my steele-pollax cannot prostrate fell,
 But in his pressing forward, he soone feeles
 Cold leaden numbnesse gyue his sencelesse heeles.

41

Amongst the rest, one of bold *Perseus* crew,
 Glancing his eye vpon his maisters shield
 Turnd stone: him one of *Phineus* souldiers knew,
 And thought to cleaue him standing in the field,
 But with the stroke fire from the Marble flew,
 His fore-head sounded like a brazen shield;
 At which the Souldier musing, *Gorgon* spyes,
 So stands transformd, with wonder in his eyes.

42

So that at last *Phineus* repents his spleene
 And vniust warre made for *Andromeda*,
 Two hundred of his traine his eye hath seene,
 All Statuës: vnto some he cals (*Away*)

Follow to some : Where liues that enuious teene,
With which you threatned *Perseus* ? Wherefore stay
Your paces from pursuite ? Wheres the defying ?
So claps them on the shoulders, Courage crying.

43

But when he felt their hardned limbs offend
His aking hand, and yeild it no impression,
And that their mockery shapes did idly bend
Their threatening armes, now finds he his transgression :
His penitent hands he doth to heauen extend,
Praying that they would ayd his intercession
To great *Acrisius* Grand-childe, who strikes dead,
So many bold sprites with his *Gorgons* head.

44

Now as with oblique paces, and his eies
Turnd from the conquering Prince, he kneeling, speakes ;
Hoping t'appease him with submissiue cries,
The implacable Prince his rage thus wreakes,
Behold what doome the Impartiall Deities
Alot the wretch that Lawes of honor breakes :
So with his shield *Gergonian* him pursude,
Hardning the face which he behind him skrewd.

45

At th' instant his retorted necke waxt hard,
His spread Armes stiffe, his fixt eyes shewing feare,
And you would thinke his shape all sence debard,
Spake as it stood, words that a man might heare :
These tumults done, and *Hymens* rights prepar'd,
The Prince intends another course to beare :
He takes his leaue, consoorted with his Bride,
And to his Mother his swift steps applide.

46

In the Mid-way he youthfull *Danaus* meets,
(His hopefull Brother) who at the first sight
Salutes him and his wife, with kind regreets,
In many a sweet discourse they spend that night :
At length the Murke and Palped darkenesse fleets
From the skies azurd forehead : with the light
The Princes rise, and speed them to the shore,
To which the mast-lesse boar their mother bore.

O

Now

47

Now *Phrigian Mydas* (famous for his cares,
 In giuing *Apolloes* honor to God *Par*,
 And for his golden wish) the Scepter beares
 Of *Phrigia*: In *Israell* that good man,
Samgor was Iudge, whose power so great appeares,
 He of the *Philistynes* kild many a man;
 And in one battaile whilst the Trumpets blew,
 VVith an Oxe-goade sixe hundred Heathen slew.

48

But in these passages great *Saturnes* Sonne,
 That with the *Troians* was at broad hostility,
 At *Ganimeds* request, a league begun,
 Now *Ihoue* and *Troos* are one: he whose ability
 Could not defend his *Troy* from being ore-run,
 Now can commaund *Troyes* foes with much facility:
 So, to yeeld way, rebates the greatest stroake,
 So, softest walles, hard bullets soonest choake.

49

The league
 twixt Englad
 and Spaine.

T'wixt *England* and great *Spaine*, two potent Nations,
 Like enmity, hath long time beene commenced,
 And whilst *Eliza* liu'd, her proclamations
 Oppos'd their pride, and her owne Prouince fenced,
 But now with mutuall kind Congratulations,
 All iniuries on both sides are dispensed,
 And our great *Englands* *Ihoue* for *Spaines* best vse,
 Hath at their suite, granted a termine Truce.

50

2856

1307

Troos yeelds his due to Nature, him succeeds
Ilion his Sonne, who *Ilions* high Towers reard,
 More famous for his buildings, then braue deeds,
 A royall Prince, and more beloud then feard,
 He for a present, sends foure milke-white Steedes
 To *Cretan Ihoue* (a Present much indeerd)
 Who by the Knight that such a treasure brought,
 Re-sends a pretious gold-branch quaintly wrought.

51

Much richer gifts in enterchange of state,
 Our Soueraigne to the lofty *Spaniard* gaue
 The warlike Constable, who came of late
 From *Hesper*y: a five yeares truce to craue:

More precious presents and of dearer rate,
Bare Englands Admirall: both rich and braue,
When from *K. James* sent with a princely traine,
He was the great Embassador for *Spaine*.

The L. High
Admiral Imb.
for *Spaine*.

52
Ithoues branch (cald the *Palladium*) the King plac'd
In *Pallas* royall Temple, where it stood
Till *Troyes* proud wals were quite deiect and rac'd,
And *Istions* lofty Turrets swam in blood:
Great *Istion* dies, and he that next him grac'd
The *Troian* Crowne (a prince not all so good)
Laomedon, of whom vve heere vwill stay,
To beare the Sonnes of *Danae* on their way.

53
Who as they past the desert, from a farre
They might espy a goodly Knight lie spread
Vpon the grasse, he seem'd a man of Warre,
For he was arm'd at all points (saue the head)
On his faire brow appear'd no souldier scarre,
It seemes he had not Armes long managed:
Exchanges past of many a kind salute,
Thus speaks the armed Knight, whilst they stand mute.

54
Who hath not of the great *Acrisius* hard?
Acrisius, he that built the brazen Tower?
Novv *Arges* King no longer, but debar'd
His native kingdome by his Brothers power,
His Brother *Pricus* hath against him ward,
And all his glories rest him in an hover:
Stay there (quoth *Perseus*) you haue toucht me neerly
Acrisius vvrongs, King *Pricus* shall buy deerely.

54
Weare *Acrisius* Grand-child, and discended
From beautilous *Danae*, and that fort of Brasse
That Lady Rumor hath so farre commended,
Who in Gold-liquid-showre-drops courted was;
Oh! vwhere vvas I *Acrisius*, t'haue defended,
With *Pricus* blood to haue staind the *Argine* grasse:
Both *Abas* sonnes, a Princee frugall and thrifty,
He, *Linceus* sonne, the sole remaine of fifty.

56

Is Brother-hood abroad so light esteemed,
That kingdomes can such holy knots vntie?
Let me no more *thoues* Royall soone be deemed
But for *Acrisius* wrongs, King *Pricus* die,
He that in all the world austere'st seemed,
And stood vpon most points of honesty,
Hath prou'd the greatest Hypocrite: like those,
Without precise: within, religious foes.

57

Assist me Noble Knight in this aduventure,
(Quoth the great *Gorgon-tamer* :) when replide
The armed stranger, by the firme Indenture
Of honor, I am else-where bound to ride;
But if with me you will my voyage enter
And see what shall my Chiuallry betide,
My Noble taske atchieu'd, I then will lead you
To *Pricus*, where my knowledge much may sted you.

58

Bellerephon.

When I the Triple-shapt *Chimere* haue slaine,
Whose dreadfull forme makes all *Sicilia* quake,
Bellerephon will then retorne againe,
And your attempt gainst *Pricus* vndertake:
The Princes wonder at *Chimeraes* name,
And that one knight his desperate life should stake
Against such ods, asking what Imposition
Hath sent him on this dangerous expedition.

59

Or whether vncompeld he be so mad
To seeke assur'd destruction, and to scale
The Devils den, where nothing can be had
But certain ruine, his tough skin is Male,
A terrible huge Lyons head (which drad)
A *Chieures* body, and a *Serpents* tale,
Him whose vast gorge whole armies cannot fill,
Why should one desperate Knight attempt to kill?

60

K. Pricus Bro-
ther to Acris-
ius.

Bellerephon replies, by *Pricus* doome,
Not my owne will I am compeld to go,
Else in my growing yeares that yet but bloome,
I'de flesh my sword on a more equall foe.

But in *Sicilia* I must seeke my Toombe,
Or kill the triple-Monster, dreaded so,
(Sayth *Perseus* then) VVhat makes him so seuer?
Attend (quoth he) great Princes you shall heare.

61

Oh! Why did Nature frame these Women fayre?
And make theyr outward features Angell-bright?
When their blacke insides staynd and spotted are,
With Lust, with Pride, Contempt, disdain, & Spight?
Why should the snowy Swans in beauty rare
Haue such blacke feet? Why should the Lilly white
Beare such ranke smel? Can men withstand their fates,
When golden vessailes bring in poysoned eates?

Bellerophons
tale.

62

I thought I might haue gathered a fresh Rose,
And not haue prick't my finger with a Thorne:
Or a sweete flower out of the Garden chose,
But not a Nettle in my hand haue worne:
Still, next the sweetest flower, the Nettle growes,
The rarest beauty hath the rudest scorne:
The Routers Shippe beares the best promising sayles,
The foulest Serpents the most golden skales.

63

By a fayre Woman is my youth mispent,
My Innocent yough that neuer loue imbraced,
Her deuillish mind to mallice wholly bent,
My fortunes hath o're turnd, my Name disgraced,
And I, through her maleuolent entent
Like a poore exile from my Countrey chaced:
Oh woman! Made of Enuy, Pride, and Lustes:
Woe to the man, that to thy weakenesse trusts.

64

My hopes (quoth *Perseus*) I on this haue layde,
And thinke her heart to be her beauties peere,
Nor where I trusted most am I betrayde,
Andromeda I know still holds me deere,
The stranger Knight (quoth she) that doth vpbrayde,
Our sex so much, me thinkes is too seuer,
To blame all women, for one Ladies deedes,
At this all silence made, whilst he proceeds,

O 3

In

65

In *Pricus* Court my Child-hood I haue spent,
 And there the grace of many Ladies gained,
 But I whose thoughts were all on Knight-hood bent,
 Regardlesse of their lookes, their loues disdain'd:
 Among the rest, Queene *Aurea* often sent
 Gifts and smooth Letters, fraught with lines vnfaigned:
 This beaution Q. whose thoughts were at such strife,
 Was my dread Soueraigns spouse: King *Pricus* wife.

66

More then her rauishing beauty could intice,
 Th'allegiance to my King with me preuailed:
 The more the wanton Queene incites to vice,
 The more her sighes and amorous Courtships failed:
 I held my name and honor of more price,
 Then basely yeild, when womanish lust assailed:
 At last, with such hot flames her entrailes burnd,
 That (being disdain'd) her loue to rancor turnd.

67

She that before held of my person deerely,
 Now damnes my presence to the deepest hell,
 And in her hart vows to reuenge seuerely
 My loyall scorne (I know no hate so fell
 As that which was once Loue) It toucht her neerely,
 Where loue once log'd such poysonous hate doth dwell,
 That now she aimes her enuy at my head,
 Nor can she liue, *Belerephon* not dead.

68

Forthwith she cites me to King *Pricus* throne,
 And as a Rauisher I am accusd,
 She sweares that when I found her all alone,
 I would her royall person haue abusd:
 And then round pearles about her eyeballs shone,
 Which dropt downe by her cheeks, (such craft she vsd:)
 Oh heauen! what cannot cunning women doo?
 By oaths, and teares, to win their husbands too?

69

I pleaded Innocence, but what (God wot)
 Could my weake plea against her teares preuaile?
 And to accuse her spouse-breach bootied not,
 Her whom teares helpt, could protestations faile?

Besides in honor I could lay no spot
Vpon her loyalty, rather bewaile
Her want of grace, and the hy-Gods importune,
To asist my Innocence, and guide my fortune.

70

When I askt witnesse of such foule abuse,
She thus replide, commixing words with teares :
When lustfull men aime at such horride vse,
They watch all spyal-eyes and listning eares :
Nor can the want of witnesse plead excuse,
For who (that to a woman fancy beares)
Will, when he seekes t'inforce her gainst all reason,
First, call his witnesse, to such hated Treason ?

71

Rather he watcheth the most silent houre,
When man and beast is sunke in leaden slumbers,
And *Morpheus* he that hath on midnight power,
The world with vniuersal darkenesse cumbers :
When (sauiing Lust and Murder) al the powers
Of earth lie husht and charmd : vwhen no man numbers
The yron tooings of Clockes : such a blacke time
Should haue bin guilty of his more blacke crime.

72

For double vvitnesse in this case I stand,
Pricus (you are my Husband and my King)
And where should *Aurea* if not at your hand
Seeke Iustice : at that word fresh fountes spring
From her drownd eies : what need the cause be scand
With more sufficient prooffe ? What needs she bring
More arguments ? Since euery teare she spilt,
Perswades her loyalty : my heinous guilt.

73

The King though inly mou'd with wrath and spleene,
Yet in his calme lookes moderates his Ire,
He cals to mind how faithfull I haue bin,
Since, (when I seru'd as *Knight*) before (as *Squire*)
Loath would he vnreuenged leaue his Queene,
As loth doth he my Innocent blood desire :
Therefore twixt both, this rigorous doome he gaue,
That the *Chimeræes* wombe should be my graue.

His

74

His tale thus ended, the two Princes vow
To lend him all assistance : by their aide
Belerephon hath made *Chimera* bow,
Which done, they ioyntly *Pricus* Realme invaide :
Acrisius by their armes is raised now,
And *Pricus* flaine : In *Arges* they are staide
By old *Acrisius*, who repents at last,
Of *Danae*, mongst the ruthlesse Billowes cast.

75

The Noble *Perseus* he adopts his sonne,
And makes him Heyre aparant to the Crowne :
Sorry for all the spight against him done,
And now bright *Danae* he accounts his owne,
Sending young *Danaus* and *Bellerephon*
With royal gifts (soone to the Princesse knowne)
Shewing by these his reconciled hart,
But with the warlike *Perseus* hee'l not part.

76

Whom the same day he *Arges* King creates,
Himselfe in *Darraine* liues a life retyred,
Perseus, *Andromeda* his Queene instates
In the like pompe (a Lady much admired)
Fieue children he begat (so would the Fates)
More valiant, with their Fathers gifts inspired :
Rich *Scelenus*, great *Bachmon*, and bold *Demon*,
Noble *Erietreus*, and faire *Gorgophon*.

Perseus Issue.
Herodotus in
Polimnia.

77

This *Gorgophon* is held to be the first,
That in those daies was knowne to marry twice,
Her husband dead, alone this Lady durst
Proue second spousals, which was held a vice,
The chafest Matrons her example curst,
Who held their constant loue in Soueraigne price :
Our hinder widowes, Saint her name in heauen,
Some foure, some fiue, nay some haue told to seauen.

Pausanias in
Corinthiacis.

78

His sonnes takes wiues, *Acrisius* still suruiuing,
Who glories in his warlike Grand-childs seed,
Their honors from their Fathers acts deriuing,
For by their swords did many Tyrants bleed :

But leaue them in their deedes of valour striuing,
And of *Acrisius* timelesse fate proceede:
Forgetting what was told him long agoe,
That *Danaes* Sonne must turne him into stone.

79

When *Perseus* had in *Arges* gouern'd long,
Vpon a night he much desird to see
Acrisius: and to *Darraine* that was strong
With triple gates, alone ascended he,
There knocks, the Porters had forgot his toong,
and with bold words denyde him entrance free:
At which inrag'de, the Prince his *Harpe* drew,
And at first stroke th' Ill-languad'g *Guardian* flew.

80

The vprore flowes apace, Clamors arise
From all parts of the Fort: to the Kinges eare
They come at last, who with the Warders cryes
Astonisht, to the tumult preaseth neere,
Thinking t'appease the broyle and riotyze,
But haplesse man vnwares he perisht there:
The inrag'd Prince that mad-like layde about,
Struck with a blow, his Grand-fires life-blond out.

81

Perseus the vnauoyded fates now blames,
And layes *Acrisius* in his Marble graue,
He that on earth intoyes the hy'tt-stilde-names,
Vnto theyr doomes must yeeld himselfe a slaue,
From all delights the Prince himtsef reclaymes,
In *Arges* Throne he no delight can haue:
But for his sake that th' *Argiue* Scepter bore,
he leaues the Prouince, neare to see it more.

82

His Court vnto *Mecenes* he transported,
But thither did his sorrowes him pursue,
and therefore with a huge hoast brauely sorted,
himselfe into the Orient he withdrew:
his army he with warlike phrased exhorted
Gainst *Lyber-Pater*, whom in armes he slew,
and where the Easterne Monarchs bloud lay spilt,
Persepolis a stately Towne he built.

2657.

1306.

*Theseus inre-
bus Corinthia-
cis.*

Persepolis.

He

83

He calls the prouince *Persea* by his name,
Where *Bachmon* in the kingdome him succeeds,
Erietreus did all the Nations tame
By the red Sea, and there his honoured deeds
Are Chronicled : great *Scelemus* thy fame
Liues in *Mecenes* : the *Pontifike* weeds.
Are for thy Royalty referu'd alone,
In *Thebes*, remains twice-married *Gorgophon*.

84

The genealo-
gy of Hercules

Alcens and *Electrion* from his line
Discend, *Alcens* was *Amphitrioes* Sire,
Electrion as *Bochas* doth deuine,
Alcmena got, whose face all eyes admire,
Alcmena and *Amphitrio* combine
Themselves by *Hymens* ceremoniall fire :
Of this bright *Theban* dame through *Greece* commen-
This Monster-tamer *Hercules* descended. (ded,

85

But how great *Ihoue* with bright *Alcmena* lay,
Himselfe transforming to *Amphitrioes* shape,
Adding three nights together without day :
How *Iuno* enuious of her husbands rape,
Alcmenaes Child-birth hindred, and did slay
The vnborne infants who with wonder scape
Her Hell-borne charmes, how by *Galantis* smile,
Iuno was mockt, *Alcmena* scapt her guile.

Galantis *Alc-*
menaes nurse.

86

Ypseus *Her-*
ules twinne-
Brother and
sonne to *Am-*
phitrio

How young *Alcides* in the Cradle lying,
Check't two inuennomed Snakes, by *Iuno* sent
To strangle him : how *Ypseus* dying
By those charm'd Serpents, to *Elisum* went,
And how the *Ihoue*-star'd Lad his valor trying
Vpon th'*Olimpicke* mount : disgraced sent
All such as came to haue their valours tride,
To leape, to run, to wrastle, or to ride.

87

How by the K. *Eristeus* he vvas taught,
Lou'd beaurious *Megara*, and fam'd all *Greece*,
And through the world renown'd aduentures fought,
Conquer'd great *Cacus* and the golden fleece :

How *Achelous* he to ruine brought,
Doted on *Deianeira* that faire peece,
And *Iole*, who the more fame to win,
Made great *Alcides* on a distaffe spin.

88

All these we leaue as tales too often told,
And rubs that would our running voyage ler,
Not that our thoughts despise them being old,
(For to antiquity we owe much debt)
But because Time that hath his acts inrold
To many a Common sale his deeds hath set,
Therefore (though no part of his worth to reauue him)
We now for matters more allide, must leaue him.

89

And now looke backe to *Troy*: *Laomedon*
Intends new wals about his Towne to reare,
But wanting coined Gold to deale vpon,
Solicits all the Gods, such as dwelt neare,
Chiefely those two that rule the *Sea* and *Sun*,
Neptune and *Phæbus* Mony-maisters vvere,
Of whose rich Priests for so much coine he cals,
As may repaire his Citties ruin'd wals.

90

They dispuruey their vestry of such Treasure
As they may spare, the vvork now being ended
Demand their sums againe: but out of measure
At their request the Monarch seemes offended,
And saies he meanes to pay them at his pleasure:
The Gods (by whom *Troy* vvas vvith wals defended,)
Inrag'd at his ingratitude, conspire,
With ioynt reuenge to vvreak their spleenfull ire.

91

The vvyrathfull *Neptune* first his Billowes raifd
Aboue the high-built- Wals, thinking to drowne
Those lofty spires whom all the world hath praifd,
Hurrying his brinish waters through the Towne:
Now *Dolphins* play, where barbed Steeds haue graz'd,
In euery pau'd-street *Neptunes* Billowes frowne,
Till being weary with the Citties sacke,
He drawes himselfe into his Channels backe.

Iole daughter
to *Gæus*.

Herodotus.

For

92

For by the fates appointment the proud God
Must keepe his falling ebbes as well as flow,
Else pale-fac't *Cynthia*, at whose dreadfull nod
Obedient *Neptune* shrinkes, her rage will show,
For she commands his waues, and his abod
Is pointed by the Moone, whether below
In his Abisme, or rockes appearing hire,
He guid's his looks by her immortall fire.

93

But as he shrinkes his waters at her becke,
He leaues much slimy filth vpon the shore,
Now gan the God of Fire his beames reflect
Vpon the drowned Continent that wore
The sea-Gods wrath, and now must bide his checke,
A hot contagious stemme (not knowne before)
Poysons the Clime, and as the heat increast,
The infectious pest consum'd both man and beast.

94

Halfe-perisht *Troy* vnable to withstand
Their double wrath, her people from her flye,
Knowing they both offended Sea and Land,
And to abide their vengeance must needs dye,
The King himselfe that wants power to command,
The all-consuming Plague, fears to come nye,
The wals he reard, but must to *Delphos* trauell,
To excuse his Pride, that with the Gods durst cauell.

95

His due Oblations ended: tis returnd,
That he must seeke th'offended Gods t'appease,
Else the hot plague (his peoples entrailes burnd,)
Shall all the remnant of his subiects cease,
Nor must his fearefull pennance be adiournd:
Nothing can *Neptune* and *Apollo* please,
But monthly to a Monster of the flood,
To yeild a beautious maide of the Kings blood.

96

This couenanted, the *Trojan* King prepares
Alotted Virgins, now th'infection flakes,
At length alas (for bold Fate all things dares,)
The lot the beautious maide *Hesione* takes,

Hesione daugh
ter to *Laomedes*

The Kings sole Daughter, Fortune nothing cares
For him, whose hand th'Imperiall Scepter shakes.

The hood-winckt Goddesse dare on all sides strike,
Beggars and Kings, in lots are both alike.

97

Imagin her with thousand Virgins guided
Vnto her fearefull Toombe, her Monster-graue:
Imagin how the hulky Diuell flyded
Along the Seas smooth breast, parting the waue:
Alasse poore naked Damsell, ill provided,
Whom Millions, without heauens help cannot saue:
Yet see, help coms: behold the pride of *Greece*
Deck't in the conquest of the Golden fleet.

98

Along the glasse *Hellespont* by chance
Alcides sayling, sees vpon the Land
The all-dispoyled Virgin in a Trance,
Wayling her ruine on the bryny Strand,
Aboue the Waues he sees a Whale aduance
His dreadfull shape: at whose sight all that stand
Vpon the Beach, some sounding, as halfe dead,
Others dismayde, backe to the Citty fled.

99

Such onely, whom the cause concerned most,
And vnto whom the Virgine was allyde,
Attend her swallowing, on the *Marine* coast,
For whom (no Mortall) safety can prouide,
Now great *Alcides* with his Greekish hoast
Lands on the Continent vnterrifide:
And while the *Troian* King with terrour shakes,
The Virgins Rescue boldly vndertakes.

100

Two barbed Steeds, the best that *Asia* bred,
Are by the King ordaind the Victors meet,
By whole strong hand the Sea-Whale shall fall dead,
The Virgine liue, and *Troy* from pest be freed;
Now fals his huge Club on the Monsters head
With such impetuous weight, and violent speed:
As if Heauens greatest Collumne should downe fall,
That beares the high rooffe of th'*Olimpicke* Hall.

P

The

101

The hydious *Angur* slaine, and she recast,
 The petiur'd King, the promist meede denies,
 And seeing *Troy* both wal'd, and free from pest,
 Excludes the *Greeke* for his bold enterprise:
 Who sayles from *Greece*: after few months of rest
 Doth burne *Larisse*, and *Tenedos* surprise,
 Ruinates *Troy*, expels *Laomedon*,
 Beates downe the wals made by the Sea and Sunne.

The first de-
 struction of
 Troy.

102

In which atchieuement *Philicteles* fought,
 (Made of *Alcides* vanquisht foe his friend)
 The King *Eristheus* there for honor sought:
 And *Creon* to this dreadfull fight gaue end,
 The Noble *Theseus* his assistance brought,
Theban Amphitrio did his arme extend
 Gainst *Asiaes* pride, and with the rest returning,
 Ayded great *Hercules* in *Troyes* first burning.

Creon K. of
Thebes.

103

These as they were a Ship-board, hauing fild
 The vast Wombes of their Barks with wealthy spoiles,
 Insulting in the *Troian* bloud they spild,
 Discourfing of their fighres and dangerous broyles,
 And such great victories attaind but seild,
 Though with more labours, and Insudate toyles:
 Cups of *Greeke* Wine vnto this Conquest crownd,
 Thus King *Eristheus* boards the Princes round.

104

Now the first *Vigill* of the night is entred,
 With some discourse lets ouertake the Sunne,
 Who flying, is by this beneath vs centred,
 And whilst the waking Stars their courses runne,
 Discourse, whofirst the *Tartar* gates aduenterd,
 And by whose hand that bold attempt was done,
 Of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*, and in fine
 Of *Pluto*, and the rauisht *Proserpine*.

Pluto and
Proserpine.

105

When *Theseus* thus: Since you desire to know
 The true report of these *Tartarian* bralles,
 Which none can better then *Alcides* shew,
 Or *Theseus* Present: by th'*Aenean* Walles,

The Waters of *Pergusa* gently flow,
And thence into the Neighboring River falls:
Crownd with a grone, through which the lake doth
Making his bowes a Bon-grace from the Sun. (run,

105

Hether fayre *Proserpine* repaying still,
With Dayfies, Daffadils, and Lillies white,
Roses and Mary-golds her lap to fill,
And to returne home laden (a sweete sight)
Chaplets to make, or Gyrlands by fine skill;
By chance the God of shades in edge of night
In his blacke *Ebon* Chariot hurrying by,
Vpon the Virgine casts a Rauishers eye.

106

He spies, and loues, and catches vp at ones,
Th'affrighted Virgine, who lets fall her flowers,
he beares her ouer hils, Dales, Rocks, and stones,
She, cals on Mother, Friends, and (teares she powers,)
Mother nor friend can heare her shriekes and groanes,
Through pooles and Lakes the God of *Tartar* skoures,
he yerkes his hot Steedes with his wyery strings,
And from his Coach Wheelles rusty darknesse flings.

107

And cals his Ietty Stallions by their Names,
Whose hard hoofes make the vaulted Center-sound,
his ratling Chariot, through the ayre proclaymes
his feare and flight, with burnisht Brasse shod round,
Nor once looks backe the dreadfull God of flames,
Or thinks his rape safe on the vpper ground:
But with his *Ebon-Mace* the earth inforces,
Which cleft, sinkes him, his Chariot, and his horses.

108

The Queene of *Plenty*, she that crownes the land
With feuerall graine, and *Neptunes* Kingdome bounds,
Searches about, but cannot vnderstand
Of her fayre Daughter, yet the world she rounds,
And day by day she takes this taske in hand,
But in her bootlesse search her selfe confounds:
Aurora finds her in her trauels rising,
The setting Sunne still sees her, ease dispising.

P 2

But

But in our labors we our pen must rest,
Least in her search, vve our Inuention loose,
Which finding tyr'd vvith trauell, vve hold best
A vvhile to cherish, (therefore rest we choose)
Heere therefore let vs breath, ere vve digest
Troyes second fall, as that vvhich next ensues:

Our Muse vvith *Phæbus* sets, and vvith the *Sun*
To Morrovv rising, is our taske begun.

*Apollod. Athē.
lib. 2,
Melanthes lib.
de mysterijs.*

THe Gorgons were cald by other names, Pemptrado, E-
rito and Dino, to whom was added a third Iano.

Pegasus taking his flight out of Helicon, striking the
earth with his hooues, there presently sprung out the pleasant
Fountaine Hippocrēne, after consecrate to the Mules. Some
moralize this winged Horse to a swift-saild Ship, in vvhich
Perseus saild in all his forraine aduentures.

Aurea Mala, which the Latines conster golden Apples, the
Greekes call golden Sheepe, the word importing so much.

Atlas for his exquisite skil in *Astronomy* was said to beare
heauen on his shoulders.

S. Augustine.

Of this Sea-monster *S. Augustine* speakes in his Booke de
Ciuitate Dei, affirming that one of the bones, was in his time
still vnconsumed and kept.

The monster Chimere described with a Lyons head, a Goats
belly, and a Serpents taile, was a mountaine in Sicily, whose
top was full of wilde Lyons, the middle of Goats, and the foote
and lower part swarmed with serpents: This hill Belerephon
by the ayde of Perseus, cleared of all these Sauadges, & after
made it habitable.

Where *Iupiter* is said to put three nights into one, som haue
ingeniously imagined it, to be about that time, when at *Iosu-*
ahs prayer the Sunne staide his Diurnal course (till he had the
slaughter of his enemies) which being kept away from a Coun-
treys so farre remote, must of force lengthen the night by his
absence, as it prolonged the day by his presence.

*Quid Meta-
morph.*

Galanthis by her craft deceiuing *Iuno*, was by her after in
her anger transformed into a Weasill.

Philocetes sonne to *Pæan*, and after his surprisall, com-
panion with *Hercules* in all his trauels, to whom at his death

hee

he gaue his arrowes, poysoned in the bloud of Hydra.

The length of that night before mentioned, may else be alluded to that in the 2. Kings, Chap: xx. where Zedekiah being promist by God fiftene yeares life after his extreame sicknesse, and crauing a signe, God commanded the shadow of the Sun to go backe ten degrees, which was incontinently performed in the Diall of Ahuz: as it was promised him by Isaiah the Prophet.

The Nercides with whome Andromeda was compared, were the daughters of Nercus the son of Oceanus & Thetis: his daughters were nimphs of the sea: he had by the nimph Doris these three children, Halia, Spio, Pasithae & Ligea, with others to the number of fifty, whose names Hesiodus remembers, and Apollodorus.

Hesio. in Theog.

Laomedon, besides Hesionc, whom he best loued, had 3. daughters more, Aethasa, Astioche, and Medicaestes, but Hesionc being dearest to him, Neptune and Apollo chuse her to be deuoured of the Sea-monster.

*Apollodorus
Athen.*

The end of the sixt
CANTO.



Argumentum

EVridia stung with a Snake and dying,
 Sad Orpheus trauels for her sake to Hell,
 Among th' Infernals Musickes vertue trying,
 Much honoured (euen where fiends & deuils dwell)
 Ceres to Hercules for vengeance crying,
 Th'undaunted Greeke, seekes Pluto to expell:
 Iasons rich Fleece, & proud Troy once more ract
 By Hercules, in our next skeades are plac't.

ARG. 2.

WHo Musick found: hell sakt: Perithous harms
 Eta describes, with great Medeas charmes.

CANTO. 7.

I

MVsicke by which the Spheares are taught to moue,
 And tune their motion to their makers praise,
 Approues it selfe deuine: first found aboue,
 After bequeath'd fraile man, to cheare his daies:
 Whether t'were taught vs by the Birds, that proue
 Their harmony, in their sweet-Chirping layes,
 Or whether found by man: of this I am sure,
 It hath bin Ancient, and shall long endure.

2

Let Homers Demodocus witnesse beare,
 And Virgils Iopas: with this heauenly skill,
 Some say Amphion rauisht first the care,
 Which Zephus did with Notes and Crotchets fill,

But others *Dionisius* hold most deare,
As one that made his Ayers lowd and shrill,
Men diuerfly deriue Musickes soft feet,
Some from *Arcadia*; likewise, some from *Crete*.

Polibius

3
On *Shalmes Trezenius Dardanns* first plaid,
On *Cranes* legs first, but after fram'd of Reed,
Bright *Mayaes* sonne on a parcht *Tortois* made
Th' vnshaped Harpe: most Writers haue agreed
That *Tubal* gaue it forme, with pins that staid
The tuned strings, to make his Musicke speed:
Pan found the Pipe, to play at *Syrinx* lute,
Tymarias, was the first, that strung the Lute.

Solinus

Mercury:

4
Nables and *Regals*, holy *Dauid* found,
Dirceus an *Athenian*, *Clarious* shrill,
And these the *Lacedemons* did first sound,
When the *Messenians* they in armes did kill:
Vnto the *Dulcimer* first danced round
The *Troglodites*: after the *Rebeck* still
Th' *Archadians* fought: *Pises Tyrhenus* was
The first that fashiond Trumpets made of Brasse.

5
Which some to *Myfes* attribute, and say
The *Hebrewes* with a Siluer Trumpet led,
Marcht, and retyrd: were taught to keepe array,
When to fall off, when on; fly or make head:
Drumslades the *Romans* taught: the *Cretans* they,
After the Lute their hostile paces tread:
Great *Haliattes* with his sword and shield,
Marcht not without lowd pipers in the field.

Ihosaphus

Haliattes king
of *Lydia*.

6
This, as it hath the power in dreadfull Warres
Mongst soft effeminate breasts to kindle rage,
and to relenting grace all entrance barres,
So hath it power the rudest thoughts t'asswage:
To musicke moue the Planners, dance the stars,
It tempers fury, makes the wilde man sage,
In this consent of stringes, he that can well,
May with harmonious *Orphens* enter hell.

Wee

7

We left *Queene Ceres* in her Daughters Quest,
 Measuring the earth from one side to another,
 Yet can she find no end to her vnrest,
 Her Daughter lost, shee is no more a Mother :
 The earth once cherisht, she doth now detest,
 Gainst which her spleene, she can no longer smother :
 She calls it barbarous, vnthankfull, base,
 And no more worthy of her Soueraigne grace.

8

And much against her ancient pleasure speakes,
 For what she fauour'd earst, she now dislikes,
 In euery place she comes, the Ploughes she breakes,
 The laborous Oxen she with Murraine strikes,
 Vpon the toying Swaines her spleene she wreakes,
 Cartell and Men choake vp their new-plasht Dykes :
 The barraine fieldes deceiue the Plow-mans trust,
 The vsuring seede is molded vnto dust.

9

Which rather in the parched furrow dries,
 Layd open vnto euery rigorous blast,
 Else to the theeuish Byrds a prey it lies,
 Or if it hap to gather root at last,
 Cockle and Tares, euen with the Corn-cares rise,
 Else by the choaking Cooch-grasse it is past :
 Thus through her griefe, the earth is barraine made,
 The hoped haruest perisht in the blade.

10

*Orpheus and
 Euridice.*

Meane time *Euridice*, the new made Bride
 Of *Orpheus*, with a princely traine consorted,
 As in a Meddow by a Riuers side,
 Vnto her Husbands *Harpe* one day she sported,
 And by his tune her measured paces guide,
 In a swift *Hadegay* (as some reported :)
 She shricking starts, for whilst her Husband singes
 Vnto his *Harpe*, a Snake her Ankle stings.

11

In *Orpheus* armes she dyes, her soule discends,
 Ferryed by *Charon* o're the *Stigian* Lake,
 The woefull Bridegroome, leaues his house and friendes,
 Vowing with her the loath'd world to forsake,

To the *Tenarian* part his course he bends,
And by the way, no cheerefull word he spake:
But by ten thousand pathes, turning doth crosse
Through *Tartary*, and through the blacke *Molasse*.

12

There is a steepe decliuy way lookes downe,
Which to th'Infernall Kingdome *Orpheus* guides,
Whose loouer, vapors breathes: he sits not downe,
But enters the darke *Cauerne* with large strides,
With thousand shadowes, he is compast round,
Yet still the suffocating Mists diuides:
Millions of Ghosts vnbodyed, bout him play,
Yet fearelesse, *Orpheus* still keepes no his way.

13

Hels restlesse *Ferriman* with Musicke payd,
Is pleas'd to giue him wastage too and fro,
The triple Hell-hound, that his entrance stayd,
Charmed with Musicke, likewise lets him go,
So through the ayry thronge he passage made,
(Th'immortall people that remaine below:)
And tuning by the way his siluer stringes,
To the three fatall Sisters, Thus he singes:

14

You powers Infernall, full of awfull dread,
Whose dictyes no eye terrestriall sees,
I know all Creatures that are mortall bred,
At first or last, must stand to your decrees,
I come not as a spy among the dead,
To blab your doomes, or rob you of your fees:
I onely pierce these vaults (voyd of all crime)
To seeke my Bride, that perisht fore her time.

15

By loue, whose high commaund was neuer bounded
In Earth or Heauen, but hath some power belovv
By your blacke Ministers: by *Orcus* rounded
With *Stryx*, whose pitchy Waters ebbe and flow,
By those three Kings, by whom all doomes are founded,
The *Elisian* pleasures, and the Lake of Woe:
By all the dreadfull secrets of the dead,
Fayre *Parce* knit againe her vitall thread.

Molossia a part
of *Epire*, so cal-
led of *Molossus*
Sonne to *Pyr-
hus* and *Andro-
mach*.

*M: Manilius s.
rerum Astro-
nomicarum.*

*Minos, Eacus,
Rhodamant.*

16

I seeke not to exempt her from your doome,
 This is our generall home, heare we must stay,
 Though now releast, (as all things hither come)
 So must she too, and heare abide for aye,
 Graunt that she now may but bespeake her roome,
 And to her death allot a longer day:
 Or if th'immoued Fates, this will not doe
 Before my time (with her detain me to.)

17

Hels torments

This with such moouing accents *Orpheus* sung,
 That Chin-deepe *Tantalus* forgot to bow
 Vnto the shrinking *Wauc*: *Ixion* hung
 Vntost vpon the Wheele: and *Sisiphe* now
 Rests him vpon his stone. His *Harpe* was strung
 With such rare art, the *Danaes* knew not how:
 To vse their empty tubbes, *Stix* breath'd not fire,
 Nor can the vulture on *Prometheus* tyre.

18

Clotho, Lachesis
Atropos.

The Sisters weepe, Hels Iudges appeare mild,
 And euery tortur'd Ghost forgets his paine,
Proserpine laught, and the drad *Pluto* smild
 To see her chang'd of cheere, no soules complaine,
 Hels Senate to his grace is reconcild,
 And all agree, she shall suruiue againe:
 Through million-Ghosts, his Bride is sought & found,
 And brought to him, still hauling on her wound.

19

In Argonanti-
cis.

He takes her, with this charge at *Plutoes* hand,
 Not to locke backe till he *Auernus* past,
 And the large limits of the *Stygian* Strand,
 Through darke and obscure wayes, through deserts vast,
 Steepe hils and smoaky Caues, his Wife he man'd,
 Vntill he came where a thin plancke was pla'ft
 O're a deepe raging Torrent, where dismayd,
Orpheus looks backe, her trembling arme t'haue staid.

20

Which the three-throated *Cerberus* espying,
 Snatches her vp, and beares her backe to hell,
 In vaine are all his sighes, his teares, his crying:
 Lowder then he can play, the Dog can yell,

He blames his too much loue, and almost dying
Is ready with his Bride mongst shades to dwell,
So long vpon the barren plaines he trifled,
Till with hels vapors he was almost stifled.

21

At length the *Rhodopeian Orpheus* turns
His feeble paces to the vpper earth,
Which now with discontented *Ceres* mournes
The rape of *Proserpine*, still plagu'd with Dearth,
Either the Sun the gleby Champion burnes,
Else too much raine doth force abortiue birth
To the ranke Corne, the world forst to complaine,
With widdowed *Orpheus* and the Queene of Graine.

22

Who hauing searcht Earth, of her child to know,
She finds her no where on the earth abiding;
And skaling heauen, Heauen can no daughter shoue,
Therefore both heauen and earth the Queene is chiding,
Onely she left vsought the vaults below,
But heares how *Orpheus* hath by Musickes guiding
Past through *Aernus* and the *Stygian* fires,
Therefore of him she for her childe inquires.

23

He tels her of her Daughter new translated,
Whom in the vaulted Kingdomes he had seene
With *Pluto*, in th'infernall Throne instated,
Where though against her will she raignes as Queene:
Oh *Ihoue* (quoth she) and hath that God (most hated
Of *Proserpine*) the hellish raptor beene!
Monarch of Deuils, since thou doest constraîne mee,
Vnto the Gods about I must complaine mee.

24

This was (quoth *Hercules*) about the season
When *Hyppodamia* matcht with *Theseus* frend,
Noble *Perithous* by the *Centaures* Treason,
Was rauisht and re-purchast: But an end,
Our warre-toyld limbes we keepe against all reason
From Natiue rest, I feele soft sleepe descend
and close my eye-lids with his downy wings,
I must to rest; For this time, farewell Kings.

Whe

25

Whether being weary of his hostile paine
 Tooke in the former fight, he couets rest,
 Or whether modesty made him refraine,
 To heare his praise where he deserued best:
 But his returne the Kings intreat in vaine,
 When *Theseus* thus proceeds at their request;
Ceres displeas'd the hye *Olimpus* mounts,
 And to the care of *Ihoue* this rape recounts.

26

Reuenge great *Ihoue* (quoth she) thy wrongs and mine,
 And if mine cannot moue thee, let thy owne,
 For ours betwixt vs is faire *Proserpine*,
 (By diuellish *Pluto* into *Orcus* throwne)
 Long lost, long sought, my daughter's found in fine,
 Rather not found, her losse is certaine knowne:
 For how alas can I vvell rearme her found
 Whom I still lose, kept low, beneath the ground.

27

In the rude armes of the blacke *Dis* shees plac'd,
 Hels Adamantine gates besides inclose her,
 Let not thy Aunt great *Ihoue* be thus disgrac'd,
 But of my owne childe make me free disposer,
 Else let my name be from thy Bed-rolle rac'd,
 and be no more a Goddesse, if I lose her:
 But *Ihoue* by faire words seekes t'appease the Mother,
 and reconcile her to his *Stigian* Brother.

28

But th'vnappeased Goddesse hates the Thiefe,
 That with her daughter all her pleasure stale,
 and since heauen giues no comfort to her griefe,
 Sheele try vvhath Mortal can her daughter bale,
 She comes vvhether *Hercules* and all the chiefe
 Of *Greece* assembled, where she tels this tale:
 And weeping, sweares to be at sterne defiance,
 With the *Tartarian Dis*, and his alliance.

29

Before *Alcides* on this Iourney went
 Vnwares to him, my friend and I prepare,
 (Noble *Perithous*) to this one discent,
 Thinking to cheare the Queene oppress'd vwith care,

But fate was opposite to his intent,
We scarce (well arm'd) had tucht the lowest stare :
But *Cerberus*, my friend vntimely flew,
and me halfe-dead vpon the Panement threw.

Perithous
slaine.

30

Vnto my rescue great *Alcides* came,
To *Hyppodamias* husband much to late,
The *Ithon*all youth that can all Monsters tame,
Ere he findes leysure to lament our Fate,
Or on the murderous Hel-hound to exclaime,
He fals his huge Club on the Monsters pate,
Which with such violent fury pasht his braines,
It stounds him, so he leaues him bound in chaines.

31

Aduentring forward in his Lyons case,
Th'vn bodied Ghosts affrighted from him flie,
Who see such terror in his yrefull face,
Poore soules they feare by him againe to die,
Hels Marble gates he beates ope with his Mace
And manly might amongst the Deuils try,
Who as they stop his way, his Club makes reele,
Whilst Furies fly him with their whips of Steele.

32

Vast hell is all in vprore, *Pluto* wonders
To see his black-fac't ministers afraide,
he fearesth'Imperiall Lord of fire and Thunders
Attempts his lower Kingdoms to inuade :
From *Proserpine*, his twined armes he sounders,
Takes vp his sable Mace of *Porphy*r made :
And with his blacke Guard forward marcheth still,
where greatest was the presse, the cry most shrill.

33

Hell had beene sack't, and all hels right displayd,
had not the Fates whom Gods and Men obey,
The fury of th'aduentrous *Gracian* stayde,
and with their reuerent paces stopt his way,
(Those whom the Gods incline to, he obeyd)
In their Brasse rols that neuer shall decay,
Alcides (by their license) reades his Fate,
and armes layde by, more mildly they debate.

Q

Pluto

34

Pluto inquires the cause of his arriue,
 He tels him for the rauisht *Proserpine*,
 Whom as he heares, the King intends to wiue,
 Whose heavenly face must among Angels shine,
 Not be amongst the Deuils damnd aliue,
 Of this the Fate twixt him and his define :
 And thus amongst them they compound the cause,
 According to their neuer-changing Lawes.

35

That if Queene *Proserpine* hath kept strict fast,
 And since her entring Hell not tasted food,
 as she hath once the *Stygian* riuer past,
 So backe to earth she may re-faile the flood ;
 Inquiry made, the girle alas did tast
 Some few Pomgranat graines, which vnderstood,
 Her doome the fates amongst themselues compoun d,
 That *Proserpine* must still liue vnder ground.

36

Attonement made with hell, the glorious *Greeke*,
 Arm'd with his club returns the way he came,
 Vpon the earth archieuments new to seeke,
 Since hell is fild with his victorious name,
 Through many a winding path, and turning creeke,
 He comes at last where my deere friend lay slaine:
 I wounded, and the triple Hell-hound laid
 Bound in those Gyues which he for others made.

37

To mournesfull *Hyppodamia* he presents
 The murtherous Dogs with her deere husbands coarse,
 She sings his Dirge in many sad Laments,
 But at the fiend that slew without remorse
 Her husband, shee aimes all her discontent,
 And on his face imprints her womanish force :
 heere *Theseus* wept, nor could he longer hide
 His priuate sorrow for his friend that dide.

38

This is the Noble *Theseus* *Aethraes* sonne,
 By King *Egeus*, that durst hell invade,
 In battaile th' *Amazonian* *Baldrick* wonne,
 And stout *Hyppolite* his Dutchesse made,

Who when King *Minos* cloſd *Paſiphaes* Sonne
The *Mynotaure* in the *Dedalian* ſhade :

He by her helpe, to whom ſhe proou'd vntrue,
Recaſt the Tribute, and the Monſter ſlew.

39

Eriſtheus, and the valiant *Theban* King,
That knew the Prince *Perithous*, much lament him,
But with their teares the day began to ſpring,
They wiſh the Fates a longer date had lent him,
With kindled Lampes th' attendant Pages bring
The Princes to their Cabins : He that lent him
On this attempt, at parting they deſire
To bleſſe their ſhores, whiſt they the ſeas aſpyre.

40

Our thoughts muſt land them which their Trophies
From ruin'd *Troy*, on ſeueral Coaſts of *Greece*, (brought
Remembring *Iaſon*, who with honor ſought
The ſam'd aduenture of the golden Fleece,
Duke *Aeſon* in this voyage ſpared naught,
Many bold Knights well arm'd at euery peece
Aſſiſt the Noble *Greeke* in this aduenter,
Offing the *Argoe* with the Prince to enter.

41

Duke *Peleas* gaue it furtherance, to whoſe Court
Where *Iaſon* feaſted, then *Alcides* came
With *Philocletes*, as his deare Conſort,
From ſtrange aduentures that Imblaze his fame,
Diſanking from the fayre *Theſſalian* Port,
Accompanied with many Knights of fame :
Caſtor and *Pollux*, bold *Amphitrion*,
Amphion, *Zetus*, and ſterne *Telamon*.

Peleas King of
Theſſaly, and
Vnckle to *Ia-
ſon*.

42

Amphion was a fayre Harmonious Youth,
Well ſkild in Muſicke, *Zethus* was his Brother,
Begot by *Cretan Ioue* one happy night,
Vpon the fayre *Antiopa* his Mother,
She *Lychus* Wiſe, yet rauisht with the ſight
Of *Iupiter*, her loue ſhe could not ſmother :
Theſe her fayre ſonnes built *Thebes*, with large extept,
Two yeares before they on this voyage went.

Amphion,
Zethus.

Thebes.

43

With all the *Gracian* chivalry attended
 They disimbogue, the gentle Billowes smile,
 Th' *Aegean* Seas they passe, but late defended
 By the Grand Thiefe, that gaue those Seas their stile,
 No wind or waue their well-rig'd ship offended,
 But the calme looking *Thetis* harbors guile:

Her fawning front she wrinkles with a frowne,
 And thinkes th'ambitious *Argonauts* to drowne.

44

A tempest.

At the blacke Euening close, the Sea lookt white,
 The storme-prefaging Waue begins to swell,
 And blustering *Eurus* rising now at night
 With his flag Wings, vpon the waters fell:
 The Mayster bids slacke sayle, but gainst the might,
 Of his commaunded Mates, the winds rebell:

The Boat-Swayne brals, the Marriners are chid,
 For what they would, the stubborne gusts forbid.

45

All fall to labour, one man helps to steere,
 Others to slacken the big-bellied Sayle,
 Some to the Cap-string call, some pray, some sweare,
 Some let the Tackles slip, whilst others hale:
 Some cling vnto the maine-Mast, and cleaue there,
 Some chafe with anger, some with feare looke pale:
 Some ply the Pompe (and that which would deuour
 Their ship in time) Sea into Sea repoure.

46

Sharpe-biting winter growes, and on each side
 The foure seditious Brothers threaten war,
 and tosse the Billowes, who in scornfull pride
 Spit foaming Brine, the winds with waters iarre,
 The breaking seas, whose entrance were denyde,
 Beate gainst each Pitchy-rib and calked sparre:
 and by their Oaken strength denyde Intention,
 Fall where they were begot, to meere confusion.

47

Now as the striking Billowes are diuided,
 Low Vallyes tweene two mighty Mountaines fall,
 From whose steepe breasts the shaken vessaile slyded,
 Burying in Sea, Sayles, Tackles, Masts, and all:

But here remaines not long, the Barke well guided,
Climbes vp those clyffes, a dreadfull warry wall:

That to themselues, amazd with feare they show,
Like men in th'ayre surueighing hell below.

48

It seem'd as if the Heauens and Seas had Wars,
And that the one the other did defy,
Twixt whom the mutinous winds make greater Iars,
Th'ambitious Billowes seeme to threat the sky,
And fling their brine-waues in the face of Stars,
Who therewith mooud, melt all the Clouds on hye,
And such tempestuous shewers of raine thaw downe,
As if their drops meant the vast Seas to drowne.

49

The waters both of Heauen and Earth are mixt,
Flagging their sayles to make them brooke no blast,
No Lampe of heauen appeares (wandring or fixt)
Darkenesse hath o're the face of both heauens past,
And left his vgly blindnesse them betwixt,
Whose horride presence makes the *Greekes* agast:
The Heauens bright fire, the troubled Water braues,
sindging with lightnings force the Guly waues.

50

Vnto these *Argonants* I may compare
Our Island-voyages, alike distrest,
With whelming seas, thicke Mists, and troubled ayre,
Loud claps of Thunder: Lightning from the West,
so dreadfull, that their *Pilots* loose their care,
Through feare, forgetting what should stead them best:
The sea, to quench Heauens glorious Lamps aspyres,
Heauen burns the Ocean with her lightning fires.

51

As braue a Generall Martialed our great Fleete,
as that bold *Greeke* that sought the fleece of Gold,
hoping by sea an enemy to meete,
Fiercer then *Iasons*, and more warlike bold,
Renowned *Essex*, at whose warlike feete
Spaines countlesse spoyles and Trophies haue been told,
Who from *Hesperia* brought to *Englands Greece*,
More Gold then would haue weigh'd downe *Iasons*

Q 3

(fleece.

The Islands
voyage.

52

Grim Terror with the *Greekes* a ship-board lyes
 All night: some weepe, some rage, the boldest feare,
 Soliciting the Gods with Prayers and cryes,
 Seeing their Fates and hopelesse ruins neere,
 They thinke on Fathers, Children, Wiues, Allyes,
 But whom they faine would see, they wish not there:
 Grim terror in the Morning forward sped,
 The Sunne begins to wake, the tempest fled.

53

Who as from forth the *Spanish* Seas he raifde
 His burnisht lockes, and bout his shoulders shooke them,
 and (as his custome is) about him gazd
 To view fayre *Thetis* bounds, and ouer-looke them,
 He spyes th'Imbarqued *Greekes*, with feare amazd,
 So fore the rough tumultuous Sea had tooke them:
 He sees their Pendants torne, their Sheetes all rent,
 Their Hatches broken, and theyr mayne-mast spent.

54

Therefore he angry, *Neptune* doth intreat,
 as he would haue him guild his siluer streames,
 Or thaw his frozen Waters with his heate,
 Or cheare his coole Waues with his gorgeous beames,
 Th'aduentrous *Greekes* (his charge) not to defeat,
 But they may safe re-view their Natiue Realmes:
Neptune is pleas'd, his *Trident* calmes the Seas,
 And grants them waftage to what coast they please.

55

Who entring th'*Hellespont* acquire some shore
 VVhere they may land, their Fortunes to repaire,
 at *Tenedos* they tutch (knowne long before
 By great *Alcides*, since he battayld there)
 Where great *Laomedon* the Scepter bore,
 and to preuent like dangers threatning care,
 Re-builds his battred holds, and with supplies,
 Mans euery Sea-skout, that adiacent lyes.

56

These Garrisons, the *Gracian* Peeres deny
 Reliefe or Anchorage, till the Kings mind
 Be fully knowne: Who heares his foes so nye
 That had so late his forces ouerthrowne,

I herfore intraged, he sends them to desie,
And from his Coasts to get them quickly gone,
Or mongst them all hee'l leaue no liuing *Greeke*
For golden Pillage on the seas to seeke.

57

Vndanted *Hercules* at this offended,
Sweares (by his Father *Ihone*) *Troyes* second wracke,
And with his *Argonants* had then disceded
Manger the King, but *Iason* kept him backe,
Who being chiefe Commander, hath intended
A golden coarfe, the *Colchos* first must sacke,
Therefore (though much against *Alcides* will)
Put from that shore, the Conqueror threatens still.

58

Vowing if Fate affoord him safe returne,
In whose aduenture al the Peeres vnite,
Troyes wals to batter, and their City burne,
And be the Kings eternall opposite,
To whose disgrace *Troy* shall in ashes mourne,
Th'vngratefull King be forc't to death or flight,
And all these lofty Towers, at his next Landing,
Not haue one stone vpon another standing.

59

Resolued thus, they make to hoysse vp saile,
Weigh Anchor, and their tackles hale and pull,
Their lofty spleenes gainst *Troy* they now auaille,
And onely ayme at the *Phrixean* wooll,
The God of winds affords them a calme gale,
Making their waue-washt sheetes shew swelling full,
Whose gentle Gusts the *Gracian* Heroës bring
To *Colchos*, welcom'd by the *Phasian* King.

60

At whose arriue, *Medea Iason* viewing,
Oh heauen (quoth she,) what passion's this I feele?
Shall yon faire *Gracian* youth his fame pursuing,
Die by enchanted fire, or tempered steele?
Oh saue thy fame (by this attempt eschevving)
Thy arme vvants povver to make the Dragon reele:
Thy amorous hand (alasse) too soft and white,
with Brasse-hoou'd Bulls (that breath out fire) to fight.

More

Phasis a town
in *Colchos* and
a Riuer:
Medea.

61

More fitter t'were a Lady to embrace,
 T'imprison beauty in a cristall fold,
 Oh why should one that hath so sweet a face,
 (Made to belou'd and loue) seeke acts so bold?
 Too ventrous *Greeke*, for loues sake leaue this place,
 Thou knowst not what thou seekst, the fleece of Gold
 A royall prize it is, yet amorous stranger,
 It hath not worth to countervaille the danger.

62

For the least blood shall drop downe by thy skin,
 Or in the combat staine the *Colchian* grasse,
 Is of more worth then all that thou canst win,
 Yet doth the riches of this Fleece surpass: *But stay*:
 What blind maze am I entred in?
 What louing laborinth? Forgetfull Lasse:
 Oh canst thou to a strangers grace appeale,
 Who comes from farre, thy Fathers fleece to steale?

63

This *Iason* is our foe: dwels in a Land
 Remote, and of another Clyme indeed,
 If thou wilt loue, about thee Princes stand
 Of thine owne Nation, let this stranger bleed,
 Despise him then, and all his forraine band,
 That in thy Fathers pillage haue agreed:
 Instead of loue, the amorous *Greeke* desie,
 And by th'enchanted Monsters let him die.

64

But shall *Medea* view that Tragicke sight?
 And see his faire limbes by her Monsters rent?
 Shall his white fingers with grim Hell-hounds fight,
 That might *Medea* in her loue content?
Apollo may I neuer tast thy light,
 Pertake thy earthly rise, or low discent,
 But by my Art I shall so well prouide,
 To be the Gold-Fleece-conquering *Iasons* Bride.

65

But how *Medea*? Wilt thou then forsake
 Thy Country, Father, Friends: All which are great,
 and (to thy Lord) a rousing Pyrate take,
 One that perchance hath no abiding seat?

Fond Girle thou wrongst him these faint doubts to make
A Royall Prince and in all acts compleat,
Thy Country, Father, Friends, trifles but small,
And this one warlike *Iason* worth them all.

66

That he is louely ; witnesse mine eye,
And valiant : what can better record beare
Then this attempt, whose fame to heauen will flye,
T'amaze the Gods that shall this Nouell heare,
I leaue a barraine kingdome, to discry
A populous Nation, what then should I feare ?
In seeking with this amorous *Greeke* to dwell,
I aske *Elisum*, in exchange for Hell.

67

A Land, where if his people him resemble
Humanity, and all good Thewes are rife,
Who if they loue their Lord, cannot dissemble
Their harts to her that shall safegard his life,
Th'inchantèd Bulls whose bellowing made heauen trèble,
Shall by their ruines make me *Iasons* wife,
Whom all the faire and potent Queenes of *Greece*,
Shall better welcome then the conquerd Fleece.

68

Opinion'd thus ; at their next enter-view,
(After their diuers oaths betweene them past)
That he the fam'd aduenture shall pursue ;
Whose conquests with inchantments she binds fast,
And when his hands these monsters shall imbrew,
He to receiue her as his Bride at last :
Night passeth on, at the next birth of day,
Aurora frights the fearefull Stars away.

66

Much confluence of people throng together,
In the large field of *Mars* they take their places,
The Princes of the Land in Scarffe and Feather
And Triumph-robcs, expect the *Greekes* disgraces,
The burdend earth grones with spectators : whether
The King himselfe martiald with golden Maces
In person comes, his Barons him inuest
In a high Throne, degraded aboue the rest.

Dionis, Milesius.

To

70

Charles Brandon
Duke of
Suffolke.

To such prepared ioyes the Frenchmen came,
To see the valiaunt *Mount-morensi* roon,
against *Charles Brandon*, who for *Englands* fame,
Vanquisht their Knight, at which their ioy was doon,
The *French*, who to disgrace the English came,
Saw how bold *Charles* at one incounter woon
Their Champions armes, the *French* Qu. to his pheer,
Which chang'd their promist mirth to sadder cheere.

71

Iason sonne to
Eson and Polymela.

Antimachus
lib. 3. Argonaut.

Behold where *Polymelaes* sonne vndanted,
against the brazen-hoofed Beasts appeares,
How (richly armd) his sword aloft he vanted,
T'incounter with the two infernall steares,
Who as he strikes, still breaths out words enchanted,
The *Gracians* stand amaz'd, *Medea* feares
To see young *Iason* Lord of her desire,
Betwixt two Bulls, their Nosthrils breathing fire.

72

And least her Incantations force might faile,
She mumbles to her selfe more powerfull charmes,
Still doth the dreadlesse *Greeke* those Bulls assaile,
Reddy to scorch him in his twice-guilt armes,
His sharpe edg'd sword their horned crests makes vaile,
That fire that scaldeth others, him scarce warmes,
(Such power hath Magicke) the fell Bulls growv tame,
And *Iason* tugs with them amidst the flame.

73

And first he by the dangling dew-laps takes them,
Who force perforce his valour must obey,
He twixt his sinnowy armes together shakes them,
They bellowing yeeld themselues his glorious prey,
To bow their stubborne necke, bold *Iason* makes them,
On which th'obedient yoake he gently lay,
The *Greekes* applaud his conquest with shrill cries,
The *Colchians* shew their sorrowes in their eyes.

74

But alls not furnisht yet, he makes them draw
The teemed plow, to furrow vp his field,
The rusty yron doth the greene verdure flaw,
Quite vanquisht now, the conquered Oxen yeild,

Yet more then this the *Colchian* Princes saw,
The Vipers teeth he cast vpon his shield,
And sow'd them in the furrowes : they straight grew,
To armed men, and all on *Iason* flew.

75

The *Greekes* dismay, th'incourag'd *Colchians* showt,
Onely *Medea* doth their ioy detest,
With magicke she assists her Champion stout,
Her Exorcismes haue power to arme his brest,
Those that but late incompast him about,
And with their Steele strooke Stars out of his Crest,
Seeke mutuall armes, amongst themselves they brall,
So by seditious weapons perish all.

76

It now remains the three-tongu'd venomous Snake,
The Riuer-waking-Serpent to make sleepe,
Whose horride crest, blew scales, and vneces blacke,
Threat euery one a death (vnto his keepe
The Fleece is put) *Medea* bids him take
Grasse in blacke *Lethe*, laid three nights to sleepe,
Vttering such powerfull charmes as calme the winds,
And the mou'd Billowes in their Channell binds.

Apolon. lib. 3.

77

Those drops being spinkled on the Dragons head,
The words thrice spoke (the wakefull Serpent lies)
Drownd in forgetfull slumbers, seeming dead,
and sleepe (till now not knowne) seales vp his eyes,
Iason in safety may the Mansion tread
Where *Colchos* long preferu'd the golden prize,
and now at length faire *Polimelaes* sonne,
Inioues the Fleece that he with danger wonne.

78

Proud of this purchase, but of her more glad,
That by the Verrue of a powerfull word,
More hy command vpon these Monsters had,
Then he in vse of his remorselesse sword,
Vnto his *Argoe* he *Medea* Lad
Commanding all his merry mates aboard
But secretly, least when King *Aes* knew,
his daughters rape, he might her flight pursue.

Which

79

Which to preuent the *Negerous* Lady takes
The young *Abfyrtes*, a faire hopefull youth,
And when her father after *Iafon* makes,
And with rough fury her escape purfuth,
She chops the Lads limbes into bits and flakes,
and in the Kings way ftrowes him without ruth,
And whilst he gathers vp with watry eyes
His peece-meale body, ſhe in ſafety flies.

80

With triumphs they in *Greece* are welcomd all,
And *Iafon* famous for his royal Queſt,
The Bed-red Father will his ſonne inſtall
In his owne kingdome, and with him his gueſt
Deepe-ſpeld-*Medea*, at whole Magicke call
The Seas and winds, or trauell, or find reſt:
Oh Magicke, by thy power what cannot they,
To whom the Seas ſubmit, the winds obey?

81

Amongſt thoſe Princes that with *Iafon* vvent,
and vvere at home receiu'd, the great *Alcide*
amidſt this generall Ioy ſeemes diſcontent,
His ſpleene to *Troy* he can no longer hide,
To be reueng'd he holds his firme intent,
He that to their diſtreſſe reliefe denide,
Muſt knowv whatt'is to ſcorne his firme alliance,
So through all *Greece* he breaths gainſt *Troy* defiance.

82

And vvith a gallant army taking Land,
attaines the ſhore perforce, and in his way,
No Village, Fortreſſe, Tovvne, or Tower can ſtand,
But to his ruthleſſe fury muſt giue way:
This hearing, King *Laomedon* hath mand
a Noble army, to make good the day:
Which ere the Sun into the Weſt-ſea fall,
Muſt ſee ten thouſand *Troians* kild and thrall.

83

Laomedon remembering what great vvracke
Twelue-labord *Hercules* before time made,
Recounts to them his vvronges, his Citties ſack,
Their tyranies to al vvhom they inuade,

Abfyrtes Brother
to *Medea*
Strabo lib. 7.

Atuſſilans.
Phereides lib 7

Timanus 2. 22.
Italiourus.

Therefore incites them to repulse those backe,
That haue too long vpon his confines staid :
Behold (quoth he) these would your freedoms barre,
Then with a generall showt prepare for warre.

84

The hoast of *Greekes* that heare their exclamation,
Wait but to heare *Alcides* watch-word giuen,
Who cheares them thus : You are that warlike Nation
Whose fame fills all the Clymates vnder heauen,
Sincē you are strangers, let your salutations
Be with your swords, not words ; for yet ere Euen
Yon standing hoast in their owne bloods wee'l drown,
And part the rich spoyle of yon rampier d Towne.

85

Lowd chearing Instruments on both sides sound,
The battailes ioyne, both *Greekes* and *Troians* sinke :
They that but late the firme Earth proudly bound,
Now must below the waues of *Lethe* drinke,
The great *Alcides* borne to sway the ground,
Against his strength opposd, al mortals shrinke :
Who being more then man, must needs haue ods,
To fight with any that are lesse then Gods.

86

Him whome th'all-doming Fates will haue to sway,
How can *Laomedon* in armes subdue,
Though *Troy* be strong, yet must it *Greece* obey,
Alcides with his Club whole thousands slew,
By his sole-strength the *Greekes* obtaine the day,
And to the Citty gates the foe pursue,
Who mingled with their troopes, in this aduenture,
Slaughter the bold, and with the Cowards enter.

87

So by the English was great *Cales* surprisd
And entred, with the *Spaniards* that retire,
they that at first the generals name despisd,
Now at the last are forc't his fame t'admire,
English and Dutch in Spanish wealth disguisd,
Laden their fleet with pillage, whilst bright fire
Consumes the Towne, which twice the English take,
As *Greece* did *Troy*, great *Essex* and bold *Drake*.

Cales.

Calest twice
taken once by
Sir Francis
Drake, since
by the Earle
of *Essex*.

R

Stout

88

Stout *Ajax Telamon* amongst the rest,
 Set his first foot in *Troy*, but him succeed
 Ten thousand *Greeks*, and many a warlike brest,
 Pierst with the *Argive* weapons, freshly bleed :
 They sacke the populous Towne from East to West,
Troyes second sacke is by the Fates decreed :
 They sacke and ransacke, spoile, and freely kill,
 And all the Towne with shreekes and clamors fill.

89

Amongst the rest that perisht in this broile,
Laomedon fals by *Alcides* hand,
 Whilst euery where the conquering *Gracians* spoile,
 No man so bold that dares against them stand,
 Great is the booty in so rich a soile,
 They pillage all the substance of the land,
 Beat downe the wals, the Temples ruine quite,
 And kill poore infants in their mothers sight.

90

The Matrons in their husbands armes deflower,
 The reuerent Virgins in their parents eye,
 And such as interdict their awfull power,
 By their remorselesse bloody weapons die,
 Hie looking *Troy* is ruin'd in an houre, (sky
 Those Towres quite ract, whose sharpe spyres mockt the
 and that proud towne the *Asian* glory ones,
 Is now a confus'd heape of men and stones.

91

Al-conquering *Hercules* reueng'd at last
 Of *Troyes* ingratfull Soueraigne, takes full ceasure
 Of *Asiaes* Monarchy : his fury past,
 amongst his host he parts the Citties treasure,
 But *Telamonus Ajax* most he gracst,
 and gaue him her that pleas'd him aboute measure,
 The bright *Hesione* his valours meed,
 The beautious Virgin from the sea-W hale freed.

92

Hercules Lybi-
cus

Well was it for young *Priam* the Kings sonne,
 That he was else-where in the East imployd,
 The *Lybian* else that *Asia* ouer-ronne
 and conquered *Troy*, had likewise him destroid,

The laden *Greekes* after the conquest woon,
Are fraught with wealth, with pleasure ouer-ioyd:
Poore *Troy*, whilst they in their full mirth abound,
Liues desolate, and leueld with the ground.

93

The Monster-maister hauing fild the sky
With martiall clangor in the lowdest straine,
After reuenge on *Cacus* Tyranny,
and the great Gyants of *Cremona* slaine,
King *Priscus* death, King *Affer* raised hie,
And the two *Collumnes* that he reard in *Spaine*,
To include in few his many deeds; we thus
In narrow roome, his labors twelue discusse.

94

1. The *Eremanthion* Bore, 2. and the fire-breathing Bul,
3. The *Lernan Hydra*. 4. and the winged Hind,
5. *Stymphalidus*. 6. The *Amazonian* trull:
7. Th' *Aegean* stables, the seauenth taske assind,
8. The *Cleonean* Lyon. 9. with the scull
Of *Diomed*, who fed his Steeds gainst kind:
10. The golden fruit made ripe by bright *Heperion*,
11. Grim *Cerberus*, 12. and triple-headed *Gerion*.

The 12 labors
of Hercules.

95

These taskes by *Innoes* imposition ended,
Whilst he on *Ictes* attractiue face
Doted, and her deserts alone commended,
Faite *Deyaneyr* imputes it her disgrace,
With such great wrongs vnto her bed offended,
Because his vassaile had supplied her place.
She seuds a shirt, (and meanes her husband good)
Dipt in the poyson of the *Centaures* blood.

96

The traitor *Nessus* passing a deepe foord
With *Deianeyre*, away with her he flyes,
Alcides cannot reach him with his sword,
But after him his wounding arrow hies,
The dying *Centaure* speakes this latest word,
Faite *Deianeyre*, before death close mine eyes,
Receiue a giift, in signe I lou'd thee deerely,
Which though I die, in time may stead thee neerely.

R 2

I

97

I know thy Lord a Conqueror, yet subdude
By womens Beauty: therefore when you find,
The lustfull Prince mongst Forraine Queenes intrude,
and that their amorous Court-ships change his mind,
Send him a Shirt, with this my bloud Imbrude,
The vertue is, to make *Alcides* kind:

This said, his life he ended in a trice,
She (for it was his last) trusts his aduise.

98

Hearing faire *Iole* the hart had ceas'd
Of her deare Lord, and that she kept away,
She feesles her thoughts within themselves diseas'd,
and hopes to call him backe that went astray,
The *Centaures* dying guift the Lady pleas'd,
Her seruant *Lychas* posts it without stay:

Oh! Thou weake woman, thou his death maist vant,
Whom Hell-hounds, Gyants, Monsters, could not

99

daunt.

Hoping (alasse) his fauour to regaine,
The Innocent Lady her deare Lord destroyd,
He d'ons her present, whose inuenomed Bane
Cleaves to his bones (Oh! Who can Fate auoyde?)
More then a man before he would complaine
Alcides beares, and no whit seemes annoyd:

Such tortures as the strongest might strike dead
he brookes: yet no part of his coulour fled.

100

But when he felt such Tortures, anguish, smart,
That Gods aboue, nor Devils damd could beare,
That stung his breast, and pierst his Noble hart,
he growes Impatient, that could neuer feare
Infernall panges, Infulde in euery part,
he striues the poysonous Shirt away to teare:

But with the cleauing Linnens forst to draw
The Brawnes from off his armes, and leaue them raw.

101

The poysond boyles, and he that could confound
Gyants, so late to his immortall fame,
New from the head to heele, is all one wound,
The raging venom-drops his flesh inflame,

Sometimes he grouels on the sencelesse ground,
Sometimes those powerfull hands that Monsters tame,
 plucks down huge rocks, & cleaues the with his stroaks
And sometimes by the roots rends vp huge Oakes.

102

Mad with these Torments *Oeta* Mount he traces,
Where creeping in a hole he *Lychas* spies,
When stalking to his Caut with leasurd paces,
About his head he wheeles him in the skies,
And that being done the whole Mount he defaces,
A groue of Trees dispoild about him lies,
 A thousand Oakes he heapes vp on a pile,
 And kindling them, sayes with a scornfull smile,

103

Whom neither *Innoes* wrath, nor *Plutoes* hell,
Whom neither Lyons, Bulls, Dogs, Dragons, Whales,
Whom neither Tyrants grim, nor Gyants fell,
against that spirit a womans gift preuailes,
Her iealousie hath power that hart to quell,
Whom Serpents feare with their inuenomed skales,
 Since none on earth deserues our blood to spill,
 The great *Alcides* shall *Alcides* kill.

104

The fire burnes bright, he *Philocletes* cals,
And vnto him bequeaths his shafts and bow,
Who at his warlike feet confounded fals,
The Club and Lyons case his bold hands throw
Into the flame, then he whom noughts appals,
Cries *Thoue* I come, and boldly leaps in so:
 That life that mortall did the heauens aspire,
 Now with Immortall wings climes heauen by fire,

105

Alcides dead, and *Priam* backe returnd
From his successfull Battailes in the East,
He sees his Country spoild, his Citty burnd,
His Father slaine, which most his griefe increast,
These losses with his Sisters rape he mournd,
Nor are such weighty sorrowes soone surceast:
 We for a while will leaue him to his care,
 His Syre t'intoombe, his Citty to repaire.

H 3

Medea

The death of
Hercules.

Eripid, in Med
Euphorio.
Andron Teius.
Ouid. Epist.

Cithara canitus
Iopas, personat
Aurata docuit
qua maximus
Atlas.
Hic canit errā
tem Lunam so-
lisque labores.
Vnde hominum
genus et pecu-
des vnde imber
et ignes.
Sisibius.
Timonae in re-
bus Scithicis.

Pasiphae.

MEdea some thinke to be the daughter of Eta, some the daughter of the Sun, some the Daughter of Hecate. Apollod. lib. 3. Cals her Æea. Heraclides writes her to be the daughter of Neera of the Nereides: Dionisius Milesius, cals her the daughter of Eurclytes, others of Ipsæa. & that Chalcioppe was her sister. She had a sonne cald Medus by Ægeas. Demodocus a Harpers name in Homer, of whom the Country Medea tooke name.

Iopas a King of Affrica, one of Didoes wooers, a skilfull Musition, Iason committed to the charge of his Vnckle Pelius, in his minority, because Pelus was loath to resigne to him his kingdome, deuised for his Nephew the dangerous enterprize of the golden Fleece, which Iason contrary to his Vnckles supposition, with his Argonants valiantly atchieued.

In memory of Absyrtus, there are still certaine Islandes in the Venetian Sea, cald Absyrtides of Absyrtus, there slaine by his sister Medea.

Phrixus was sonne to Athamas, and Brother to Helles, of whom the Ram that bore the golden fleece, was named Phrixus: Helle with her Brother Phrixus was drowned. Of whom that Sea is still called Hellespontus.

Because we onely remember Theseus and the Mynotaure, and haue no further Trafficke in our History with his life, I holde it not much amisse in these Annoations, to remember, that History, and how the Mynotaure was begot: Ouid arte Amandi.

Ida of Cadars and tall Trees stand full,
Where fed the glory of the Heard (a Bull
Snow-white) saue twixt his hornes one spot there grew,
Saue that one staine, he was of milky hew.
This faire Steare did the Heyfers of the Groues
Desire to beare as Prince of al the Droues,
But most Pasiphae with adulterous breath,
Enuies the wanton Heyfers to the death,
Tis saide that for this Bull the doting lasse
Did vse to crop young boughes, and mow fresh grasse,
Nor was the Amorous Cretan Queene affeard
To grow a kind Companion to the Heard:
Thus through the Champion she is madly borne

And

And a wilde Bull, to Minos giues the horne,
Tis not for brauery he can loue or loath thee,
Then why Pasiphae doest thou richly cloath thee?
Why shouldst thou thus thy face and lookes prepare?
What makest thou with thy glasse ordering thy haire?
Vnlesse thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow,
But how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If Mynos please thee, no Adulterer seeke thee,
Or if thy husband Mynos do not leeke thee,
but thy lasciuious thoughts are still increast,
Deceiue him with a man, not with a beast:
Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are frequented,
And leauing the Kings bed, she is contented
To vse the groues, borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ship with a full Easterne wind:
Some of these Strumpet-Heyfers the Queene slew,
Their smoaking Alters their warme bloods imbrew,
Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
And gripes their trembling entrailes in her hands,
At length, the Captaine of the Heard beguild
With a Cowes skin, by curious Art compild,
The longing Queene obtaines her full desire,
And in her infants byrth bewrayes the Sire.

Zeus his story

This Mynotaure, when he came to groath, was inclosed in
the Laborinth, which was made by the curious Artf-maister
Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue:
When Dedalus the laborinth had built,
In which t include the Queene Pasiphaes guilt,
And that the time was now expired full,
To inclose the Mynotaure, halfe man, halfe Bull:
Kneeling he sayes, Iust Mynos end my mones,
And let my Native soile intoombe my bones:
Or if dread soueraigne I deserue no grace,
Looke with a pittious eye on my sonnes face,
And graunt me leaue from whence we are exild,
Or pittie me, if you deny my Child:
This and much more he speakes, but all in vaine,
The King both Sonne and Father wil detaine,
Which he perceining saies: Now, now, tis fit,
To giue the world cause to admire thy wit,

Dedalus and
Icarus.

Ouid 2. de arte
Amandi.

Both

Both Land and Sea, are watcht by day and night,
 Nor Land nor Sea lie open to our flight:
 Onely the Ayre remaines, then let vs try
 To cut a passage through the ayre and fly,
 Ihoue be auspicious to my enterprise,
 I couet not to mount about the skies:
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare
 No meanes to fly my Lord, but through the ayre,
 Make me immortall, bring me to the brim
 Of the blacke Stigian Water, Styx Ile swim:
 Oh human, wit thou, canst inuent much ill?
 Thou searchest strange Artes, who would thinke by skill.
 A heauy man, like a light Bird should stray,
 And through the empty Heauens find a fit way.
 He placeth in iust order all his Quils,
 Whose bottoms with resolved waxe he fills,
 Then binds them with a line, and being fast tyde,
 He placeth them like Oares on eyther side,
 The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,
 And what his Father meant, he nothing knew:
 The wax he fastned with the strings he playde;
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made,
 To whom his Father spake (and then lookt pale)
 With these swift Ships, we to our Land must saile:
 All passages doth crewell Mynos stop,
 Onely the empty ayre he stils leaues ope.
 That way must we, the Land, and the rough deepe
 Doth Mynos barre: the ayre he cannot keepe,
 But in thy way beware thou set no eye
 On the signe Virgo, nor Boetes hye:
 Looke not the blacke Orion in the face
 That shakes his Sword, but iust with me keepe pace.
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,
 I will before thee fly, as thou shalt see
 Thy Father mount, or stoope, so I aread thee,
 Take me thy Guard, and safely I will lead thee:
 If we should soare to neere great Phœbus seate,
 The melting Waxe will not endure the heate,
 Or if we fly to neere the Humid Seas,
 Our moistned wings we cannot shake with ease.

Fly betweene both, and with the gusts that rise,
 Let thy light body saile amidst the skies,
 And euer as his little sonne he charmes,
 He fits the feathers to his tender Armes:
 And shewes him how to moue his body light,
 As Birds first teach their little young ones flight:
 By this he cald to Counsell all his wits,
 And his owne wings vnto his shoulders fits,
 Being about to rise, he fearefull quakes,
 and in this new way his faint body shakes:
 First ere he tooke his flight, he kist his sonne,
 Whilst by his cheekes the brimsh waters runne:
 There was a Hillocke not so towring tall
 As lofty Mountaines bee, nor yet so small
 To be with Valleyes euen, and yet a hill,
 From this thus both attempt their vncoath skill:
 The Father moues his wings, and with respect
 His eyes vpon his wandering sonne reflect:
 They beare a spacious course, and the apt boy
 Fearlesse of harme, in his new tract doth ioy,
 and flies more boldly: Now vpon them looks
 The Fishermen, that angle in the brookes,
 and with their eyes cast upward, frighted stand,
 By this is Samos Isle on their left hand,
 Vpon the right Lebinthos they forsake,
 Astipalen and the Fishy Lake,
 Shady Pachime ful of Woods and Groues,
 When the rash youth too bold in ventring, roues;
 Looseth his guide, and takes his flight so hie,
 That the soft wax against the Sun doth frie,
 and the Cords slip that kept the Feathers fast
 So that his armes haue power vpon no blast:
 He fearefully from the hye clouds looks downe
 Vpon the lower heauens, whose curld waues frowne
 at his ambitious height, and from the skies
 He sees blacke night and death before his eyes,
 Stil melts the wax, his naked armes he shakes,
 and thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes:
 But now the naked Lad downe headlong fals,
 And by the way, he Father, Father, cald:

Helpe

*Helpe, Father helpe, I die, and as he speakes,
A violent surge his course of language breakes.
Th' unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cryes out aloud, Sonne Icarus where art thou?
Where art thou Icarus, where dost thou flie?
Icarus where art? When loe he may espy
The feathers swim, aloud he doth exclaime,
The earth his bones the Sea stil beares his name.*

*But least we insist too much on these impertinent tales, we
wil proceed in our proposed History.*

The end of the seauenth
CANTO.



Argumentum

THE twice sackt Troy with all abundāce flowes,
Her wals enlarg'd, hir spacious bounds augmētēd,
Fortune on Priam all her fauour strowes,
Her populous streets from all parts are frequented,
Proud of his sonnes, the King impatient growes,
And with all Greece for wrongs past, discontented:
Warlike Anthenor by Embassage seekes,
To haue the Kings faire Sister from the Greeks

ARG. 2.

THE worth of Poets. Who first weapons found,
Troy & the Troians, Theta makes hir ground

CANTO. 8.

I



Ayre Poesie, both ancient
and Deuine,
Tell me thy true Diuinity
and age,
Emmius oft cals thee Sacred,
thou didst shine
In Moses dayes, a Prophet
wise and Sage,

Who sang sweet Hymnes compos'd in measured line,
To great Ieboua. Oft Dauid did assuage
His melancholy cares in many an Oade,
Tun'd to the praises of th'almighty God.

A

2

A sweeter verse then good *Isaias* wrote,
 Or *Salomon* in his deuineſt ſong,
 For Number, Accent, *Euphony* or note
 Were neuer ſet with pen, or ayr'd with toong,
Greeke Pindarus, whoſe meeters made men dote,
 Nor *Saphos* vaine ſo Muſically ſtrong,
 Could in their fluent Verſe, or ſweet inuention,
 Better delight the rauisht eares attention.

3

The riſing and ſoft *Cadens* of a verſe,
 In *Deutronomium* liuely is expreſſed,
 He that ſhall *Danids Hebrew* Pſalmes reherſe,
 Shall find true number in his words profeſſed,
 Not *Orpheus*, *Horrace* line could ſooner pierce
 Th'inchantèd braine: not *Homer* whom ſome geſſed
 To be chiefe Poet, this approoues it holy,
 Not as ſome hold deriu'd from *Apiſh* folly.

4

S. Hierome.

In verſe *Hexamiter* did *Moifes* praiſe
 The heauens Creator (through the red ſea flying,) *Archilochus* lambickes fiſt gan raiſe,
Apollo meetred Verſe, all Proſe denying,
Daphne the ſonne of *Mercury* aſſaies
 The *Elegeick* verſe (ſoone after dying,)
Theſpis: *Quintilian* Tragedies deuild,
 Which *Sophocles* ſoone after enterpriſd.

5

A Poëm is the richeſt Monument,
 And onely liues when Marble toombes decay,
 Shewing Kings deeds, their merit, and diſcent,
 Not ſtab'd by time, whom Sepulchers obey,
 Thou proud *Achilles* with thy great oſtent,
 Where ſtands thy Monumentall graue this day:
 Toome-makers die diſgrac't, then *Homer* truſt,
 By whom thy fame liues, now thy graue is duſt.

6

By Poëm *Troyes* name is preſeru'd from fire,
 Which elſe long ſince had periſht with the towne,
 Who in theſe dayes would for her fame inquire?
 Had not deuine wits Chronicled her downe,

Those flames that eate her buildings with like Ire,
Had burnt her Name, and swallowed her renowne ;
But Poësy apt all such things to saue,
Redeems her glory from Obliuions graue.

7

Poets are Makers, had great *Homer* pleas'd
Penelop had beene wanton, *Hellen*-chast,
The *Spartan* King the mutinous hoast appeas'd,
And smooch *Ulysses* with the horne disgra'st,
Thersites had the Imperiall Scepter ceas'd,
And *Agamemnon* in his rancke beene plast :
Oh ! *Homer*, t'was in thee *Troy* to subdue,
Thy pen, not *Greece* ; the *Troyans* ouerthrew.

8

Achilles, durst not looke on *Hector* when
He guld his Siluer armes in Greekish bloud,
Homer that lou'd him more then other men,
Gaue him such hart, that he gainst *Hector* stood,
Twas not *Achilles* sword, but *Homers* pen
That drew from *Hectors* breast a Crimson-flood :
Hector his *Myrindons*, and him subdude,
In such hye-blood faint hands were not imbrude.

9

Twas Poesy that made *Achilles* bold,
Stout *Ajax*, valiant, and *Ulysses* wise,
By *Homers* guift the great *Alcide* contrould
The hoast of *Greekes* : all such as highly prise
The sacred Muse, their Names are writ in gold,
Thersites was well featur'd, but denyes
The Muse her honor, therefore to his shame,
The Muse hath made him *Stigmaticke* and lame.

10

This made great *Scipio Affricanus* bring
Dead *Ennius* from the rude *Calabrian* Coast,
placing his statuë, that his prayse did sing,
In *Romes* hye Capitoll, who now can boast
Of such rich meede, worthy the greatest King ?
So *Pompey* guerdon'd learning to his cost :
And gaue a large Towne rounded with a Wall,
And thought it for the Muse a guift to small.

Pompey gaue
Theoptanes a
Citty.

S

Art

11

Art thou a Tyrant? to thy seruice take,
 Some *Helliconian* Scholler, whose fine quill
 To after times thy raigne, may gentle make,
 And giue them life, whom thou in rage didst kill:
 Art thou a Vsurer? Wilt thou not forsake
 A hundred for a hundred? Learne this skill:
 To some one fluent *Poet* pension giue,
 And he shall make thy famous bounty liue.

12

Thais a Cur-
 tezan of *A-*
thens.

Lais a Curte-
 zan of *Corinth*

Had *Thais* fauour'd Arts, the Arts had raisd her,
 and made her Chast as Faire: This *Lucretia* knew,
 Because she lou'd the Muse, the Muse hath praisd her,
 Lending the knife, with which her selfe she flew:
 Who *Lais* can accuse? Though fame hath blaz'd her
 For wanton? who can say report is true?
 Happly though Chast, al Poets she eschewes,
 And now liues onely famous mongst the Stewes.

13

Art thou a Coward? Exhibitions lend
 To Schollers that shal make thee ventrous bold;
 Art thou a Glutton? Make the Muse thy friend?
 Or a loose Leacher? Giue thy Poet Gold,
 Hee'l cleare thy Fame, and giue thy scandall end,
 He can redeeme renowne, to ruine sold,
 Make Ryoters frugall, the dull blind to see,
 The Drunkard temperate, and the Couetous free.

14

Th'ambitious meeke, the Lofly minded low,
 Th'inconstant stable, and the Rough, remisse;
 Women that your defectiue humors know,
 Are likewise by your bounty helpt in this,
 Some speciall grace vnto the Muses show,
 That haue the power t'inthrone your names in blisse:
 Had faire fac't *Hellen* this opinion cherisht,
 O're-whelmed *Troy*, had not for her sake perisht.

15

They can make wantons Ciuill, the Foole wise,
 The stooping Straight, the Tawny coloured faire,
 The merry, Modest, and the Loose, precise,
 and change the colour both of face and haire,

All your Mercuriall mixtures then dispyse,
For your Vermillion tinctures take no care :
What neede you far for couloured vnctions seeke,
When our blacke Inke can better paint thy cheeke.

16

Some of this Artfull colour now I want,
Which from the Muses I desire to borrow,
In Melancholly *Priam* to dispaint
The perfect Image and true face of Sorrow,
At sight of ruine *Troy* his spirits faint,
Yet after gathers strength, and on the morrow
Resolues himselfe with bootlesse cares to strue,
To interre the dead, and cheere those that surue.

17

In processe, taking truce with all Vexation,
Priam intends a fayrer *Troy* to reate
Of larger bounds, so layes a firme foundation
So strong, that being mounted they need feare
Nor *Phæbus* wrath, nor *Neptunes* Inundation,
Nor any other bordering Neighbour neare:
His Towne repayrd, King *Priam* in small space,
Takes to his Wife a Princessse, borne in *Thrace*.

18

Great *Aegiseus* Daughter, *Hecuba*
Prooues Mother of fve Sonnes, the first in Row
Hector, the boldest Knight in *Asia*,
Paris the fayrest, expert in the bow,
Then *Deiphæbus*, named by *Phæbus* ray,
Helemus taught all hidden Arts to know:
Bold *Troilus* youngest of his Mothers store,
Hath Bastard-Brothers fve and forty more.

19

Some thinke young *Polidore* from her descended,
And *Ganimed* that standes in *Aebes* place,
Her Eldest Girle *Creusa*, much commended
Matcht with *Eneas*, of a Noble race,
Whose puifance next: *Priam* most extended
Then sweet *Cassandra*, one of regall grace,
A Prophetesse: but *Polixene* surpast,
Fayrest of all the world, and *Hecubs* last.

Aegiseus King
of *Thrace*.
*Hecubæ*s Issue.

S 2

But

20

But now since Armes, and Battailes, Swords, & Speares,
With othet warlike Engines we must vse,
Before *Troyes* rich aboundance touch our eares,
With some delay we must restraine our Muse,
To shew what people the first Armour beares
And who they were first broake the generall Truce:
In the first age, erae men keene weapons knew,
They fought with naked fists, but no man flew.

21

Diodorus.

Tully.

Iosephus.

Homer.

Aetolus Sonne
to Mars.

Some say, the *Thracian Mars* first Armour brought,
Others, that *Pallas* was of wars the ground,
Others, that *Tubal-Cayne* for weapons fought,
And taught the way how to defend and wound,
Most thinke *Lame Vulcan* on the *Styth* first wrought
Helmets, Swords, Speares, the *Lacedemons* found:
The *Haberion Midias*, *Messenius* filed,
Iauelins and Darts *Aetolus* first compiled,

22

Herodotus.

Polidor.

Plutarch.

Yet were not Souldiers arm'd at euery Peece,
Some thinke th' *Egyptians* flourisht in this trade,
And Helmets and bright Salets brought to *Greece*,
Leg-harnesse by the *Carians* was first made,
These *Iason* vsde in Conquest of the fleece,
Great *Fuluius Flachus* *Iustings* Speares assayde:
At *Capua* first, by old *Tyrhenus* framed,
For the browne Bill, the *Thracian* was first named.

23

Dares.

The first that
was seene to
vse the shield.

Pyses the hunting Staffe, the warlike Queene
Penthisilea, taught the *Pollax*-fight,
Crosse-bowes were first among the *Cretans* scene,
Quarries and Bolts the *Syrians* bring to fight,
The euer-bold-*Phenetians* furnisht beene
With Brakes and Slings to Chronicle their might:
In lists appointed, in the *Argine* fields,
Acrisius and bold *Pretus* fought with shields.

24

Epeus at *Troyes* seidge the *Ramme* deuilde,
The *Tortoyes* Citty wals to vndermine,
Artemon Clazemonius enterprisde
Bellerephon, to imitate the signe

Cald *Sagitaris*, Footmanship dispisde,
And backt the *Tennet*: after some Deuine:
Bridles, Bits, Trappings, to adorne a Steede,
Seru'd first the *Peletronians* warlike speede.

25

But of all Hellish Engines, he whose brayne
By Deuillish practise first deuisd the Gun,
The world shall Vniuersally complaine
A generall murder, by that, *Almain* done,
By which the strong men are by Weakelings slaine,
By him hath many a Mother lost her Sonne:

This Hell-borne Art, since by the Deuill must
Venice against the *Genoes* practise first.

26

Of *Priam* now, and of his royall seede,
Their fashions, and their features *Dares* writes,
The aged King of puissance in his deed,
And in his prime-age expert in all fights:
Tall, but well shaped, Mounted on his Steede,
In Horseman-ship excelling all his Knights:
Grised his heyre, grey-eyde, Beard full and long,
Soft voy'd, his limbs, though slender, rare and strong.

27

In enterprises dreadlesse: early rysing,
Eating betimes, with Musicke highly pleas'd,
Not rash to execute, but with a dunsing,
Sound in his body, and no way diseald,
Vpright in sentence, flattery dispising,
Apt to be angry, and as soone appeald:
Euen to the last, in armes his body prouing,
Amorous of Ladies, and Souldiers dearely louing.

28

Hector the eldest of King *Priams* race,
Past in his puissance all Knights of that age,
An able body, and a pleasant face,
Affable, and not much inclinde to rage,
Big-limb'd, but featur'd well, which added grace
To his proportion, young, but grauely sage:
His flesh tough-hard, but white, his blew veines ayery,
His quicke eye fiery bright: his skin much heyry.

S 3

His

Peletronians a
nation of *Thef-*
saly.

Macheuil *histe-*
rie Florentina.

Priam:

Hector.

29

His head short curld : his beard an aburne browne,
 His pleasant Language lispig, but not lowd,
 (Saue in the wars) he was not seene to frowne,
 Saue to his Gods and King, he neuer bowd,
 In field a Lyon, but a Lambe in towne,
 Strong without equall, but in Armes not prowde,
 Was neuer knowne to speake felonious word,
 Or but against *Troyes* foes to vse a sword.

30

Aduentrous bold, but with discreet aduice,
 Patient of trauell, with no labour tyr'd,
 In the *Pannonian* wars he triumpht thrice,
 And more the Tent, then walled towne desird,
 Oft hath his pillow bin a Caue of Ice,
 Oft hath his sword his foes Caske proudly fird
 To warme him by, when he before appard
 With *Isicles* low hanging at his beard.

31

Forth of *Troyes* gates neare yssued man so strong,
 So double vertued, Chiuallrous and mild,
 Or better Vsher through a Martiall throng,
 Mongst foes a Gyant, to his friends a Child,
 Dreaded and lou'd, and sooner bea'ring wrong,
 Then knowne t'oppresse : he neuer grace exild
 From Captiues, whom in armes he ouerthrew,
 He neuer fled the strong, or yeilding flew.

32

A *Homers* fluence, or a *Virgils* pen,
 Behooues him that should giue great *Hector* due,
 Whom with this Title, *Valiantest of Men*,
 I now forbear his Brothers to pursue :
 Next *Alexander* firnam'd *Paris*, when
 His Mothers ominous dreame mongst Shepherds threw
 The infant Prince. In him you may discouer
 The true proportion of a perfect Louer.

33

Straight bodied, mid-stat'u'd, wondrous faire,
 A pleasant looke, his eye both great and gray,
 Round visag'd, soft, and Crispe at end his haire,
 Smooth skind, well spoke, effeminate euery way,

Paris.

No Coward, eloquent, an Archer rare,
Swift, a good Huntſ-man, and much giuen to play,
Cunning at *Cheſſe*, which as moſt voyces run,
Was by King *Priam* firſt in *Troy* begun.

Davis.
Cheſſ-play
firſt deuiled
in *Troy*.

34
Louing gay cloaths, and go richly clad,
Coſtly in Iewels, and ſtones highly rated,
Quicke-witted, ieſting, dallying, ſeldome glad,
Who aboue all things Melancholy hated:
At looſe laſciuious ſpeeches ſeeming ſad,
And by all Starre-coniecture fairely ſated,
A Courtly carriage, and a promiſing face,
A manly looke mixt with a womanish grace.

35
Bold *Deiphebus*, and wiſe *Helenus*,
Were ſcarſe to be diſtinguiſht, both ſo like:
The laſt a Clarke, ſawes hidden to diſcuſſe,
The firſt not taught to pray ſo well as ſtrike,
The one deuout, the other Chiualrous,
One grub'd his pen, while th'other toſt his Pike:
Though ſeuerall byrths, yet twins they ſeemed rather
And both the true proportions of their Father.

Deiphebus.

Helenus.

36
The moſt redoubred *Troilus* youngſt of ſiue,
Next after *Hector* was eſteemd in field,
(Sue this bold brother) the beſt Knight aliue,
Moſt expert in the uſe of ſword and ſhield:
Amorous of *Calchas* daughter: Ladies ſtrive
Which to his ſweet embracements ſoon'ſt may yeild:
Neuer was Knight in valor better proued,
Or Courtier amongſt Ladies deerlyer loued.

Troilus.

Crefida.

37
Then in one word, his aprifes to comprife,
He was another *Hector*, ſhape, looke, gate,
Stature, proportion, faſhion, haire, and eyes;
Martiall encounter, or for Courtly ſtate,
Aeneas a bold Knight, a Stateſ-man wiſe,
Louer of peace, and foe to ſterne debate:
A Counſellor and Souldier, who imparts,
Inequaliz'd proportion, Armes and Arts.

Aeneas.

Large

38

Large stature, and broad set, deuinely skild,
His haire by Nature browne, but grayed with yeares,
Cleare ey'd, sharpe visag'd, but with colour fild,
One of King *Priams* best esteemed Peeres,
Sober in speech, and seene to laugh but seild,
Whom *Paphian Venus* by *Anchises* beares,
Preferring much the Counsels of the old,
And Beards of Siluer, before Haires of Gold.

39

Anthenor.

Anthenor, second to *Aeneas*, blacke,
Long, and leane visag'd, whom the King affected
And much esteem'd his Counsell, in the sacke
And fall of *Troy*, by *Priam* much suspected,

Polydorus.

Polydorus his sonne, in whom no lacke
Of vertue was, or valor well directed:
Of Counsell with his Father in *Troyes* fall,
Resembling him, leane visag'd, swart, and tall.

40

Menon.

Menon of all the Kings that *Priam* ayded
With best assistance, and most valiant Knights,
Broad-brested, and big-limb'd, not soone disswaded
From hostile oppositions, and sterne fights,
By him was many a *Gracian* Knight disgtaded,
Whom hope of Honour, more then gaine incites:

Hecuba.

Queene *Hecuba*, Religious, Graue, well staide,
A Manly Woman, somewhat rudely made.

41

Andromache.

Andromache, well shapt, looking aloft,
Exceeding faire, her eye-ball broad and cleare,
Her *Alabaster* skin, white, smooth, and soft,
A worthy Wife to such a worthy Peere,
As full of Grace as Beauty, praying oft,
A visage Louely, but withall seuer:
Promising loue, but with so Chast an eye,
That what her beauty grants, her lookes deny.

42

Cressa.

Cressa like her Mother bodied well,
But nothing faire, her grace is manly rude;
Onely the wife *Aeneas* happy fell
Into her fauour, with good Thewes include,

Her inward, more then outward gifts excell,
Vnapt young amorous Courtiers to delude,
A gracious, affable, kind, modest Creature,
Loued for her Vertues, more then for her feature.

43

Cassandra, *Hecubs* second, chaste and wise,
A profest Virgin, and Deuinely red,
In Deuinations, Sawes, and Prophecies,
She for her life abandons *Hymens* bed;
Faire-hair'd, Meane-statur'd, Round-mouth'd, stedfast eies
Sometime her yellow Lockes about her spread:
(Rapt with Deuineest fury) oft she weares,
Like a rich cloake, wouen of her golden haire.

Cassandra

44

But young *Polixena* among the rest,
Most Beautifully perfect, Rauishing sweet,
Of all *Terrestriall* graces, loe the best,
In one exact and Compleat creature meet,
Celestiall coloured veines, Swan-downy brest,
And from her Natiue golden crowne to feet
Spotlesse, her brow the whitest, eye the clearest,
And her Rose coloured Cheeke of al Dyes dearest.

Polixena

45

One Ladies beauty lies most in her haire,
Anothers in her Cheeke, this in her brow,
Her eye is quicke, another colour's rare,
To which the Knights their deeds of Honour vow,
Foot, skin, or hand: and all esteemed faire,
The least of these best Iudging wits alow:
And where but one of all these are extended,
For that one gift bright Ladies are commended.

29

On such quicke feet as makes yon Lady praisd,
Polixena doth lightly touch the ground,
Such hands as make anothers name imblazd,
White, azure-vain'd within her Glones are found;
A body on two Iuory columnes raisd,
A brest so white, a Globe-like head so round:
a haire, so bright-hewed Brests so softly sweld,
Saue in this maide no Mortall hath beheld.

She

47

She is all beauty, Nature shew'd her skill
 To haue this Maide made in all parts compleate,
 her Store-house, the Creator first did fill,
 The Prodigall Queene, doth for the Lady cheate
 her Surplusse, then the world lamenteth still
 The *Troian* Ladyes Larges was so great:
 That hye-borne women yet in many places,
 Are for't since her, to haue hard-fauoured faces.

48

But least we dwell vpon her shape too long,
 From her vnto the buildings we looke downe,
 Leauing the Ladyes sayre, the Princes strong,
 It followes, that we next suruiew the Towne,
 How *Priam* sought to quit *Hesiones* wrong,
 His Scepter, State, and his Imperiall Crowne:
 These by th'assistance of th'all-guiding Fate,
 And by the Muses helpe, we next relate.

49

The fixe gates
 of Troy.

The glorious Towers and Spyres of *Troy* looke hye,
 Sixe principall Percullist Gates admit
 The people in and out: first *Dardany*,
Fimbria the second (but scarce finisht yet)
Hely the third: we *Chetas* next descry,
Troyen the fift, with Marble Turrets fit:
 The sixt and last, but of like state with these,
 Cald by *Antenor*, *Antenorides*.

50

Vn-numbred Pallaces, houses of State,
 With their guilt couers seeme to mocke the Sunne,
 Which towards heauen their hye tops eleuate,
 Staples of *Forraine* Marchants now begun,
 Free Traffickt-Marts, and Wares of euery rate,
 By which, much wealth may be acquird and wun:
 Nothing is wanting in this New-built-Towne,
 That may acquire *Troy* Riches or Renowne.

51

The Riner
Symois.

Midst this young Citties hart, a Riuer glydes,
 Bleeding her Azure veines through enery streete;
 Whose meeting streames a spacious Channell guides
 To the maine Ocean, where the *Trojan* flecte

In all tempestuous sea-stormes safely rides,
The Merchant ferried for his pleasure, meets
His laden Lyters, Barkes, and ships of trade,
Whom at their rich keyes they with Cranes vnlade.

52

Vpon the highest hill the rest o're-peering
The Pallace royall doth the King erect,
On her wind-mouing vanes *Troyes* Scutchion wearing,
Whose shyning guilt vpon the Towne reflect,
The Marble posts, and *Porphyr*-Collumnes bearing,
Roofes of pure-gold from the best Mines select;
By good aduise they *Istium* Towers inuest,
A Citadell to ouer-looke the rest.

53

The glorious Sunne, from whose all-seeing eye,
Nothing on earth can be conceiled long,
In his Diurnall trauels through the sky,
Saw neuer Pallace built so faire and strong,
The square *Pyramides* appeared hye,
As if they had bin rear'd the Clouds among,
The Porches, Tarras, windowes, Arches, Towers,
Resembling one of *Ihoues* Celestiall Bowers.

54

More then the rest his great Hall men admire,
Built like th'*Olimpicke* pallace, where *Ihoue* feasts,
Paued with bright Starres, like those of Heauenly fire,
On which he treads, when he inuites his guests,
The roofe hung round with Angels (a rich Quire)
With Diamond eyes, red Rubies in their breasts,
Holding like Grapes long branches in their fists,
Of *Emeralds* greene, and purple *Amethests*.

55

At one end of the Hall stands *Priams* Throne,
To which by twelue degrees the King ascended,
His chaire all Gold, and set with many a Stone,
By curled Lyons, and grim Beares defended,
Who seem'd to fawne on him that sat thereon,
The curious Grauer all his Art extended:
The sauage Monsters that support his chaire,
Euen to the life, cut and proportiond are.

Next

56

Next this, from twenty hie steps looking downe
Towards the Skreene aloft inthroned stands
Ihones Statuë, on's head a glorious Crowne,
An vniuerse and Scepter grac'ft both hands :
His length full fiftene foot, his colour browne,
His front Maiesticke, like him that commands :
His state, as when with Gods he was couersing,
His face so dreadfull, and his eye so piercing.

57

By his Stone-shining Alter, rooted growes
The rich *Palladium*, the two Thrones betwixt,
Whose golden roote enameld Branches strowes
Through the vast Hall, the leaues with blossomes mixt :
Mongst which ripe Fruits their coloured sides dispose,
As mellowed with the Sun, Deuinely fixt ;
A wonder twas, this Arbor to behold,
The Fruit and blossomes Stones, the branches Gold.

58

Of selfe-same Metall was his dining boord,
Where with his Sonnes and Peeres oft times inuested
He eat in state, and sometimes would affoord
That stranger Peeres were at his Table feasted ;
In stead of plate they precious Lycours powr'd
Into bright hollowed Pearle, rarely digested,
Gold was thought base, and therefore for the nones,
They diu'd for Pearle, and pierst the rockes for stones.

59

With as great state as *Troian Priam* could,
I haue beheld our Soueraign, Strangers feast,
In Boules as precious, Cups, as deerely fould,
and hy-prizd Lyquors equall with the rest,
When from the *Landf-graue* and the *Brownf-wicke* bold,
The *Arch-duke* and the *Spaniard* Legats prest :
But chiefly when the royall Brittish *James*,
at *Greenwich* feasted the great King of *Danes*.

60

No King for wealth was to this King compared,
Fortune showrd all her bounties on his head,
No King had bold Sonnes that like *Priams* dared,
Or *Dames* with greater beauties garnished,

Kings and Kings sonnes were in their eyes insnared,
Whom their imperious beauties captiue led :

Prince *Hector* more his Fathers Crowne to grace,
Addes by his sword, *Pannonia*, *Phrigia*, *Thrace*.

61

Full with all plenty, with abundance stored,
Seeing his wals so strong, his Towne so faire,
Himselfe by forraigne Poterates ador'd,
And his Exchequer rich without compare,
Fifty tall sonnes, the least to vse a sword,
And most of them in Martiall Turneyes rare :
His Counsell graue, his Lords of hie degree,
As prouident, as full of Chialry.

62

He therefore now bethinkes him of his shame,
Done by the *Argiues* in *Alcides* dayes,
Therefore against all *Greece* will warre proclame,
And to their opposition, forces rayse,
He summons all his Lords, who forthwith came,
To whom assembled thus *King Priam* sayes :
Oh ! which of all this faire and princely traine,
Hath not (by *Greece*) a friend or Kinsman slaine.

63

Shew me the man hath not inricht their Treasure
With his owne substance by his Father lost,
Whose wiues & daughters haue not serud their pleasure,
If they be rich, they Reuell at our cost,
Their Barbarous Tyranies exceed all measure,
They spoil'd our Nauy on the salt Sea Coast ;
Beate downe our Walls, they pillag'd all our goods,
And waded knee-deepe in our Fathers bloods.

64

Amongst vn-numbered of your neare allyes,
My royall Father treacherously they slew,
Were not your Fathers in the selfe-same wyse
Butcher'd and mangled by that murderous crew ?
I see my words confirm'd in your wet eyes,
(Remembrance of these wrongs their moist teares drew)
Besides they slewe my Sister in their spleene,
A free borne princeesse, Daughter to a Queene,

T

Behold

Three king-
domes con-
quered by
Hector.

65

Behold my state, surueigh your priuate powers,
Is it for *Priams* honor this to beare?
Being your Soueraigne, my disgrace is yours,
And that which troubles me, should touch you neare;
We haue defer'd reuenge to these last howers,
Till we had gathered Armes, strength, wealth, and feare:
And now since heauen supplies our generall need,
I aske your Counsel: Is reuenge decreed?

66

So deeply did the Kings words pierce their breasts,
That with a generall voyce, *Reuenge they cry*,
Now euery man the inuasiue *Greeke* detests,
And thinkes it long, tili they can *Greece* desie,
Soone after this, the King his Nobles feasts,
Longing till some aduantage they can spy
To make their warre seeme iust, at length deuise
This colour to their Hostile enterprise.

67

That *Pryam* shall in courteous manner, send
To al the *Græcian* Kings, to aske againe
His captiue Sister, like a royall frend:
(Which if they grant,) in friend-ship to remaine:
But if this Embassie their cares offend,
And they the faire *Hesione* detain;
To Menace warre: *Anthenor* Nobly mand,
At *Priams* vrgence, takes this taske in hand.

68

In *Theffaly* where *Peleus* that time raig'n'd,
Anthenor after some few moneths ariues,
And of *Hesiones* estate complain'd,
That her returne might saue ten thousand liues,
But if to bondage shee were still constrain'd,
Her Brother that as yet by faire meanes striues,
Must in his Honour seeke by armes to gaine her,
Vnto their costs, that proudly dare detain her.

69

Peleus inrag'd, commands *Anthenor* thence,
Nor will he grace the *Troian* with reply,
That dare to him so proud a sute commence,
He therefore makes with speed from *Theffaly*,

Great *Telamonis* *Ajax* to incense,
Who keeps the Princeſſe in baſe Slauiery :
In *Salaminaes* Port he Anchor caſts,
And thence vnto Duke *Ajax* Pallace haſts.

70

Mildly of him the Embaſſador demands
Heſione, or if he keepe her ſtill,
With her to enter *Hymens* Nuptiall bands,
Not as a Slaue to ſerue his luſtfull will :
When *Tellamon* this Meſſage vnderſtands,
He was in thought, the *Troian* Lord to kil:
So ſcornefully the Duke his Meſſage tooke,
His face lookt pale, his head with anger ſhooke.

71

He tels him he is not allyde at all
With twice-won *Troy*, nor any league deſires ;
The beautious Princeſſe to his lot did fall,
Whom he wil keepe (and mauger all their yres,)
For ſcaling firſt *Troyes* well defended Wall,
She was his Trophies prize : He that aſpires
To take her thence, or once demand her backe,
Is but the meanes their *Troy* againe to Sacke.

72

And ſo commands him thence, who ſtill proceeds
Vnto *Achaia*, where the famous Twins
Caſtor and *Pollux* haue aduanc't their deeds,
And by their Valours were both crowned Kings ;
Vnto their Court in haſt *Anthenor* ſpeeds,
And to their eares his Embaſſie begins:
But they with *Telamons* rude ſcornes reply,
And charge him ſtraight out of their Conſines hie.

73

With like contempt Duke *Nefor* ſends him backe,
So did the two *Atrides* ; So the reſt
Of all the *Argine* Kings, command him packe
Out of their bounds, as an vnwelcome gueſt,
Since *Troy* deſeruedly indur'd ſuch wracke :
Anthenor answered thus, eſteemes it beſt,
Backe to reſaile, and to King *Priam* tell,
What in his bootleſſe voyage him befell.

T 2

The

74

The King at this reproach inflam'd with rage,
 Assembles all his people, Sonnes, and Peeres,
 Intending by their aydes new warre to wage,
 To which the youthfull Gallants wanting yeares,
 Freely assent, but those of riper age,
 Out of their grauer wisdom, not pale feares,
 Seeke by their Counsels *Priam* to perswade,
 To raigne in peace, and not proud *Greece* inuade.

75

Among the rest, great *Hector*, from whose tong
 Did neuer yssue proud discourteous word,
 Whom *Greece* nor *Troian* can accuse of wrong,
 Nor they within whose blouds he glaz'd his sword,
 Rayseth himselfe aboute the populous throng,
 And thus he sayes : Who rather should afford
 Vengeance on *Greece*, then I your eldest sonne,
 To whom these rough iniurious wrongs are done.

*Hectors Ora-
 tion.*

76

But if we well consider what a foe,
 And what great wrath vpon our heads we pull,
 Not *Greece* alone, but all that homage owe,
Asia and *Affricke* make their numbers full,
 The oddes is too vnequall, therefore knowe,
 I am of thought all warres to disanull.
Troy's but a Citty, and though rich and strong,
 Yet gainst the world oppos'd, must needs take wrong.

77

Why will Rich *Priam* hazard his estate,
 Being in peace? what need we couet warre?
 What can we more desire, then fortunate?
 So *Priam*, *Troy*, and all our people are :
 Why should we seeke t'incurre the *Argiue* hate,
 Of which remains so incurable a scarre?
 Wisemen in their reuenges should forsee
 What ends may fall, not what beginnings be.

78

My Grand-sire's dead, perhaps he did offend,
 But howsoeuer he cannot now suruiue?
 To seeke his life we vainely should contend :
 Methinkes in this against the Gods we strue,

What the *Greekes* mar'd, the Gods themselves amend,
Whence should we then our detriments deriue?

Our *Troy* is since her second fall, much fairer,
Her people richer, and her buildings rarer.

79

Troy lost a King, that losse your Grace supply,
And though (your sonne) of this I proudly vant,
He is in you receiu'd with vsury,
They pillag'd vs, and yet we nothing want,
Of all their wounds, we not one scarre can spy,
Vnlesse *Hesione* our Princely Ant:

Whose bondage long since hapning, we may gesse,
The custome and continuance makes seeme lesse.

80

But howsoeuer neare to mee allyde,
I do not hold her freedome of that meed,
That for her sake *Troy* should in blood be dyde,
Priam or any of his yssue bleed:

And for this cause do I my selfe deuide
From their rash Counsel, that Reuenge decreed:

Knowing all warre is doubtfull, and fore-seeing
Of *Troy*, what it may be, not of *Troies* being.

81

If any hot blood prouder then the rest,
Accuse my words, and thinke I speake through feare,
I wish that man the boldest *Gracian* guest
That euer with *Alcides* Anchor'd heare,
That I might print my valour on his Crest,
And on his armed Vaunt-brace proue my Speare:

This said, great *Hector* Congied to the King,
Then takes his place, when vp doth *Paris* spring.

82

And to the King his *Idaes* dreame relates,
And how he iudg'd three beauties for the ball;
How farre he *Venus*' boue the rest instates,
The fairest *Greeke* vnto his lot must fall,
A fit reuenge for those whom *Priam* hates:

For if the King will make him Generall,

He makes no doubt, from *Greece* a Queene to bring,
Shall equalize the Sister of the King.

T 3

Now

83

Now all the peoples voyce on his side flowes,
 In euery eare his famous dreame is rise,
 When ranckt next *Paris*, *Deiphebus* growes,
 Perfwading still to giue these discords life,
 As one that by presumptions thus much knowes,
 His voyage can procure no further strife:
 Then if the promising Fates assist his Brother,
 To proue th'exchange of one Queene for another.

84

The prophesie
 of *Helenus*.

But *Helenus* with sacred spels indude,
 Seekes this prepared voyage to restrayne,
 He saith, the *Greekes* shall with their hands imbrude
 In *Troyes* bloud royall, conquer once againe,
 Intreating *Paris*, he will not delude
 Theyr reuerent cares, with dreames and visions vaine:
 Assuring him, that of this Quest shall grow
 The Citties vniuersall ouerthrow.

85

When youthfull *Troylus* thus: Who euer heard
 A bookish Priest perfwade to hostile Armes,
 Let such as are to Fates and Sawes indeard,
 Crouch by the fires that smoking Alters warmes,
 And cherish their faint sinnewes (much affeard)
 Dreading their owne, not Souldiers threatned harmes:
 He that's a Priest, amongst priests let him pray,
 We Souldiers cry *Arme*: and a glorious day.

86

What lets the King my Father, but to grant
 My Brother *Paris* a right royall fleete?
 That in reuenge of our surpris'd Aunt,
 He Warlike prayes among the *Gracians* meete?
 Shall tymorous Clarkes our Martiall Spirits dant?
 No royall Father: know reuenge is sweet:
 Which since the Fates by visions promise beare:
 Not to obey their Hests, we Cowards were.

87

Troylus preuailes, and *Hector* is perfwaded
 To shun the imputation of base feare,
 With which his courage should be wrong vpbrayded,
 A tymorous thought came neuer *Hector* neare,

Since tis agreed that *Greece* must be inuaded,
Hee'l guard his honor with his sword and Speare:
Or if the *Gerekes* will on the *Troians* pray,
Through his bold body they shall first make way.

88

Without his faire applause it had not past,
So reuerent was th'opinion of his braine;
His words were Oracles, so sweetly gracst,
They generall murmur in all Counsels gaine,
His free consent they hauing weon at last,
The King appoints them a well furnisht traine,
With two and twenty Ships well rig'd and man'd,
In any part of *Greece* freely to Land.

89

Which when the Prophetesse *Cassandra* heares,
Indu'de with deuine wisdom, she exclames,
Her yellow Tramels she in fury teares,
And cries alowd: poore *Troy* shall burne in flames.
Oh had not changelesse Fate made deafe their eares
They had bin mou'd: Th'vnhappy King she blames:
The credulous Queene, rash *Paris*, and all *Troy*,
That giue consent their Citty to destroy.

90

But as her Deuinations neuer fayled,
So were they neuer credited for true,
Till *Troy* vnwares with mischief was assayled,
And then too late their misbeliefe they rue,
They that now held her mad, ere long bewailed
Their slacke distrust, when threatned Ils ensue:
But twas a Fate their Sawes were still neglected,
and till prooud true by proesse: false, suspected.

91

Apollo, in whose sacred gift remains
The true presage and ken of future things,
Dotes on *Cassandraes* beauty, and complaines,
To her chaste eares he tunes his golden strings;
The crafty Girle that in her heart disdaines
The gold, as she had earst despised Kings,
Demands a boone, which *Phabus* hath decreed
To grant *Cassandra*, in sure hope to speed.

*Phabus and
Cassandra.*

He

92

He sweares by *Styx*, an oath that cannot change,
 That he will graunt what she shall next impose him,
 She askes to know the skill of secrets strange,
 And future Prophetesies; withall she shewes him
 Her beauty where his eyes may freely range:
 The amorous God of Fire lecrely throwes him
 In her faire lap, and on her Iuory brest,
 Laies his bright head, so grants her her request.

93

But when she feeles a deuine spirit infus'd
 Through all her parts, (this *Phæbus* did inspire,)
 She fled his loose imbraces, and refus'd
 By any meanes to accomplish his desire:
 He mad with anger to be thus abus'd,
 Thus sayes: Thou think'st to mock the God of Fire:
 Thy Sawes, though sooth, yet shall do no man good,
 Not be beleu'd, or else not vnderstood.

94

This was the cause the King remain'd vnrou'd,
 The Queene vntoucht with her lamenting cries,
 And all those Princes that their safeties lou'd,
 Though long for-warn'd, her Counsell yet despise,
 Her Spels haue credit, when th'euent is prou'd,
 Till then, though true, they are esteemed lies:
 But leaue *Cassandra* to her ceaselesse care,
 And *Paris* to his *Troian* Fleet prepare.

95

Who with his Brother *Desphebus* sends,
 To haue *Aeneas* to the Seas with speed,
Polydamus, *Anthenor*, and such friends,
 As in this generall voyage were agreed,
 His Souldiers most *Pannonians*, he intends
 Shall rather see his Aunt from *Ajax* freed,
 Or some bright *Gracian* Queene, for her disgrace
 Shall Captiue liue in faire *Hesiones* place.

96

Imbarckt, and passing diuers Seas, at last,
 In *Lacedemons* Port they safely Land,
 But what twixt *Paris* and bright *Hellen* past,
 What fauours he receiu'd from her faire hand,

How the Greeke Spartan Queene the Troian grac'st,
You in the sequell Booke must vnderstand,
Some small retyrement at this time we craue,
What you want heere, another place shall haue,

Touching the Dignity of Poets, I referre you to Ouids 3.
Booke, De arte Amandi, omitting others, translating
him thus :

See, see, What alterations rude time brings,
Poets of old, were the right hands of Kings,
Large were their gifts, supream was their reward,
Their meeterd Lines with feare and reuerence hard,
Honour, and state, and sacred Maiesty,
Belong'd to such as studied Poetry:
Ennius (by Scipio the great) was sought,
And from the Mountaines in Calabria brought:
Dishonoured now, the Iuy Garland lies,
The Ancient worship vnto Poets dies,
Yet should we striue our owne fames to awake,
Homer an euerlasting worke did make,
His Illiades cald, else who had Homer knowne,
Had Danae in her Tower an old wise growne,
And neuer vnto publish view resorted,
How had her beauty bin so farre reported?

And in another place proceedeth thus :

We in our flowing numbers beauty praise,
And in our Poems your deserts can raise:
We first bestow'd on Nemesis a name,
Cinthia by our admittance keeps hir fame,
Lycoris neuer hath bin knowne before,
By vs she sounds in euery forraine shore,
And many proffer me large gifts, to know
Who my Corinna is, whom I praise so:
In vs there is a power shall neuer perrish,
Vs the Pierides and Muses cherrish:
A Godhead raignes in vs, & with the stars,
We haue Trafficke and acquaintance, holding wars
Which none saue Barbarisme, our Sacred spirit,
We from the hye Deuineſt powers inherit.

Poly

Polydor was sonne to Priam and Hecuba, who was committed to Polynestor, to be kept in the time of the Trojan warres, with a great sum of money.

The description of the Troians be according to Dares the Trojan, who lived in the warres of Troy, and writ their utter subuersion.

The Peletronij were the Lapithes, who first found the vse of Bridles, Bits, and Snaffels, so cald of Peletronium a Towne in Theffaly.

Castor and Pollux were two twins, whom Iupiter begot of Læda, Kings in Achaya, Brothers to Helena.

The Fortunes of Paris, his casting out to bee a Sheapherd after the ominous dreame of his Mother, with the vision of the three Goddesses in the mount of Ida, are more at large expressed in his Epistle to Helena.

Cassandraes Prophecies true, and neuer credited, alude to the Prophet Tyresias a Southsayer of Thebes. Who with striking two Adders ingendring, became forthwith a Woman. Seauen yeares after, he likewise finding two Serpents, stroke them, and was immediately turned againe into a man, and participated both the affection of man and woman.

It so fell out, that Iupiter and Iuno arguing, fel into great difference: Shee holding obstinately Women lesse wanton then men: Hee affirming men lesse Lasciuious then Women: and who can better moderate this discention then Tyresius, that had felt the desires of both, to him they appeale; He tooke Iupiters part, and averd Women to be most Luxurious: At which Iuno inraged, strooke him with blindnesse, which because Iupiter could not helpe (for one Godde cannot vndoe what another hath done) she gaue him the guift of Prophecie: to which, the spightfull Goddesse added also this, that his Prophecies (though true) yet they shoulde neuer bee beleueued.

Clazemonij were people of Ionia. Of that Country, Artemo, was cald Clazemonius: It was the name of a Physitian in Pliny, also a beautiful young man much loued of al Women.

Mideus was called Messenius of Messe, a Towne in Peloponefus.

Of Actisius wee haue spoake before, the Father of Danae his Brother Prætus, sought to dispossesse him

him of his kingdom, and they are said to be the first that used a shield in battaile.

Of the Palladium, what it was, many writers differ: Palladia, are all such Images as are made without hands, or such as fell from heauen to Earth: such was the Palladiū of Troy, and light first in the City Pessinus, a Mart-Towne in Phrygia, where Sibell had a Temple. Others thinke it to be giuen by Iupiter to Icus the Brother of Ganimed, whose censure we most allow. Though others write this Palladium to bee made by Asius a great Phylosopher, and a Mathematician, of whom the thirde part of the world was called Asia, being modelled with this Vertue, that the City which inioyed it, shoulde for the time be inuincible. The like things was attributed to the shafts of Hercules, giuen to Philoctetes by dying Hercules in the Mount Oeta, betweene Theffaly and Macedonia, when the Delphian Oracles had signified to the Greeks, that Troy could neuer be surprised without the shaftes of Hercules, they sought Philoctetes, and demaunding of him those spoiles (which hee was bound by oath to conceale) being extreamely urged, hee pointed with his foote to the place where they were buried, which the ioyfull Greeks inioying, they receaued by them victory, and the Troians the ouerthrow.

Pherecidas.

Dio.
Diodorus.Iohannes An-
tiocheus.

The end of the eight
CANTO.



Argumentum

PARIS departs from Troy, & Greece doth enter
Whom Menelaus welcomes, hauing seene;
The King is cald thence by a strange aduenter
And to his Troian-guest he trusts his Queene:
Paris fayre Hellen Loues, & doth present her
With a long sute, to heale his wound yet greene:
First Paris writes, she answers; Then with ioy
Greece they forsake, & both are shipt for Troy

ARG. 2.

B Right Hellen courted, Paris birth and Fate,
With his Loue-trickes, Iota shall relate.

CANTO. 9.



Hocan describe the
purity of those,
Whose beauties are by Sacred
Vertues guided,
Or who their vgly pictures
that oppose
Their beauties against
Chastity deuided,
Proud *Lucifer* an *Angell* was, but chose
Vice: Vertue to eschew: and from heauen slid:
Women like him (in shape *Angellicall*)
are *Angels* whilst they stand, *Deuils* when they fall.

2

Their gifts well vsd, haue power t'inchant the wise,
To daunt the bold, and ruinate the strong,
Which well applyde, can make the ruin'd rise,
The Coward valiant, weake to tast no wrong,

They are all poyson, when they wantonize,
All Soueraigne, where ther's Vertue mixt among:
Chast, nothing better; wanton, nothing worle,
The grate-fulst Blessing, or the greatest Curle.

3

Had *Spartan Hellen* bin as chaste as faire,
her Vertue sooner might haue raifd a *Troy*
Then her loose gestures: great without compare;
Had power so rich a Citty to destroy:
By this time all the *Troians* Landed are,
and *Paris* of the Queene receiu'd with ioy:
To whom th' inamored Prince in priuate sends
These lines, in which his duty he commends.

The Epistle of Paris to Hellen.

H Ealth unto *Ladaes* daughter, *Priams* son
Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won
But by your guift, in whose power it may lie,
To make me whole or sicke; to liue, or die:
Shall I then speake? Or doth my flame appeare
Plaine without Index? Oh, tis that I feare:
My Loue without discovering smile takes place,
And more then I could wish shines in my face:
When I could rather in my thoughts desire
To hide the smoke, til time display the fire:
Time, that can make the fire of Loue shine cleare,
Vntroubled with the misty smoke of feare:
But I dissemble it, for who I pray
Can fire conceale, that will it selfe betray?
yet if you looke, I should affirme that plaine
In words, which in my countenance I maintaine:
I burne, I burne, my fault I haue confest,
My words beare witnesse how my lookes transgrest.
Oh pardon me that haue confest my error,
Cast not vpon my lines a looke of terror,
But as your beautie is beyond compare,
Suite vnto that your lookes (oh you most faire)
That you my Letter haue receiu'd, by this
The supposition glads me, and I wish

By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me strong,
 you will receiue me in some sort ere long,
 I aske no more then what the Queene of Beauty
 Hath promist me, for you are mine by duty,
 By her I claime you, you for me were made,
 And she it was my iourney did perswade:
 Nor Lady thinke your beauty vainely sought,
 I by deuine instinct was hether brought,
 And to this enterprize, the heauenly powers,
 Haue giuen consent, the Gods proclaime me yours,
 I ayne at wonders, for I couet you,
 yet pardon me, I aske but whats my due,
 Venus her selfe my iourney hether led,
 And giues you freely to my promist bed:
 Vnder her safe conduct the seas I past,
 Till I arriu'd vpon these Coasts at last:
 Shipping my selfe from the Sygean shore,
 Whence vnto these Confines my course I bore:
 She made the Surges gentle, the winds fayre,
 Nor maruell whence these calmes proceeded are,
 Needs must she power vpon the salt-Seas haue,
 That was sea-borne, created from a waue,
 Still may she potent stand in her ability,
 And as she made the seas vvith much facility
 To be through-saild, so may she calme my heat,
 And beare my thoughts to their desired seat:
 My flames I found not Here, no, I protest,
 I brought them with me closed in my brest,
 My selfe transported then without Atturney,
 Lone was the Motine to my tedious iourney;
 Not blustering Winter when he triumpht most,
 Nor any error droue me to this Coast,
 Nor led by Fortune where the rough winds please,
 Nor Marchant-like for gaine crost I the Seas:
 Fulnesse of wealth in all my Fleet I see,
 I am rich in all things saue in wanting thee.
 No spoile of petty Nations my Ship seekes,
 Nor Land I as a spie among the Greekes,
 What need we? See of all things we haue store,
 Compar'd vvith Troy (alas) your Greece is pore.

For thee I come, thy fame hath thus farre driuen me,
Whom golden Venus hath by promise giuen me,
I Wist thee ere I knew thee, long ago,
Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious show:
I saw thee in my thoughts, know beauntious Dame,
I first beheld you with the eyes of Fame,
Nor maruell Lady I was stroke so farre,
Thus Darts or Arrowes sent from Bowes of warre
Wound a great distance off: so was I hit
With a deepe smarting wound that ranekles yet,
For so it pleas'd the Fates, whom least you blame,
Ile tell a true Tale to confirme the same.

When in my Mothers wombe full ripe I lay,
Ready the first houre to behold the day,
And she at point to be deliuered streight,
And to unlade her of her Royall freight,
My Byrth-houre was delaid, and that sad night
A fearefull vision did the Queene affright,
In a sonnes stead to please the aged Sire,
She dreamt she had brought forth a Brand of fire,
Frighted she rises, and to Priam goes,
To the old King this ominous dreame she shoves:
He to the Priest, the Priest doth this returne,
That the Child borne shall stately Illium burne:
Better then he was ware the Prophet guest,
For loe a kindled Brand flames in my brest,
To preuent Fate a Pesant I was held,
Till my faire shape all other Swaines exeld,
And gaue the doubtfull world assurance good,
your Paris was deriu'd from royall blood.

Amid the Idean Fields there is a place
Remote, full of hie Trees, which hide the face
Of the greene maptled Earth, where in thicke rowes,
The Oake, the Elme, the Pine, the Pitch-tree growes:
Heere neuer yet did browse the wanton Ewe,
Nor from this plot the slow Oxe lick the dew:
The sauage Goat that feeds among the Rockes
Hath not graz'd heere, nor any of their Flockes,
Hence the Dardanian wals I might espy,
The lofty Towers of Illium reared hy,

Hecubas
dreame.

To preuent
the Oracle,
Paris was cast
out among the
shepheards of
Ida.

The vision of
Paris.

Iuno, Pallas,
and Venus.

Hence I the Seas might from the firme Land see,
Which to behold, I leant me to a Tree:
Beleeue me, for I speake but what is true,
Downe from the skies with feathered pynions flew
The Nephew to great Atlas, and doth stand
With Golden Caducens in his hand,
(This as the Gods to me thought good to show,
I hold it good that you the same should know:
Three Goddesse behind young Hermes moue
Great Iuno, Pallas, and the Queene of Loue;
Who as in pompe and Pride of gate they passe,
Scarfe with their weight they bend the tops of grasse:
Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my haire,
When Mayus Sonne thus sayes, abandon feare
Thou Curteous Swaine, that to these groues repairest,
And freely Iudge which of these three is fairest:
And least I should this curious sentence shun,
He tels me by Ihoues sentence all is done.
And to be Iudge I no way can eschew,
This hauing saide, vp through the Ayre he flew:
I straight take Hart a grace, and grow more bold,
And there their beauties one by one behold.
Why am I made the Iudge to giue this dome?
Methinkes all three are Worthy to o're-come:
To iniure two such Beauties what tongue dare?
Or preferre one where they be all so faire:
Now this seemes fairest, now againe that other,
Now would I speake, and now my thoughts I smother,
And yet at length the praise of one most sounded,
And from that one my present Loue is grounded:
The Goddesse out of their earnest care
And pride of Beauty to be held most faire,
Seeke with large Ariues, and gifts of wondrous price,
To their owne thoughts my censure to intice:
Iuno the Wife of Ihoue doth first inchant me,
To Iudge her fairest, she a Crowne will grant me:
Pallas her Daughter, next doth undertake me,
Giue her the price, and valiant she will make me:
I straight deuise which can most pleasure bring,
To be a valiant Souldier or a King:

Last

Last Venus smiling came with such a grace,
 As if she swayed an Empire in her face,
 Let not (said she) these gifts the Conquest beare,
 Combats and Kingdomes are both fraught with feare.
 Ile giue thee what thou louest best, (louely Swaine,)
 The surest Saint that doth on earth remaine
 Shalbe thine owne, make thou the Conquest mine,
 Faire Lædies fairest daughter shalbe thine.
 This said, when with my selfe I had deuised,
 And her rich gift and beauty ioyntly prised:
 Venus victor, ore the rest is plac'd,
 Iuno and Pallas leaue the Mount disgrac'd,
 Meane time my Fates a prosperous course had run,
 And by knowne signes King Priam cald me Son:
 The day of my restoring is kept holy
 Among the Saints-daies, consecrated soly
 To my remembrance, being a day of ioy,
 For euer in the Calenders of Troy.

As I wish you I haue bin wish'd by others,
 The fairest maids by me would haue bin Mothers,
 Of all my fauours I bestow'd not any,
 you onely may inioy the Loues of many:
 Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings
 Haue I alone bin sought, whose marriage Rings
 I haue turn'd backe, but by a straine more hie,
 By Nymphs and Phairies, such as neuer die.
 No sooner were you promist as my due,
 But I (al hated) to remember you:
 Waking, I saw your Image, if I dreamt,
 Your beautionous figure stil appeard to tempt
 And vrge this voyage: Til your face excelling
 These eies beheld, my dreames were all of Hellen.
 Imagine how your face should now incite me,
 Being seene, that vnseene did so much delite me:
 If I was scorcht so farre off from the Fyer,
 How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nyer:
 Nor could I longer owe my selfe this treasure,
 But through the Ocean I must search my pleasure;
 The Phrygian Hatchets to the rootes are put
 Of the Idean Pines, (asunder cut)

The Wood-land Mountaine yeilded me large fees,
 Being despoyl'd of all her tallest Trees,
 From whence we haue squar'd out vn-numbered beames,
 That must be washt within the Marine streames:
 The grounded Oakes are bowed, though stiffe as Steele,
 And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keele
 Wouen by Ship-wrights craft, then the Maine-mast,
 Acrossse whose middle is the Saile-yard plast.
 Tackles and sailes, and next you may discern,
 Our painted Gods vpon the hooked stearne:
 The God that beares me on my happy way,
 And is my guide, is Cupid: Now the day
 In which the last stroke of the Hammer's heard,
 Within our Nauy, in the East appeard,
 And I must now lanch forth, (so the Fates please)
 To seeke aduentures in the Egean Seas.
 My Father and my Mother moue delay,
 And by intreaties would inforce my stay:
 They hang about my necke, and with their teares
 Woo me deferre my journey: but their feares
 Can haue no power to keepe me from thy sight:
 And now Cassandra full of sad affright,
 With loose disheuel'd Tramel, madly skips,
 Iust in the way betwixt me and my Ships:
 Oh, whether wilt thou head-long run she cries?
 Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoake vp flies
 Vnto the heauens (Oh Ihoue) thou little fearest
 What quenchlesse flames thou through the water bearest:
 Cassandra was too true a Prophetesse,
 Her quenchlesse flames she spake of (I confesse),
 My hot desires burne in my breast so fast,
 That no Red Furnace hotter flames can cast.
 I passe the Citty gates, my Barke I hoord,
 The fauourable winds calme gales affoord,
 And fill my sailes, vnto your Land I feare,
 For whether else (his course) should Paris beare:
 Your Husband entertaines me as his guest,
 And all this hapneth by the Gods behest,
 He shewes me all his Pastures, parts, and Fields,
 And euery rare thing Lacedemon yeilds,

The enter-
 tainment of
 Paris.

He

He holds himselfe much pleased with my being,
 And nothing hides, that he esteems worth seeing.
 I am on fire, till I behold your face,
 Of all Achaya's Kingdome, the sole grace,
 All other Curious objects I despise,
 Nothing but Hellen can content mine eyes,
 Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,
 Sencelesse, as one strooke dead by Ihoues sharpe Thunder:
 As I reuiue, my eyes I rowle and turne,
 Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burne,
 Euen so (as I remember,) lookt Loues Queene,
 When she was last in Phrygian Ida scene,
 Vnto which place by Fortune I was trained,
 Where by my censure she the Conquest gained:
 But had you made a fourth in that contention,
 Of Venus beauty, there had bin no mention:
 Hellen assuredly had borne from all
 The prize of beauty, the bright Golden Ball.

Onely of you may this your Kingdome boast,
 by you it is renown'd in euery Coast:
 Rumor hath euery where your beautie blazed,
 In what remote Clyme is not Hellen praised?
 From the bright Eastern Suns vprise, Inquire
 Euen to his downfall, where he flakes his fire,
 There liues not any of your Sex that dare,
 Contend with you that are proclaim'd so faire;
 Trust me, for truth I speake. Nay whats most true,
 Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you:
 Fame that hath undertooke your name to blaze,
 Plaid but the envious Huswifery in your praise:
 More then report could promise, or fame blazon,
 Are these Demine perfections that I gaze on:
 These were the same that made Duke Theseus lauish,
 Who in thy prime and Nonage did thee rauish;
 A vvorthe Rape for such a vvorthe Man,
 Thrice happie Rauisher, to ceize thee than
 When thou vvert stript starke naked to the skin,
 (A sight, of force to make the Gods to sin:)
 Such is your Countries guise at seasons when,
 vwith naked Ladies they mixe naked Men;

Hellen at nine
 yeares of age
 rauisht by
 Theseus.

A custome in
 Peloponnesus,
 the Prouince
 in which La-
 cedemō stands.

That

That he did steale thee from thy Friends, I praise him,
 And for that deed, I to the Heauens will raise him:
 That he return'd thee backe, by Ihoue I wonder,
 Had I bin Theseus, he that should assunder
 Haue parted vs, or snacht thee from my bed,
 First from my shoulders should haue par'd my head:
 So rich a purchase, such a glorious pray,
 Should constantly haue bin detain'd for aye.
 Could these my strong Armes possibly vnclasse,
 Whilst in their amorous Foulds they Hellen graspe,
 Neither by free constraint, nor by free-giuing,
 Could you depart that compasse, and I liuing:
 But if by rough inforce I must restore you,
 Some fruits of Loue, (which I so long haue bore you,)
 I first would reape, and some sweet fauour gaine,
 That all my suite were not bestow'd in vaine;
 Either with me you should abide and stay,
 Or for your passe your maiden-head should pay.
 Or say I spar'd you that, yet would I try
 What other fauour, I could else come by,
 All that belongs to loue, I would not misse,
 You should not let me both to clip and kisse.

Giue me your heart faire Queenè, my hart you owe,
 And what my resolution is, you knowe,
 Til the last fire my breathlesse body take,
 The fire within my breast can neuer slake,
 Before large kingdomes I preferd your face,
 And Iunoës loue, and potent gifts disgrace.
 To fold you in my amorous Armes I chusd,
 And Pallas vertues scornefully refusd.
 When they with Venus in the Hil of Idc,
 Made mee the Iudge their beauties to decide,
 Nor do I yet repent me, hauing tooke
 Beauty: and strength and Scepter & rule for sooke:
 Methinkes I chusd the best, (nor thinke it strange)
 I still persist, and neuer meane to change;
 Onely that my imployment be not vaine,
 Oh you more worth then any Empires gaine,
 Let me intreat, least you my byrth should scorne
 Or parentage: know I am royall borne.

By marrying me, you shall not wrong your State,
 Nor be a wife to one degenerate.
 Search the Records where vve did first begin,
 And you shall find the Pleyads of our Kin:
 Nay I haue himsele, all others to forbear,
 That in our stocke renowned Princes were:
 My Father of all Asia raignes sole-King,
 Whose boundlesse Coast scarce any feathered wing
 Can giue a girdle too, a happier Land
 A neighbor to the Ocean cannot stand:
 There in a narrow compasse you may see
 Citties and Towers, more then may numbred be,
 The houses guilt, rich Temples that excell,
 And you will say I neere the great Gods dwell.
 You shall beho'd hie Iliums lofty Towers,
 And Troyes braue Wals built by Immortall powers,
 But made by Phœbus the great God of Fire,
 And by the touch of his melodious Lyer:
 If we haue people to inhabit, vwhen
 The sad earth grones to beare such troopes of men:
 Judge Hellen, Likewise when you come to Land,
 The Asian Women shall admiring stand,
 Saluting thee with welcome, more and lesse
 Inpreasing throngs and numbers, numberlesse:
 More then our Courts can hold of you (most faire)
 You to your selfe will say, alasse, how bare
 And poore Achaya is, when with great pleasure,
 You see each house containe a Citties Treasure.

Mistake me not I Sparta do not scorne,
 I hold the Land blest where my Loue was borne:
 Though barren else, rich Sparta Hellen bore,
 And therefore I that Prouince must adore;
 Yet is your Land methinkes but leane and empty,
 You worthy of a Clyme that flowes with plenty
 Full Troy, I prostrate it is yours by duty,
 This petty-seat becomes not your rich beauty;
 Attendance, Preparation, Curtsie, state,
 Fit such a Heauenly forme, on which should waite,
 Cost, fresh variety, Delicious diet,
 Pleasure, Contentment, and Luxurious ryet,

White

Ganimed.

What Ornaments we vse, what fashions faigne,
 You may perceiue by me and my proud traine,
 Thus we attyre our men, but with more cost
 Of Gold and Pearle, the rich Gownes are Impos't
 Of our chiefe Ladies, guesse by what you see,
 you may be soone induc't to credit me.

Cephalus.

Be tractable faire Spartan, nor contemne
 A Troian borne, deriu'd from Royall stemne:
 He was a Troian and allyde to Hector,
 That waits vpon Ihoues cup, and sills him Nector:
 A Troian did the faire Aurora wed,
 And nightly slept within her Roseat bed:

Anchises.

The Goddesse that ends night and enters day,
 From our faire Troian Coast stole him away,
 Anchises was a Troian, whom Lones Queene,
 (Making the Trees of Ida a thicke Screene
 Twixt Heauen and her) oft lay with, view me vwell,
 I am a Troian too, in Troy I dwell:
 Thy Husband Menelaus hether bring,
 Compare our shapes, our yeares, and euery thing
 I make you Iudgesse, wrong me if you can,
 you needs must say I am the properer man:
 None of my line hath turn'd the Sun to blood,
 And rob'd his Steeds of their Ambrosiall food:
 My Father grew not from the Caucasse Rocke,
 Nor shall I graft you in a bloody Stocke:
 Priam nere wrong'd the guiltlesse soule, or further,
 Made the Myrtoan Sea looke red with murder.
 Nor thirsteth my great Grand-sire in the Lake
 Of Lethe, Chin-deepe. yet no thirst can slake:
 Nor after ripened App'es vainely skips,
 Who flue him still, and yet still touch his lips,
 But what of this? If you be so deriu'd,
 You notwithstanding are no right depriv'd:
 You grace your Stocke, and being so deuine,
 Ihoue is of force compeld into your Line.

Myrtoan is a
 part of the
 sea betwixt
 the Iouium &
 Egeum.

Oh mischiese! Whilst I vainely speake of this,
 Your Husband all unworthy of such blisse
 Inioyes you this long night, enfolds your wast,
 And where he list may boldly touch and tast,

So when you sat at Table, many a toy,
 Passeth betweene you my vext soule & annoy,
 At such hie feasts I wish my enemy sit,
 Where discontent attendes on euery bit,
 I neuer yet was plac'd at any Feast,
 But oft it irkt me that I was your Guest:
 That which offends me most, thy rude Lord knowes,
 For still his arme about thy necke he throwes,
 Which I no sooner spy but I grow mad,
 And hate the man whose courting makes me sad:
 Shall I be plaine? I am ready to sinke downe
 When I behold him wrap you in his Gowne,
 While you sit smiling on his amorous knee,
 His fingers presse, where my hands itch to bee:
 But when he hugs you I am forc'd to frowne,
 The meat I am eating will by no meanes downe,
 But stickes halfe way, amidst these discontents
 I haue obseru'd you laugh at my laments,
 And with a scornfull, yet a wanton smile
 Deride my sighes and grones, oft to beguile
 My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,
 By quaffing healths I haue thought my flame & assuage,
 But Bacchus full cups make my flame burne hyer,
 Add wine to loue, and you adde fire to fire.
 To shun the sight of many a wanton feat,
 Betwixt your Lord and you I shift my seat,
 And turne my head, but thinking of your grace,
 Loue skrewes my head to gaze backe on your face.
 What were I best to do? To see you play
 Mads me, and I perforce must turne away,
 And to forbear the place where you abide,
 Would kill me dead should I but start aside:
 As much as lyes in me I strue to bury
 The shape of Loue, in mirths spight I seeme mery:
 But oh, the more I seeke it to suppressse,
 The more my blabbing lookes my loue professe.
 You know my Loue which I in vaine should hide,
 Would God it did appeare to none beside,
 Oh I haue how often haue I turn'd my cheeke,
 To hide th apparant teares that passage seeke,

From

From forth my eies, and to a corner stept,
 Least any man should aske wherefore I wept:
 How often haue I told you pittious tales,
 Of constant louers, and how Loue preuailes?
 When such great heed to my discourse I tooke,
 That euery accent suited to your looke.
 In forged names my selfe I represented,
 The Louer so perplext and so tormented,
 If you will know? Behold I am the same,
 Paris was ment in that true Louers name:
 As often, that I might the more securely
 Speake loose immodest words that sound impurely,
 That they offencelesse might your sweet eares tutch,
 I haue lispt them out, like one had drunke too much:
 Once I remember, your loose vayne betraid
 Your naked skin, and a fayre passage made
 To my inamored eye, Oh skin much brighter
 Then snow, or purest milk, in colour whiter
 Then your faire mother Læda, when I haue grac't her,
 And in the shape of Feathered Swan imbrac't her:
 Whilst at this rauishing sight I stand amazed,
 And without interruption freely gazed,
 The wreathed handle of the Boule I graspt,
 Fell from my hold, my strengthlesse hand vnclaspt,
 A Goblet at that time I held by chance,
 And downe it fell, for I was in a trance;
 Kisse your faire daughter, and to her I skip,
 And snatch your kisses from your sweet Childs lip.
 Sometimes I throw my selfe along, and lie
 Singing Loue-songs, and if you cast your eie
 On my effeminate gesture, I still find
 Some pretty couered signes to speake my mind,
 And then my earnest suit bluntly invades
 Æthra and Climenca your two chiefe maides,
 But they retorne me answers full of feare,
 And to my motions lend no further eare.
 Oh that you were the prize of some great strife,
 And he that wins might claime you for his wife,
 Hypomanes with swift Aclanta ran,
 And at one course the Goale and Lady wan,

Euen she, by whom so many Suters perisht,
 Was in the bosome of her new Loue cherisht:
 So Hercules for Deyaneira strone,
 Brake Achelous horne, and gain'd his loue,
 Had I such liberty: such freedome graunted,
 My resolution neuer could be daunted,
 Your selfe should find, and all the world should see,
 Hellen (apprise alone) reseru'd for me.
 There is not left me any meanes (most faire)
 To Court you now, but by intreats and praire,
 Vnlesse (as it becoms me) you thinke meet,
 That I should prostrate fall, and kisse your feet,
 Oh, all the honour that our last age wins,
 Then glory of the two Tyndarian Twins,
 Worthye to be Ihoues Wife, in heauen to raigne,
 Were you not Ihoues owne daughter, of his straine.
 To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,
 And in the Temple of great Pallas marry thee:
 Or in this Island where I vent my mones,
 Ile beg a Toombe for my exiled bones:
 My wound is not a slight race with an arrow,
 But it hath pierst my hart, and burnt my marrow,
 This Prophecie my Sister oft hath sounded,
 That by an heauenly dart I should be wounded:
 Oh then forbear (fayre Hellen) to oppose you
 Against the Gods, they say I shall not lose you:
 Teeld you to their beheast, and you shall find,
 The Gods to your petitions likewise kind.
 A thousand things at once are in my braine,
 Which that I may essentially complaine,
 And not in papers empty all my head,
 Anon at night receiue me to your bed.
 Blush you at this, or Lady doe you feare
 To violate the Nuptiall lawes austearc?
 Oh (simple Hellen) Foolish, I might say,
 What profite reape you to be Chast, I pray?
 Ist possible, that you a World to winne,
 Should keepe that face, that beauty, without sinne?
 Rather you must your glorious face exchange
 For one (lesse Faire) or else not seeme so strange:

Beauty and Chastity at variance are,
 Tis hard to finde one Woman chaste and faire,
 Venus will not haue beauty ouer aw'de,
 Hee Ihoue himselfe, stolne pleasures will applaude,
 And by such theeuish pastimes we may gather,
 How Ihoue gainst Wedlocks lawes, became your father :
 He and your mother Læda both transgreſt
 When you were got, she bare a tender breast.
 What glory can you gaine Loues sweets to smother ?
 Or to be counted Chaster then your mother ?
 Professe strict chastity, when vwith great ioy,
 I lead you as my Bride-espous'd, through Troy ;
 Then I entreat you raine your pleasures in,
 I wish thy Paris may be all thy sinne.
 If Citherea her firme Couenant keepe,
 Though I within your bosome mightly sleepe,
 We shall not much misdoo, but so offend,
 That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himselfe this businesse ayded,
 And though (not with his tounge) he hath perswaded
 By all his deedes (as much) least he should stay
 Our priuate meetings, he is farre away :
 Of purpose rid vnto the farthest West,
 That he might leaue his wife vnto his guest.
 No fitter time he could haue found to visit
 The Chrisean royall Scepter, and to ceize it :
 Oh, simple simple Husband : but hee's gone,
 And going, left you this to thinke vpon.
 Faire Wife (quoth he) I prethe in my place,
 Regard the Troian Prince, and do him grace :
 Behold, a witnesse I against you stand,
 You haue beene carelesse of his kinde command.
 Count from his first dayes iourney, neuer since
 Did you regard or grace the Troian Prince ;
 What thinke you of your Husband ? that he knowes
 The worth and value of the face he owes ?
 Who (but a Fool) such beauty would indanger,
 Or trust it to the mercy of a Stranger.
 Then (royall Queene) if neither may intreat,
 My quenchlesse passion, nor Loues raging heate

Can win you, we are wooed both to this crime,
Euen by the fit aduantage of the time,
Either to Loues sweet sport we must agree,
Or shew our selues to be worse fooles then he.
He tooke you by the hand the hower he rode,
And knowing, I with you must make abode,
Brings you to me, What should I further say?
It was his minde to giue you quite away.

What meant he else? Then lets be blithe and iolly,
And make the best vse of your Husbands folly:
What should we doe? Your husband is farre gone,
And this colde night (poore soule) you lie alone:
I want a bedfellow, so doe we eather,
What lets vs then, but that we lie together.
You slumbring thinke on me, On you I dreame,
Both our desires are feruent, and extreame:
Sweet, then appoint the night: Why doe you stay?
Oh night, more clearer then the brightest day,
Then I dare freely speake, protest, and sweare,
And of my vovwes the Gods shall record beare:
Then will I seale the contract, and the strife,
From that day forward, we are man and Wife:
Then questionlesse I shall so farre perswade,
That you with me shall Troyes rich Coast invade,
And with your Phrygian guest at last agree,
Our potent Kingdome and rich Crowne to see:
But if you (blushing) feare the vulger bruit,
That sayes, you follow me, to me make suite,
Feare it not Hellen; Ile so worke with Fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke Theseus was my instance, and so were
Your brothers Lady, Can I come more neare
To ensample my attempts by? Theseus haled
Hellen perforce: Your brothers they preuayled
With the Leucippian Sisters, now from these
Ile count my selfe the fourth (if Hellen please.)
Our Trojan Nany rides vpon the Coast,
Rig'd, arm'd, and Man'd, and I can proudly boast,
The bankes are high, Why doe you longer stay?
The windes and Oares are ready to make way,

You shall be like a high Maiesticke Queene,
 Led through the Dardan Citty, and be seene
 By millions, who your State hauing commended,
 Will (wondring) sweare, some Goddesse is descended.
 Where ere you walke the Priests shall Incence burne,
 No way you shall your eie or body turne,
 But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beate,
 And bright religious fires the Welkin heate,
 My father, mother, brother, sisters: all
 Illium and Troy in pompe maiesticall,
 Shall with rich giifts present you (but alas)
 Not the least part (so farre they doe surpasse)
 Can my Epistle speake, you may behold
 More then my words or writings can unfold.

Nor feare the bruit of vvarre, or threatning Steele,
 When we are fled, to dogge vs at the heele:
 Or that all Græcia will their powers vnite,
 Of many rauiht, can you one recite,
 Whom vvarre re-purchast? These be ydle feares,
 Rough blustering Boreas fayre Orithea beares
 Vnto the Land of Thrace, yet Thrace still free,
 And Athens raisd no rude Hostility:
 In winged Pegasus did Iason saile,
 And from great Colchos he Medea stole:
 Yet Thessaly you see can shew no scar
 Of former wounds in the Thessalian warre.
 He that first rauiht you: In such a Fleet
 As ours is, Ariadne brought from Creet:
 Yet Mynos and Duke Theleus were agreed,
 About that quarrell, not a breast did bleed:
 Lesse is the daunger (trust me) then the feare
 That in these vaine and ydle doubts appeare.
 But say rude vvarre should be proclaimde at length,
 Know, I am valiant and haue sinowie strengtb:
 The vweapons that I vse are apt to kill,
 Asia besides, more spacious fields can fill
 With armed men then Greece, amongst vs are
 More perfect Souldiers, more beasts apt for war:
 Nor can thy husband Menelaus be
 Of any high spirit and Magnanimity,

Or so well prou'd in Armes: for Hellen I
 Being but a Lad, haue made my enemies fly,
 Re-gaind the prey from out the hands of Theeues,
 Who had dispoild our Heards, and stolne our Beeues,
 By such aduentures I my name obtained,
 (Being but a Lad) the conquest I haue gained
 Of young men in their prime, who much could do,
 Deiphebus, Ilioncas to,
 I haue orecome in many sharpe contentions,
 Nor thinke these are my vaine and forg'd inuentions,
 Or that I only hand to hand can fight,
 My arrowes when I please shall touch the white.
 I am expert in the Quarrey and the Bowv,
 You cannot boast your hartlesse husband so:
 Had you the power in all things to supply me,
 And should you nothing in the world deny me,
 To giue me such a Hector to my brother
 You could not: The earth beares not such another:
 By him alone all Asia is well mand,
 He like an enemy against Greece shall stand
 Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you?
 You do not know his valour that must wine you,
 Or what hid worth is in me, but at length
 You will confesse when you haue prou'd my strength:
 Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,
 Or Greece shall fall in Troyes all-conquering view,
 Nor would I feare for such a royall Wife,
 To set the Vniuersall world at strife:
 To gaine ritche Prizes, men will venter farre,
 The hope of purchase makes vs bold in vuarre:
 If all the world about you should contend,
 Your name would be eterniz'd without end,
 Only be bold, and fearelesse may we saile
 Into my Countrey, with a prosperous gale,
 If the Gods graunt me my expected day,
 I to the full shall all these Conenants pay.

THese two Epistles being so pertinent to our Historie, I
 thought necessarie to translate, as well for their elegancy
 as for their alliance, opening the whole proiect of

the Loue betwixt Paris and Hellen, the preparation to his iourney, his entertainment in Sparta, as also Hecubaes dreame, Paris his casting out among Shepheards, his Vision, and the whole prosecution of his intended Rape.

Læda was wife to Tindarus King of Laconia. The Poets write, that Iupiter accompanying her in forme of a Swanne, she brought forth two egges, of the one came Pollux and Helena, of the other came Castor and Clitemæstra, after wife to Agamemnon.

The Pleyades from whom Paris deriues his progeny, are the seauen starres, once daughters to Lycurgus the famous Law-giuer of Athens.

Hermione was daughter to Menalaus and Helena, betrothed to Orestes, but married to Pyrrhus, for which cause Orestes slew Pyrrhus at the Altar, and after enioyed his loue Hermione.

To prosecute the Tale of Ariadnes transformation after she had saued the life of ingratfull Theseus, who by hir aduise and prouidence slew the Mynotaur, Theseus in his returne home forsooke her, and left her vpon a desolate Island.

It so fell out,

M*Adde Ariadne stayde that Isle about,
Left desolate vpon that barren plaine
Where the brooke Dia poures into the Maine,
Who waking from her rest, her vaile vnbound,
Her bare foot treading on the vnkowne ground,
Her golden haire disheue'ld, loude she raues,
Calling on Theseus to the deaf-ned wanes,
On Theseus, cruell Theseus, whom she seekes,
Whilst shewers of teares make furrowes in her cheekes.
She cals and weepes, and weepes and cals at once,
Which might haue mou'd to ruth the sencelesse stones,
Yet both alike became her, they both gracst her,
The whilst she strives to call him, or cry faster.
Then beats she her soft breast, and makes it grone,
And then she cryes, What, is false Theseus gone?
What shall I doe? she cryes, What shall I doe?
And with that noate, she runs the Forrests throoe,*

When

When suddenly her eare might vnderstand,
Cimbals and Tymbrels toucht with a lowd hand,
To which the Forrests, Woods, and Caues resound,
And now amaze she sencelesse fals to ground.
Behold the Nymphs come with their scattered haire,
Falling behind, which they like garments ware,
And the light Satyres, an vnruely crew,
Neerer and neerer to the Virgin grew.
Next old Sylenus on his laste Asse,
Nods with his drunken pate, about to passe,
Where the poore Lady all in teares lies drownd,
Scarce sits the Drunkard but he fals to ground,
Scarce holds the Bridle fast, but staggering stoopes,
Following those giddy bachinialian troopes,
Who daunce the wilde Lauolto on the grasse,
Whilst with a staffe he layes vpon his Asse.
At length, when the young Satyres least suspect,
He tumbling, fals quite from his Asses necke.

Sylenus the
Priest of Bac-
chus.

But vpper they heaue him, whilst each Satyre cries,
Rise good old Father, good old Father rise.
Now coms the god himselfe, next after him.
His Vine-like Chariot, drawne with Tygres grim,
Coulour, and voice, and Theseus, she doth lacke,
Thrice would she fly, and thrice feare pluckt her back,
She trembles like a stalke the wind doth shake,
Or a weake reede that growes beside the Lake,
To whom the God spake: Lady, take good cheere,
See one more faithfull then false Theseus heere:
Thou shalt be wife to Bacchus, for a guise
Take the high heauens, and to the Spheares be list,
Where thou shalt shine a starre to guide by night,
The wandring Sea-man in his course aright:
This saide, least his grim Tygers should affray
The trembling Mayde, the God his Coach doth stay,
And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles
Imprints the sand, and then the Nymph he feeles,
And hugging her, in vaine she may resist,
He beares her thence (Gods can do what they list)
Some Hymen sing, some Io, Io cry,
So Bacchus with the mayde all night doth lie.

There-

Therefore when wine in plentious cups doth flow,
 And thou the night vnto thy Loue dost owe,
 Pray to the God of grapes that in thy bed,
 The quaffing healths do not offend thy hed.

Agreecable to this, is that in the first booke, *de Art. aman.*
 for from *Paris* he deriues these Loue-tricks in wine.

I Oe, I can teach thee, though thy tounge be mute,
 How with thy speaking eie to moue thy sute :
 Good language may be made in lookes and winkes,
 Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinkes,
 And note the very place her lip did tutch,
 Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be such :
 Or when she carues, what part of all the meat
 She with her fingers touch, that carue and eate :
 Carouse not, but with soft and moderate sups,
 Haue a regard and measure, in thy cups :
 Let both thy feet and thoughts theyr office know,
 Chiefly beware of brauling, which may grow
 By too much wine. From fighting most abstaine,
 In such a quarrell was Eurilion slayne :
 Where Swaggering leades the way, Mischiefe comes after,
 Iunkets and Wine were made for mirth and laughter :
 Though to be drunke indeed, may hurt thy braine,
 Yet now and then, I hold it good to fayne :
 Instruct thy lipping tounge sometimes to trip
 That if misplacst, a word transgresse thy lip
 It may be iudgd that quaffing was the cause, &c.

The end of the nynt
 CANTO.



Argumentum

HEllen re-wrytes, the Troians sute preuails,
And of the appointed Rape they both agree,
Proud of so fayre a purchase, Paris sailes
To Troy, from whence the Græcians seek to free
The rauisht Spartan: Menalaus bewailes
The absence of his Queene, longing to see
Reuenge on Troy, to which the Græcians meet,
Castor and Pollux perish with the Fleet.

ARG. 2.

KAppa records her Rape, describes and brings
To Aulis Gulph the powerfull Græcian kings.

CANTO. 10.

Hellen to Paris.



O sooner came
mine eye vnto the sight
Of thy rude Lynes,
but I must needes re-wright:
Dar'st thou (Oh shamelesse)
in such heynow wise,
The Lawes of Hospitality despise?
And being a straunger,
from thy Countries reach,
Solicite a chaste wife to Wedlocks breach?
Was it for this, our free Tcnarian Port,
Receiu'd thee and thy traine, in friendly sort?

And

And when great Neptune nothing could appease,
 Gave thee safe harbour from the stormy Seas?
 Was it for this, our Kingdomes armes spread vvide,
 To entertaine thee from the waters side?
 Yet thou of forren soyle remote from hence,
 A stranger, comming we scarce know from whence,
 Is periur'd wrong the recompence of right?
 Is all our friendship guerdond with despight?
 I doubt me then, whither in our Court doth tarry,
 A friendly guest, or a fierce aduersary:
 Nor blame me, for if iustly you consider,
 And these presumptions well compare together,
 So simple my complaint will not appeare,
 But you your selfe must needes excuse my feare.
 Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,
 Whilst I preserue my chaste name farre from spot,
 For when I seeme toucht with bashfull shame,
 It shewes how highly I regard my Fame:
 When I seeme sad, my countenance is not fained,
 And when I lower, my looke is unconstrained.
 But say my brow be cloudy, my name's cleere,
 And reuerently you shall of Hellen heere:
 No man from me adulterate spoyles can win,
 For to this houre I haue sported without sin,
 Which makes me in my hart the more to wonder,
 What hope you haue in time to bring me vnder,
 Or from mine eie what comfort thou canst gather
 To pittie thee, and not despise thee rather:
 Because once Theseus hurried me from hence,
 And did to me a kind of violence,
 Followes it therefore, I am of such prize,
 That raiisht once, I should be raiisht twice:
 Was it my fault, because I strin'd in vaine,
 And wanted strength his fury to restraine?
 He flattered and spake fayre, I struggled still,
 And what he got, was much against my will:
 Of all his toyle, he reapt no wished fruit,
 For with my wrangling I withstood his sute,
 At length, I was restor'd, vntoucht and cleere,
 In all my Rape, I sufferd naught (saue feare)

A few untoward kisses, he (God wot)
 Dry, without rhellish, by much struiuing got,
 And them with much adoo, and to his cost,
 Of further fauours, he could neuer boast:
 I doubt your purpose aymes at greater blisses,
 And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses,
 Thou hast some further ayme, and seekst to do
 What (Ihoue defend) I should consent vnto:
 He bare not thy bad mind, but did restore me,
 Vnblemisht, to the place from whence he bore me:
 The youth was bashfull, and thy boldnesse lackt,
 And tis well knowne, repented his bold fact:
 Theseus repented, so should Paris do,
 Succeed in Loue, and in repentance to;
 Nor am I angry: Who can angry be
 With him that loues her? If your hart agree
 With your kinde words, your suite I could applaude
 So I were sure your lines were voyd of fraude.
 I cast not these strange doubts or this dispence
 Like one that were bereft all confidence:
 Nor that I with my selfe am in disgrace,
 Or do not know the beauty of my face,
 But because too much trust hath damag'd such
 As haue beleeu'd men in their loues too much,
 And now the generall tounge of woman saith,
 Mans words are full of Treason, void of faith.

Let others sinne, and bowers in pleasure wast,
 Tis rare to find the sober Matron chaste:
 Why, say it be that sinne preuailes with fayre ones,
 May not my name be rank't among the rare ones?
 Because my mother Leda was beguilde,
 Must I stray too, that am her eldest childe?
 I must confesse, my mother made a rape,
 But Ihoue beguild her in a borrowed shape,
 When she (poore soule) nor dreamt of god nor man,
 He troad her like a milke-white feathered Swan:
 She was deceiu'd by error, If I yeild
 To your vniust request, nothing can shield
 Me from reproach, I cannot plead concealing,
 T was in her, error, tis in me plaine dealing:

She

She happily err'd, He that her honour spilt,
 Had in himselfe full power to salve the guilt;
 Her error happyed me to (I confesse)
 If to be Ihoues childe, be a happinesse.

To omit high Ihoue, of whom I stand in awe,
 As the great Grandfire to our Father in Lawe,
 To passe the kinne I claime from Tantalus,
 From Pelopes, and from Noble Tyndarus.
 Læda by Ihoue in shape of Swan beguild,
 Her selfe so chaungde and by him made with child
 Proues Ihoue my Father: then you ydely strue
 Your name from Gods and Princes to deriue.
 What need you of olde Priam make relation?
 Laomedon, or your great Phrygian Nation?
 Say, all be true: What then? He, of whom most
 To be of your alliance you so boast,
 Ihoue (fine degrees at least) from you remoued,
 To be the first from me, is plainly proued;
 And though (as I beleene well) Troy may stand
 Powerfull by Sea, and full of strength by Land,
 And no Dominion to your State superior,
 I hold our Clyme nothing to Troy inferior:
 Say, you in riches passe vs, or in number
 Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber,
 Yet yours a Barbarous Nation is, I tell you,
 And in that kind, do we of Greecc excell you.
 Your rich Epistle doth such gifts present,
 As might the Goddessees themselues content
 And woo them to your pleasures, but if I
 Should passe the bonds of shame, & tread awry
 If euer you should put me to my shifts,
 Your selfe should moue me more then all your gifts:
 Or if I euer shall transgresse by stealth,
 It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth;
 But as your gifts I scorne not, so such seeme
 Most pretious, where the giuer we esteeme.
 More then your presence, it shall Hellen please
 That you for her haue past the stormy Seas,
 That she hath causde your toyle, that you respect her,
 And more then all your Trojan Dames affect her.

But ye are a Wag in troth, the notes and signes
 You make at Table, in the meats and Wines,
 I haue obseru'd, when I least seemde to minde them,
 For at the first my curious eie did finde them.
 Sometimes (you wanton) your fixt eie aduaunces
 His brightnesse against mine, darting sweet glaunces,
 Outgazing me with such a stedfast looke,
 That my dazd eyes their splendor haue forsooke,
 And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch
 Your amorous arme outright, the bowle to reach
 That next me stands, making excuse to sip
 Iust in the self-same place that kist my lip.
 How oft haue I obserud your finger make
 Tricks and conceited signes, which straight I take?
 How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke
 When (to my seeming) it hath almost spoke,
 And still I fearde my Husband would haue spide ye,
 In troth you are to blame, and I must chide ye:
 You are too manifest a Loner (Tush.)
 At such knowne signes I could not choose but blush,
 And to my selfe I oft was forst to say,
 This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)
 ought saue the truth? Oft times vpon the bord
 Where Hellen was ingrauen, you the word
 Amo haue vnder-writ, in new spilt wine
 (Good sooth) at first I could not skan the line,
 Nor vnderstand your meaning: Now, (oh spight)
 My selfe am now taught, so to Read and write.
 Should I offend, as Sinne to me is strange,
 These blandishments haue power chaste thoughts to change
 Or if I could be mou'd to step astray
 These would prouoke me to lasciuious play:
 Besides, I must confesse, you haue a Face,
 So admirably rare, so full of grace,
 That it hath power to woo and to make ceasure,
 Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.
 yet had I rather stainelesse keepe my Fame,
 Then to a straunger hazard my good name:
 Make me your instance, and forbear the fare,
 Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.

The greatest vertues of a high wise men boast,
 Is to abstaine from that which pleaseth most.
 How many gallant Youths (thinke you) desire,
 That which you couet? Skorcht with the selfe-same fire?
 Are all the World fooles? Only Paris wise?
 Or is there none saue you haue iudging eies?
 No, no, you view no more then others see,
 But you are playner and more bold with me,
 You are more earnest to pursue your game,
 I yeeld you not more knowledge, but less shame
 I would to God that you had sayld from Troy,
 When my Virginitie and bedde to enioy
 A thousand gallant princely Suters came:
 Had I beheld young Paris, I proclaime,
 Of all those thousand I had made you chiefe,
 And Spartan Menalaus to his grieve
 Should to my censure haue subscribe and yeilded,
 But now (alasse) your hopes are weakely builded,
 You couet goodes possesse, pleasures fore-tasted,
 Tarde you come, that should before haue hasted,
 What you desire, another claymes as due.
 As I could wishe I haue beene espoused to you,
 So let me tell you, since it is my fate,
 I hold me happy in this present state,
 Then cease fayre Prince, an ydle suite to moue,
 Seek not to harme hir whom you seem to loue:
 In my contented state let me be guided,
 As both my stars and fortunes haue provided;
 Nor in so vaine a quest your spirits toyle,
 To seeke at my hands an vnworthy spoyle.

But see how soone poore Women are deluded,
 Venus her selfe this covenant hath concluded,
 For in the Ixean Valleyes you espy
 Three Goddesses, stript naked to your eie,
 And when the first had promist you a Crowne,
 The second Fortitude and warres renowne,
 The third bespake you thus: Crowne, nor Wars pride
 Will I bequeath, but Hellen to thy Bride;
 I scarce belieue those high immortal Creatures,
 Would to your eye expose their naked features,

Or say the first part of your Tale be pure,
 And meet with truth: The second's false I am sure,
 In which poore I was thought the greatest meede,
 In such a hie cause by the Goddes decreed.
 I haue not of my beauty such opinion
 T' imagine it preferd before Dominion,
 Or fortitude: nor can your words perswade me
 The greatest gift of al, the Goddesse made me.
 It is enough to me, men praise my face,
 But from the Goddes, I merit no such grace,
 Nor doth the praise you charge me with offend me,
 If Venus doe not enuiously commend me.
 But loe I graunt you, and imagine true,
 Your free report, claiming your praise as due,
 Who would in pleasing things call Fame a liar,
 But giue that credit, which we most desire.

That we haue mou'd these doubts be not you griued,
 The greatest wonders are the least beleued,
 Know then I first am pleas'de that Venus ought me
 Such undeserued grace: Next, that you thought me
 The greatest meede: Nor Scepter, nor Warres Fame,
 Did you preferre before poore Hellens name.
 (Hard-harts tis time thou shouldst at last come downe)
 Therefore I am your valour, I your Crowne,
 Your kindnesse conquers me do what I can,
 I were hard-harted, not to loue this man;
 Obdurate I was neuer, and yet coy,
 To fauour him whom I can ner'e enioy.
 What profits it the barren sandes to plow
 And in the furrowes our affections sow,
 In the sweete theft of Venus I am rude,
 And know not how my Husband to delude;
 Now I these Lone-lines write, my pen I vow
 Is a new office taught, not knowne till now,
 Happy are they that in this Trade haue skill,
 (Alasse I am a Foole) and shall be still,
 And hauing till this houre not stept astray,
 Feare in these sports least I should mis my way
 The feare (no doubt) is greater then the blame
 I stand confounded and amax'd with shame.

And with the very thought of what you seeke,
 Thinke euery eie fixt on my guilty cheeke,
 Nor are these suppositions meere vaine,
 The murmuring people whisperingly complaine,
 And my maid Ectra hath by listning slyly,
 Brought me such newes, as toucht mine honor hily:
 Wherefore (deere Lord) dissemble, or desist,
 Being ouer-eyde, we cannot as we list,
 Fashion our sports, our Loues pure haruest gather:
 But why should you desist? dissemble rather:
 Sport, (but in secret) sport where none may see,
 The greater, but not greatest liberty
 Is limited to our Lasciuious play,
 That Menalaus is farre hence away,
 My Husband about great affaires is posted,
 Leauing his royall guest securely hoisted,
 His businesse was important and materiall,
 Being employd about a Crowne Imperiall:
 And as he now is mounted on his Steed,
 Ready on his long iourney to proceede,
 Euen as he questions to depart or stay,
 Sweet hart (quoth I) oh be not long away,
 With that he reacht me a sweet parting kisse,
 (How loath he was to leaue me, ghesse by this.)
 Farwell fayre Wife (saith he) bend all thy cares
 To my domesticke businesse, home affayres,
 But as the thing that I affection best,
 Sweet Wife, looke well vnto my Troian guest.
 It was no sooner out, but with much paine,
 My itching spleene from laughter I restraine,
 Which struiuing to keepe in and bridle still,
 At length I wrung forth these few words (I wil.)
 Hee's on his iourney to the Isle of Crete,
 But thinke not we may therefore safely meet,
 He is so absent, that as present I
 Am still within his reach: His Eare, his Eye
 And though abroad, his power as home commands
 For know you not Kings haue long reaching hands?
 The same for beauty you besides haue giuen me,
 Into a great exigent hath driven me:

The

The more your commendation fild his eare,
The more iust cause my husband hath to fear :
Nor maruell you the King hath left me so,
Into remoate and forraine Climes to goe,
Much confidence he dares repose in me,
My carriage, hauiour, and my modesty,
My beauty he mistrusts, my hart relies in
my face he feares, my Chast life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you perswade me,
And with his apt fit absence you invade me :
I would, but feare, nor is my mind well set,
my Will would further, what my feare doth let.
I haue no husband here, and you no wife,
I loue your shape, you mine, deare as your life.
The nights seeme long to such as sleepe alone,
Our letters meet to enterchange our mone :
You iudge me beauteous, I esteeme you faire,
Vnder oue Roofe vve Louers lodged are,
And (let me die) but euery thing consider,
Each thing perswades vs we should lie together,
Nothing we see molests vs, naught we heare,
And yet my forward will is slackt through feare :
I would to God that what you ill perswade,
You could as well compell, So I were made
Vn-willing willing, pleasingly abusde,
So my simplicity might be excusde :
Iniurious force is oft-times wondrous pleasing,
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing,
If what I will, you gainst my vwill should doe,
I with such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our loue is young and in the bud,
Suffer his Infant vigor be withstood,
A flame new kindled is as easily quench't,
And sudden sparkles in little drops are drencht :
A Trauellours Loue is like himselfe, vnstaid,
And wanders where he walkes, It is not layde
On any firmer ground, for when vve alone
Thinke him to vs, the winde blowes faire, hees gone :
Witnesse Hypsipile, alike betraide,
Witnesse vwith her, the bright Mynoyan maide :

Ariadne.

Nay then your selfe, as you your selfe haue spoken
 To fayre Oenone haue your promise broken,
 Since I beheld your face first, my desire
 Hath beene, of Troyan Paris to inquire :
 I know you now in euery true respect,
 Ile grant you thus much then, say you affect
 Me (whom you terme your owne.) Ile grow thus farre
 Do not the Phagian marriners prepare
 Their sailes and Oares, and now whilst we recite
 Exchange of words about the wished night :
 Say that euen now you were prepar'd to clime
 my long wish'd bed, iust at th' appointed time
 The wind should alter and blow fayre for Troy,
 You must breake off, in midst of all your ioy
 And leaue me in the infancy of pleasure,
 Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.
 You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,
 T'exchange for Cabins, Hatches, and pitch'd boords,
 Then what a fickle Courtship you commence,
 When, with the first vwind, all your Loue blowes hence.
 But shall I follow you vwhen you are gone,
 And be the graund-child to Laomedon?
 And Ilium see, whose beauty you proclaime?
 I doe not so despise the bruit of fame,
 That she to whom I am in debt such thanks,
 Should fill the Earth with such adulterate pranks :
 What will Achaia? What will Sparta say?
 What will your Troy report and Asia?
 What may old Priam or his reuerent Queene?
 What may your Sisters hauing Hellen seene,
 Or your Dardanian brothers deeme of me?
 Will they not blame my loose inchaſtity:
 Nay, how can you your self faithfull deeme me,
 And not amongst the looseſt dames esteeme me
 No stranger shall your Asian Ports com neare
 But he shall fill your guilty soule with feare.
 How often (angry at some ſmall offence)
 Will you thus say; Adultereſſe, get thee hence,
 Forgetting you your selfe haue been the chiefe
 In my transgreſſion, though not in my grieve.

Consider

Consider what it is forgetfull Louer,
 To be sinnes Author, and sinnes sharpe reprobuer,
 But ere the least of all these Illes betide me,
 I wish the earth may in her bosome hide me.
 But I shall all your Phrygian wealth possesse,
 And more then your Epistle can expresse;
 Gifts, wouen gold, Imbrodery, rich attire,
 Purple and Plase, or what I can desire?
 Yet giue me leaue, thinke you all this extends
 To counter-waile the losse of my chiefe friends?
 Whose friendship, or whose ayde shall I imploie,
 To succour me when I am wrong'd in Troy?
 Or whether can I, hauing thus misdone,
 Vnto my Father or my Brothers runne,
 As much as you to me, false Iason swore
 Vnto Medea, yet from Ælons dore
 He after did exile her: Now poore hart,
 Where is thy Father that should take thy part?
 Old Ætes or Calciope? thou tookest
 No aid from them, who thou before forsookest.
 Or say thou didst (alas they cannot heare
 Thy sad complaints) yet I no such thing feare,
 No more Medea did, good hopes ingage
 Themselues so farre, they faile in their presage:
 You see the ships that in the Mayne are tost,
 And many times by Tempests wrackt and lost,
 Had at their launching from the Hauens mouth,
 A smooth sea, and a calme gale from the South.
 Besides, the brand your mother dreamt she bare
 The night before your byrth, breeds me fresh care,
 It Prophecie, ere many yeares expire,
 Inflamed Troy must burne with Greekish fire,
 As Venus fauours you, because she gained
 A double prize by you; yet she disdaind
 And vanquisht Goddesses, disgracst so late,
 May beare you hard, I therefore feare their hate:
 Nor make no question, but if I consort you,
 And for a Rauiisher our Greecc report you:
 Warre will be wag'd with Troy, and you shall rue,
 The sword (alas) your conquest shall pursue:

When

When Hypodamia at her bridale feast,
 Was rudely rauisht by her Centaur guest,
 Because the Saluages the Bride durst ceaze,
 War grew betwixt them and the Lapythes :
 Or thinke you Menelaus hath no spleene ?
 Or that he hath not power to auenge his teene ?
 Or that old Tyndarus this wrong can smother ?
 Or the tr o famous Twins each lo'ud of other.

Castor & Poll.

So where your valour and rare deedes you boast,
 And warlike spirits in which you triumph most,
 By which you haue attained mongst Souldiers grace,
 None will beleene you that but sees your face,
 Your feature and fayre shape, is fitter farre
 For amorous Courtships, then remorselesse warre :
 Let rough-hevv'd Souldiers warlike dangers proue,
 Tis pittie Paris should do ought same loue.
 Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight,
 Ile finde you warre, to skirmish euery night,
 Which shall become you better : Were I wise
 And bold withall, I might obtaine the prize,
 In such sweete single Combats, hand to hand,
 Gainst which no woman that is wise vwill stand :
 my Champion Ile encounter breast to breast,
 Though I were sure to fall, and be o'repreast.

In that you priuate conference intreat me,
 I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me,
 I know the meaning durst I yeeld thereto,
 Of what you vwould confer ; What you would do,
 You are too forward, you too farre would vvade,
 But yet (God knowes) your haruests in the blade.
 My tyred pen shall heere his labour end,
 A guilty sence in theeuish lines I send,
 Speake next when your occasion best perswades,
 By Clymenea and Aethra my two maydes.

THese enter-changes of theyr Amors past,
And *Menelaus* absent, they compound,
That in some place an ambush shall be plac't,
With which the Queene shall be incompast round,
And willingly surpriz'd, seeming agast,
and at theyr armes, to weepe, to shricke, to sound:
But all in vaine, the *Trojan* seemes to feare her,
and force perforce, vnto his Fleet to beare her.

Shee in her frightfull agony, seemes dum,
Yet when shee was past helpe, for helpe she cride,
She cals for rescue, that had rescue come,
Euen at the sight of *Spartan* armes had dide:
Shee seemes affrighted at the *Troian* drum,
and at theyr stearne allarmes terrifide:
Shee cals on Father, Husband, Brother, Friend,
Naming them most, who could her least defend.

This vprore made the bold *Pannonians* guard
The passage to their ships, still *Hellen* cryes
Vpon th' *Aciaians*, from her rescue bar'd,
The rumour of her Rape through *Sparta* flyes,
Whilst *Paris* with his Souldiers keepes strict ward,
Launching at length with his desired prize:
Her two Twin-brother-Kings, that nothing doubt,
At the same season soiourned thereabout.

And hearing of their Sisters Rape, make hast,
The Rauisher with fury to pursue,
They disimbogue, hoping to gaine at last
Sight of the *Troian* Nauye, which now grew
neere to the *Hellepont*, hauing quite past
Th' *Aegean* Sea, the *W*indes against them blew,
The Surges swell, and with the rough *W*inds meet,
Conspiring both the ruyne of the Fleet.

Shippes

Castor & Pollux
translated
into the two
Poles, the
North and
South, *Pausan.*

5
Ships, Sailes, and men, are swallowed in th' *Abisse*,
The brothers to two Starres the Gods translate,
One of the Poles by *Castor* named is,
The tother *Pollux*, to record theyr fate,
Where now they shine in theyr Celestiall blisse,
But so farre distant in theyr blest estate,
As neither hath the power to see his brother,
For when we raise the one, we loose the other.

6
By this time with his *Troian* Rape arriues
At *Tenedos*, the amorous *Troian* Lad,
Which *Priam* vnderstanding, nobly striues
To welcome her (at her arriuall glad)
The Queene attended with the Noble Wiues
Of all the *Troian* Princes, richly clad,
Issues from *Troy*, with thousands following after,
To entertaine bright *Ladaes* rauisht daughter.

7
Behold where (on an aumbling Palfrey mounted
White as her mothers feathers) she appeares,
Now one of *Priams* daughters counted,
For with that stile, young *Paris* Hellen cheeres,
At meeting, the old King himselfe dismounted,
and with soft kisses dries her feigned teares,
Old *Hecuba* next *Priam* cheeres her mone,
and after her, her daughters one by one.

8
Hector and *Troilus* with the Lords of *Troy*,
Kisse her by turnes, and with kind armes embrace her,
The people with applauses crowne theyr ioy,
Whilst *Priam* fore the multitude to grace her,
Betrothes the *Spartan* to his amorous boy,
And in's returne on his right hand doth place her,
Aeneas and *Anthenor* highlie praisde,
Kneele to the King, and by his hand are raisde.

9
The long diuorced Peeres now enterchange
Their free embracements, whom with kisses sweet
Theyr wiues, to whom such fauours were grown strange,
with theyr long absence wirth like language meete,

The *Troyans* eyes on *Hellen* freely range,
With prayse and wonder they her welcome greet,
Her beauty euen so deepe in *Hector* strake,
He now repines that he against her spake.

10

The ground is strewd with sweet and various flowers,
In euery place is Musicke heard to sound,
From *Tenedos* in lesse then two short howers
They enter *Troy*, whose Walles are peopled round,
She wonders at their buildings and hye Towers,
The like to which in *Sparta* are not found,
Wals, wealth, and people, Pallace, all appearing
Richer to th'eye, then theyr report in hearing.

11

She treads not but on *Arras*, Casts her eyes
But on rich hangings, beautyes, rooffes of Gold,
Jewels, State, Garments: Now she doth despise
The pouerty of *Sparta*, as things old,
The nouelties of *Troy* she gins to prise,
But most delights in her sweet armes to infold
Inamoured *Paris*, who as much excels
her husband; as *Troy* *Sparta*, in ought else.

12

The morrow coms, by *Priam* shee is led
To *Pallas* Temple, and espoused there
To *Paris*; and at night conueyde to bed
By *Hecuba*, her bright Attendants were
Andromache, *Cressa*, (and instead
Of hand-maydes) *Polyxene* and *Cressyde*, deare
To *Troilus*; None faue Ladies of estate,
Are suffred on the *Spartan* Queene to waite.

13

Eyght entyre dayes and nights, the hye feast lasts,
And *Troy*'s all mirth, whylst *Sparta* is all woe,
With swiftest speed a winged Curror hasts
As farre as *Creet*, Queene *Hellen*'s Rape to show,
Menelaus his sad howers in anguish waits,
By this the *Græcian* Kinges his sorrowes know:
And of themselues assemble, offering free,
Theyr hostile ayde, and in *Troyes* fall agree.

To

14

Strabo, Diodo.

To bring so huge a Nauy on the Seas,
 Behooues vs know theyr names that first deuise
 These noble vessayles : whether for their ease,
 Whether Ambitious, they the Land despise,
 Whether the Creatan *Minos* did first please
 The surges God : or *Neptune* enterprise
 The foaming billowes, being by *Saturnes* motion,
 Made Admirall of all the brinish Ocean.

15

Pliny

Whether *Erichris* in the red Sea sayled
 And first made Boats, which others would impute
 To the *Meones*, such as neuer sayled
 In th' Hellespont, or whether the pursuit
 Of *Danaus* in the Egyptian Sea preuailed,
 An honour which to him most attribute :
 Or whether Navigators first had place,
 In *Atlas* kingdome, or in *Samo-Thrace*.

Polydor

Polichron.

16

This I avertte, his Arke first *Noah* made
 Fore th'vniuersall Deluge, since his dayes
Iason the Greeke, who *Colchos* sought to invade,
 Composde the Galley, which next him assayes
Sesostris King of *Aegypt*, In this Trade
Eythenus flourishte, whom our Anthors prayse
 For Marine skill, his Barge did first deuide
 The Surges with two Oares on eyther side.

17

Amocles of
Corinth.
Nesichthon of
Salamis.

First, with three course of Oares *Amocles* rowed,
 The *Carthagens* with foure, as many write,
 With fiae *Nesichthon* : These were first bestowed
 By the bold *Romans* in the great Sea-fight
 At the first battayle *Punicke* : He that owed
 The sixe-Oard barge to do *Zenagaras* right
 Must yeld it him (in *Siracusa* dwelling
 For ship-wrights Craft, all other much excellling.

18

Hyppias the Trojan the broad Lyter framed,
 The *Cyrenens* the Hoy, which some more fine,
 The Gallioon call : with Barks the *Cyprians* tamed
 The rude sea-Rouers, Cockboates (some diuine)

Th' *Illyrians* built: the Keele and Craer were named
By the *Phenetians* first: the *Brigandine*
The *Rhodians* rear'd: the *Canoas* now in trade,
In *India* by the *Germans* were first made.

19

The *Copians* found the Rudder, the broad Oare
The fly *Plateans* by their Art composed;
Young *Icarus* the saile not knowne before,
Which some affirme, King *Æolus* disclosed,
With Masts and Sayle-yards *Dedalus* did store
The *Cretans*: but the sterne *Typhis* disposed:
The stemme *Pyscus*: *Anacharsis* wrought
The Tackle, Anchors first the *Tyrhens* sought.

20

Athens first ferried men, whether we must draw
Th' *Gracian* fleete, the great'st that hath bin seene,
Such store th' amazed *Neptune* neuer saw,
No not when *France* and *England* met betweene
Callice and vs, where after many a flaw;
Phillip gaue place to the third *Edwards* spleene,
Before, the blacke Prince, by wars prosperous chance,
Quater'd our Lyons with the Flowers of *France*.

21

Nor when the stout *Venetian* Gallies frame
Their expedition gainst the *Turkes* Armade,
Nor when Sea-wars *Malta* or *Rhodes* proclaime,
Whose ponderous hulkes the Oceans backe nie swayde,
Nor when th' invincible huge Navy came
In the yeare Eighty eight, *England* t'invade:
Were there so many Vessails well provided,
As by the *Argue* Pylots are now guided.

22

Great *Agamemnon* they Grand-Duke create
Of all their powerfull hoast, who in the ayde
Of *Menelaus*, as one of hiest estate,
With full an hundred ships at *Athens* staide,
All stuf with Armed Knights sworne to the Fate
Of threatned *Troy*, whome they with scornes vpbraide,
With forty ships faire rig'd and well supplide
In *Athens* road, doth *Menelaus* now ride.

A sea-battaile
fought be-
twixt *Phillip*
of *Frâce* & *Ed.*
the 3. in the
yeare 1340.
when there
were slayd
Fréch 30000.
ships taken
100.

Agamemnon

Menelaus

Z

For

23

*Archelaus.**Prothenor.**Helmius.**Ascalaphus.**Epistrophus.**Sedius.*

For *Athens* was their Randeuous, and there
King *Archelaus* and *Prothenor* stay,
With fifty Ships that of *Boetia* were,
With fifty Ships from *Orconomes* bay:
Helmius and Duke *Ascalaphus* appeare,
The Kings *Epistrophus* and *Sedius*, way
Their Anchors next, and to the *Spartan* King,
Thirty tall ships rig'd from *Phociden* bring.

24

*Telamon.**Theuter.**Thebus.**Amphimachus.**Nestor.**Thoas.**Doxunus.*

King *Telamon* launcht fifty Souldierd well
From *Salamine*, and in his princely traine
Duke *Theuter*, *Polyxeme*, and *Thebes* fell,
With Duke *Amphimachus*: from *Pylon* came
With three-ag'd *Nestor* fifty ships t'expell
The *Troians* from the *Helleponticke* Maine;
Thoas with fifty ships the harbour sought,
whether K. *Doxunus* likewise fifty brought.

25

*Telam. Chyleus.**Amphimachus.**Polybetes.**Idumeus.**Mereon.**Flisses.*

King *Telamon Chyleus* three times ten
And six good Ships rig'd, in the *Spartans* Quest,
Amphimachus and *Polibetes*, men
Of high resolue, accompany the rest
With thirty saile, King *Idumeus* then,
And *Cretan Mereon* their loues exprest,
They fourescore and two Frigots brought in place,
And thirty two *Flisses* weighed from *Thrace*.

26

*Tynelus.**Prothocathus.**Prothesilaus.**Collesis.**Machaon.*

Twelue Ships from *Phrygia* Duke *Tynelus* brings,
And from *Phlaca* fifty two arriue,
at the great charge of two imperious Kings
Prothocathus: The Prince to that did wiue
Laodomeia faire, whose praise Fame sings,
Prothesilaus: *Collesis* seekes to driue
With foure and twenty Craets th'opposed fleets
Whom King *Machaon* by appointment meets.

27

*Pollydris.**Achilles.**Thelaphus.**Aruphilus.*

Machaons Sonne *Pollydris* thirty three,
Achilles two and twenty hath in store,
King *Thelaphus* as many, these agree
By their ioynt Armes to win the *Troian* shore,

Eruphilus hath likewise vowd to free
The rauisht Queene with two and fifty more:

Anthipus and *Amphimachus* are seene,
From *Rustican* with *Hulkes* and *Hoyes* thirteene.

Anthipus

Amphimachus

27

King *Polybetes* that from *Rythee* came,
Bring sixty two, and in his friendly ayde,
His Brother the Duke *Lopius* mou'd with fame
Of these great warres, seekes *Phrygia* to iuaide:
King *Diomed* of *Arges* threats the same,
Fourescore and two tall Vessalles he displaide:

Polybetes

Lopius

Diomedes

Eurialus and *Thelanus* in fight,
Of all the hoast, beneath his Ensignes fight,

Eurialus

Thelanus

29

Thirteene K. *Fureus*, *Polyphebus* nine,
Prothoylus fifty two, as many led
The King *Carpenor* of the *Bresseian* line,
Theorinus foure and twenty colours spread,
In foure and twenty ships, all these in fine
In the *Athenian* part meet and make head:

Fureus

Polyphebus

Carpenor

Theorinus

Twelue hundred twenty Ships make th' Ocean treble,
In whom full sixty nine bold Kings assemble.

38

But ere we further enter or proceed
In these *Heroike* wars, we hold it fir,
Before the *Gracians* or the *Troians* bleed,
To memorize their shapes; ere we admit
The *Argiue* Peeres (all in one thought agreed)
To be reueng'd on *Troy*, and ransacke it:

Hellen the first, as Pearcelesse through all Lands,
As *Venus* picture that in *Coos* stands.

Hellen

31

She was nor dwarfe-like statur'd, nor too tall,
Nor foggy fat, nor yet Consumptiue leane,
Her Waist not grosse, nor yet too slender-small,
Her faire propotion, was smooth, quaint, and cleane;
Her habit shadowed no extreame at all,
She was all shaped by the Golden meane;
So rare, that neuer eye dwelt on her Cheeke,
But lost it selfe, and had his light to seeke.

Z 2

What

32

What should I with harsh Language stubber o're
 Exact perfection? Shall my ragged quill
 In seeking Natures cunning to explore,
 Iniure the worke in which she shewes such skill?
 T'expresse such Graces as the Gods adore
 In *Hellen*, would a spacious Volume fill:
 And aske (should I her beauties al recite,)
 A world of Paper, and an Age to write.

33

And all my Subiect should be *Hellen*, she
 That in the Vniuerse can find no peere:
Hellen the scope of all my Verse should be,
 Yet to her worth my praise not once comes neere;
 Therefore, since more them *Hellen* call on me
 To speake their Valors, and insert them heere:
 I leaue her with this Title: *Hellen, fairest*
Of all the World, and for Perfection rarest.

34

Bold *Agamemnon* Duke of all the Host,
 Invoakes me next his features to let downe,
 Tall statur'd, ably limb'd, adored most
 Of all the *Argines* with th'imperiall Crowne:
 White-bodied, straight, tret-puissant without boast,
 Hardy, well-spoke, Ambitious of Renowne.
Menelaus, of meane stature, his voyce lowd,
 Brown-hair'd, well set, Valiant in armes, not prowde.

35

Achilles, he whose *Myrmidons* defended
 The hoast of *Greekes* with a strong brazen Mure,
 From *Thetis* Goddesse of the Sea descended,
 Pourefull, expensive, on his Couenant sure,
 Bright-hair'd, his face and feature much commended,
 His eye much fiery, his Complexion pure:
 Broad shoulder'd, and big-arm'd, large breasted, strong
 His match in Armes, liu'd not the *Greekes* among.

36

King *Tantalus*, broad, fat, and hye withall,
 His head Crispe-blacke, his Beard-thicke, but not long,
 Affable, Courteous, and despising bral,
 Delighting much in Musicke, and in Song:

Alex as broad as *Tantall*, and as tall,
But in his deeds of Armes more actiue strong :
He that alone by the *Greekes* awfull rector,
Was chosen worthy to encounter *Hector*.

37

Ajax Oeleus was of smaller size,
Of milder temper, Curteous, Blacke his haire,
His Colour fresh, himselfe of faire Emprize,
And a great part among the Princes bare ;
Ulysses King of *Ithaca* most wise,
A right Mercutialist, in discourse rare,
An Orator, whom ludging eares applaud,
Yet Oily toong'd, full of deceit and fraud.

38

King *Diomed*, of Gyant-like aspect,
The largest *Greeke* that menac't *Troy* with steele :
A Prince, whom all the Princes must respect,
His ponderous blowes make many *Troians* reele,
Equally apt to fight, or to direct,
Dreadlesse of Fortune, or her turning wheele :
Comely, and deck't with all the guifts of Nature,
His hart hauing Correspondence with his stature.

39

The three-ag'd liuing *Nestor*, *Pyteous* King,
Slenderly-tall, his Visage Sagely graue
And promising Counsell, he whose Muse did sing
Of King *Prothesilaus*, to him gaue
The wreath, for quicke and Actiue combatting,
Yet all his Art his body cannot saue :
His looke effeminate, his Courage bold,
His strength by might, but not by feare controld.

40

Stout *Neptolynus*, in his Countenance grim,
Blacke-hair'd, broad-ey'd, his hairy win-browes meet,
Arm'd at all points, deepe Riuers he would swim,
Though heavy bodied, actiue were his feet,
They that most curiously decipher him,
Report his Language stammering and vnsweet :
Palumides, faire-shapt, but sickly tender,
His Colour chearefull, but his stature slender.

Z 3

Nereus

41

Nereus Ipasse, the faire *Greeke* *Homer* lou'd,
Penelaus, *Leitus*, *Eurialus*,
Clouius Arceilaus, Nobly prou'd,
Ialmen of *Boetia*, *Ascalaphus*;
 Bold *Idomen*, (a *Fury*) being mou'd,
 The *Phocean* *Scedius*, and *Amphimachus*,
Prothous, *Ieonteus*, *Polybetes*,
Guneus, *Æmilus*, and great *Philoctetes*

Philoctetes
 companion
 to *Hercules*.

42

Who brought the Arrowes dipt in *Hydraes* blood,
 To *Troyes* sad siege, there was the braue *Prothenor*,
 By whom *Podarces* and King *Merion* stood
Tlepolemus, *Cteatus*, and *Alphenor*,
Phidippes, *Anthipus* a souldier good,
 With stout *Alceus* soone, K. *Agapenor*,
Talpheus, *Phetides*, King *Polyxemon*,
Muesstheus, *Stenetus*, *Thoas*, sonneto *Andremon*.

43

Rough *Polidarius*, fat, and scornefull proude,
 False of his promise, and yet warlike bold,
Mathaon of meane stature, yet aloude
 For valiant to, and mongst the best intold,
 More princes did the *Greeke* pavilions shroud,
 Whose shapes we leaue, to haue their merits told :
 Now come we to *Creseida*, *Calchas* daughter,
 So faire, that many warlike Princes sought her.

44

She was a worthy and a beautionous Dame,
 Whom *Troilus* lou'd, and *Diomedes* sought,
 To gaine her Grace, they wan immortall Fame,
 And still their glorious spoiles to *Creseid* brought,
 For her the mighty *Persian* *Sophy* came,
 To gaine her Loue, he gainst the *Troyans* fought :
 Filling the number of the *Gracian* hoast,
 Who waite but wafrage to the *Dardan* Coast.

45

They call a Counsell, and dispatch away
Achilles and *Patroclus* to the Isle
 Cald *Delos*, which our Cosmographers say,
 Stands midst the *Ciclades* : Heere of long while

The God *Apollo*, vnto such as pray,
Gives answere (by his Oracle :) His smile (for
Cheares such as kneele, his frown strikes them with ter-
Such was the *Panims* Faith, the *Pagans* Error.

46

To this faire Clyme (which some *Ortigia* call,)
The Sun and Moone were in their Nonage seene,
Latona brought them forth: Heere first of all
Phæbus (the dayes God) and his Sister Queene
Cynthia, that guides the night, both rise and fall:
Heere stands the Temple, and the guilded Skreene,
On which *Apolloes* Statuë dwels for aye,
pronouncing Oracles to such as pray.

47

Heere did *Achilles* and *Patroclus* find
The *Troian Calchas*, reuerent *Thystranes* sonne,
Sent by King *Priam* to know *Phæbus* mind,
And what shall in these future warres be done:
The Oracles hath by his priests asignd,
That after ten yeares *Troy* shall be o're-run:
Which *Calchas* hearing, with *Achilles* makes
His speedy peace, and so his *Troy* forsakes.

48

Achilles proud of such a glorious pray,
With these glad tydings to the Fleet returnes,
Who with all prosperous speed their Anchors way,
And whilst *Troyes* King reuolted, *Calchas* mournes,
Whose graue aduice was to his Realme chiefe stay,
No longer th' *Argine* Duke his speed adiournes:
But launcheth his Fleet royall: They set sailes,
And the calme *Eurus* yeilds them gentle Gales.

49

Diana (that was euer friend to *Troy*,)
Neptune intreats, that may command his waues,
The great *Armade* of *Gracia* to destroy
And swallow them within his Briny graues,
She takes it ill, the *Greekes* depart with ioy
From *Aulis* Gulfe, yet none her license craues
Or offers at her Altars, the due rights
Of Sacrifice, amongst those Kings and Knights.

Amidst

50

Amidst the wrathfull Tempest *Calchas* praies
 To *Neptune* and the Moone, their Fleet to spare,
 Who not with words to be appeas'd, will raise
 His tumbling waues, and toss them in the ayre,
 Vlesse great *Agamemnon* Altars raise
 To angry *Cynthia*, and performe his Prayer,
 And on her bleeding Shrine, at *Dians* feet,
 Kill *Iphigenia* to preserue the Fleet.

51

Loath is the Generall his Childs blood to spill,
 Yet holds it better that one Lady dye,
 (Although his Daughter) then the Seas to fill
 With Ships, bold Knights, and Kings aduanced hye:
Calchas the Priest the Innocent Maid doth kill,
 To appease *Dianas* wrathfull Deity:
 The Sacrifice perform'd, the wind blowes faire,
 The Seas are calm'd, the Sun hath clear'd the Aire.

52

And now the wind playes with those swelling sailes
 Which they but late in fury rent and tore,
 Calme *Zephyr* cheares their Fleet with gentle Gales,
 Which made but late the violent *Surges* tore,
 (This can the Gods) but ere proud *Greece* prenailes,
 Or Land their powers vpon the *Phrygian* shore:
 Or that *Scamander* field in blood be dide,
 We from our taske our selfe a while deuide.

A Thra and Clymenen, were Hellens Chamber-maids
 and imployd in all her most priuate businesse.

Some affirme that Paris onely met Menelaus & p-
 on the sea, and baled him as hee was in his voyage towards
 Crete, and by that meanes vnderstanding his absence, thought
 it a fit opportunity for him to steale away his Queene. And
 that he rauisht her out of the Temple dedicate to Cytherea,
 where Paris and she as strangers one to another, sacrificed to-
 gether, but in this I imitate Ouid as my approued Author.

That

That Menelaus was at home when Paris Landed in the Isle
Cythere, and gaue him friendly entertainment, though some
seeme to disproue, yet Ouid in diuers of his workes affirms it.

WHen Menelaus from his house is gone,
Poore Hellen is afraid to lie alone;
And to alay these feares (lodg in her breast)

De Arte A-
mandi 2.

In her warme bosome she receiues her guest:
What madnesse was this? Menelaus, say
Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay
Vnder the selfe-same roose, thy Guest, and Loue?
Mad-man vnto the Hawke thou trusts the Dove:
And who, but such a Gull, would giue to keepe
Vnto the Mountaine-Wolfe full folds of Sheepe.
Hellen is blamelesse, so is Paris too,
And did what thou, or I my selfe would doo.
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting these Louers, Time and Place.
From thee the seeds of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whose Counsels haue they followed, but thine owne?
(Alacke) what should they do? Abroad thou art,
At home thou leauest thy Ghest, to play thy part:
To lie alone, the (poore Queene) is affraid,
In the next roome an Amorous stranger staid,
Her Armes are ope to imbrace him, he fals in,
And Paris I acquit thee of the sin.

And in another place somewhat resembling this:

Orestes liked, but not loued deerely
Hermione, til he had lost her clearely:
Sad Menelaus, why dost thou lament
Thy late mishap? I prethee be content:
Thou knewest the amorous Hellen faire and sweet,
And yet without her didst thou saile to Crete,
And thou wast blithe and merry al the way,
But when thou saw'st she was the Troians pray,
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,
Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.
So stout Achilles, when his lonely Bride
Briseis, was dispos'd to great Atreide,

De remedio
Amoris 2.

Nor

Nor was he vainely mou'd: Attrides too
Offerd no more then he of force must doo:
I should haue done as much, to set her free,
Yet I (heauen knowes) am not so Wise as he.

Hippile the Daughter to Thoas King of Lemnos, who
when al the women of that Island had slain their Husbands &
Kinsmen, she onely referu'd her Father alivē, for which they
after exiled her.

By the Mynoxan Maid, is vnderstood Ariadne forsaken by
Theseus.

The Meones are those, who are now cald Troians. First
Dardaniāns of King Dardanus.

Coos an Isle in the Sea Icarium, not farre from Rhodes,
now called Langor. The chiefest Cittie is likewise cald Coos,
where as some thinke, Apelles left his admirable vnfinisht
Picture of Venus, so rarely begun, that not the most exquisite
Arts-maister (hee dying before it was finished) durst enter-
prise to perfect it.

Homer.
Virgill.

The assembly of the Greekes was in the Hauē of Athens,
or Aulis Gulfe, a port-Towne in the Country of Boetia.

The names of the Græcian Princes, though they seeme som-
what straunge, yet are all remembred by Homer and others,
that writ the History of Troy, which (though no question) di-
uers Translations and severall Languages haue somewhat cor-
rupted, yet they all meet in one Trueth, that such men as are
heere remembred, were at this renowned sledge.

Legos where the Temple of Apollo stands: in the Navel of
the world.

It is likewise cald Ortigia, of the Birds Ortiges, in English
Quailes, because those Birds (to vs common) were first scene
in that Island.

Metamor. 12.

Many differ about the Sacrifice which Agamemnon slew
to appease the wrath of offended Diana: some thinke it to
haue beene a Hart: but Ouid avers is to be the daughter of
Iphigenia.

Theacris in
dioscuris
Apollon. lib. 1

Of Castor and Pollux there are many thinges extant, of
their byrth we haue spoke before. They were the Sonnes of
Iupiter, not of Tyndaris, They went with Iason to the

Conquest

Conquest of the golden Fleece, where Pollux slew hand to hand Amicus the Gyant-sonne of Neptune, who had beefore dar'd all the Argonantes to a single Combat, and after the Colchian voyage, when Theseus had rauisht Helena, they warred vppon Athens, and hauing recouered her, spared all the vanquisht Athenians, and in their returre these Brothers rauisht the two Daughters of Leucippus and Arsinoe. They were cald Phebe and Falaira: Of Phebe Pollux begot Asineus: Of Falaira, Castor begot Amagon, whose former Husbandes pursuing the rauishers, fought against them a bloody battaile neare to the foot of the mountaine Taigetes, & when they had hidde themselues within the body of an ore-growne Oake, they were espide by Linceus, of all mortal men the best sighted, which an ancient poet thus describes.

Zetes hist, 46

Stasinus in
rebus Cyprijs.

Quo tempore Linceus,
Taygeti velox ascendit Culmina montis,
Lustrauitque oculis quicquid tenet insula magni,
Tantalidæ Pelopis: præacuto lumine vidit,
Hos ambos intra ventrosæ robora quercus,
Pollucem fortem & domitorem Castora equorum.
Of their deaths we haue already discoursed, they were after drowning, translated into Starres, to whom the Nauigators of old did ordinary Sacrifice.

The end of the tenth
CANTO.



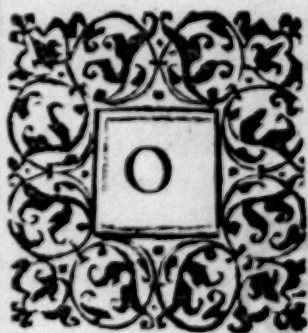
Argumentum

THe Græcians Land, Prothesilaus fals
 By Hectors sword, King Diomed is sent
 With wise Vlisles to debate their brals,
 And fetch the Spartan to her Husbands Tent:
 Hellen denide: the Greekes begirt Troy wals,
 But are by Hector rais'd incontinent:
 Troylus and Diomed in Armes contend
 For Cressida, so the first battels end.

ARG. 2.

Our English Worthies, Fame & her rich Crowne,
 With Troyes confedred Kings, Lambda sets down

CANTO. II.



H can we forraine
 Worthies Memorize,
 And our owne Natiue
 Champions quite forget,
 Whose fame swift Clangor hath
 through pierst the skies,
 To whom due Honor still
 remains in debt:

How many true victorious Peeres arise
 From this faire Garden, midst the Ocean set:
 How many an English Knight hath borne his head
 As he as those, whom Troy or Greece hath bread?

2

Achilles, Ajax, Diomed, or those
 Whom Homer hath extold with Golden praise,
 Haue not done greater spoile vpon their foes,
 Then some that haue surui'd euen in our dayes,

And had I spirit but like the least of those
That writ the *Græcian* Acts, my pen should raise
Our *Brittish* Champions, and their acts proclame,
About the *Greekes* in the high Tower of Fame.

3
What could *Achilles* more then *Brittish Bren*,
That after many dangerous battailes won,
Forrag'd *France*, *Denmarke*, *Germany*, and then
Sackt *Rome*, and high *Pernassus* over-run,
And by the ayde of his bold Englishmèn,
Laid siege vnto the Temple of the Sun:

Or what bold *Græcian* dare gainst *Nennius* stand,
That fought with twice-foyl'd *Cæsar* hand to hand.

4
Renowned *Arthur* famous in his age,
In his round Table, and his thirteene Crownes,
Hie *Romes* Impetious Senate felt his rage,
and paid him homage in their purple Gownes,
His Came'lot Knights their hardiments ingage,
Through all the world to purchase their renownes:
Of Noble *Edgar*, my dull Muse next sings,
Row'd on the Thames by eight commanded Kings.

5
Bold *Edmond* (Sir-nam'd *Ironside*) him succeeds,
a brauer Spirit breath'd not vitall ayre,
The Bastard *Williams* Sonne, Duke *Roberts* deeds
aske the next place, for his attempts were rare,
By *Cort-hose* many a Tyrant *Panin* bleeds,
By whom the Christians re-invested are:
and whilst hye *Syons* Towers triumphant stand,
He chosen Monarch o're the holy Land.

6
Richard the first that *Cordelyon* hight,
and *Edward* Sirnam'd *Long-shankes*, without Peere,
Was neuer *Dardan* Prince or *Argiue* Knight,
That in their ages more admired were:
Edvard the third that Conquer'd *France* by fight,
and *Edvard* the Blacke Prince to England deere,
He forrag'd *France*, for *Pedro* wan all *Spaine*,
Which after *John a-Gaunt* subdude againe.

A a

Henry

Bren.

Nennius.

Arthur.

Edgar

Edmond Ironside.

Robert of Normandy surnamed Cort-hose.

Richard Cordelyon. Edward long shankes. Edward 3. Black prince invested don Pedro in Spaine. John a Gaunt

7

*Bedford.
Talbot.**Edward 4.
Richard 3.*

Henry the fift, then whom the world neare bread
A worthier Prince. *Bedford* and *Talbot* bold,
Who in their forrain Regency so sped,
That puissant *France* was by their powers controld,
Edward the fourth (though wantonly misled)
Wan ten set battailes : The third *Richard* sold
His name to scandall, else his warlike merit,
Might with the rest, a Worthies name inherit.

8

*Earle Surrey**Charles Bran-
don.*

The valiant Earle of *Surrey* often staid
The Northerne Enemies from filching heare :
In the eight *Henries* dayes *Charles Brandon* made
England renown'd, by his victorious Speare,
And those whose VVoorths these late times haue dispaied
Howard, Grey, Norris, Sidney, Essex, Veare :
These, had they liu'd in aged *Priams* dayes,
Had dim'd the *Greekes*, and matcht the *Troians* prayse.

9

Now to our hostile preparations, we
Must arme our Pen, the *Greekes* are vnder saile,
There is a place from Earth, Sea, Heauen, stands free,
And equally remoued from them all :
In the worlds Nauell, fixt where *Coneaues* be,
And hollow-sounding Vaults through *Crannies* small :
Where the reports and rumors of all sounds,
Giue shrill *Reuerberat* Ecchoes and rebounds.

10

Fame.

Heere *Fame* her Pallace builds by wondrous skill,
Seating her selfe in her most lofty Tower,
Yet is her house erected on a hill,
A thousand Loope-holes are within her Bower,
A thousand doores and windowes open still,
Transparant euery late and early hower,
Full of Big-bellyed Vaults, and the wals such,
Of sounding *Brasse* that rings with euery tutch.

11

Whose empty wombe continuall murmur yeilds,
And iterates againe each word it heares,
Within this place no toonglesse silence builds,
No solitary dumnesse spares the eares :

A whistling wind flies round about the fields,
Which shakes the trembling branches, but forbears
All violent gusts : about this hollowed ground,
There are perpetuall calmes, no Tempests found.

12

And though no silence, yet no clamors rise,
Onely a whispering murmur like the Seas
Heard a farre off, or when the troubled skies,
(With remote Thunder mou'd) soft showers appease,
The Courts are throng'd with multitudes of spies,
Light giddy people tatling what they please :
Who (in and out) through euery chamber passe,
Whispering sometimes what is, and what neare was.

13

Infinite Currors, Pursuants, and Posts,
Embassadors, and such as hurry newes,
Heralds (such men as Trafficke betweene Hosts)
Walke too and fro, and no man Tales eschewes,
One speakes of Warres, of Combats, and rude boasts,
Another serious talke of Peace pursues :
All as they are dispos'd, this man is telling
Of buying Land, that other speakes of selling.

14

Some talkes of this mans Honors, that mans shames,
Others of Stormes, and many a boysterous flaw,
Some men of their successe and chance in games,
One what he heard, another what he saw,
Some men of Knights aduenturers, some of Dames,
Others how long their sutes haue hung in Law :
Toies with things serious passe, graue things with bables
Lies mixt with truths, and truths discourst with Fables.

15

Numberlesse rumors through the Pallace flye,
In euery nooke they make their free intrusion,
heere bashfull truth doth face the bold fac'd lye,
To fend and proue begets a meere confusion,
Whilst some th' attentue care with newes supply,
Others report Stale things, and in conclusion,
Addes of his owne, which bandied without ceasing,
From euery seuerall tongue receiues increasing

16

Heere you may see a dwarfe-like rumor grow,
 Euen in an instant to a Gyants size,
 Whether the Nature of the winds that blow,
 Retaines the power to make the tumors rise
 Or whether Fame all tydings apt to know,
 Giues to her traine such Bombast Liueries :
 Their growth is strange, whom I compare aright,
 Vnto the Mush-roome, statur'd in a night.

17

Heere dwels credulity, rath error, feare,
 Doubt, volubility, and quicke beliefe,
 There is no voyce hath power to pierce the eare,
 But fame of brutes and rumors, Queene and chiefe,
 Shrieks through the world : From hence the *Troians* hear
 Th' *Atrides* rage, King *Menelaus* griefe :
 Their expedition, and their Nauall power,
 Ready the threatned Enemy to deuower.

18

Tenedos sub-
 verted.

Their Frontier Townes that border next the waues
 Are fortified, three distant leagues from *Troy*
 Stands *Tenedos*, whom with imperious braues
 The *Argine* Fleet assault, race, and destroy :
 The wrathfull *Greeke* not one poore *Phrygian* saues,
 But to their ruines all their powers imploy :
 This done, by generall Counsell tis decreed,
 Two Kings to *Priam* shall on Message speed.

19

Into the Hall where th' aged King then sate,
 Attended with his Captaines, Sonnes, and Peeres,
 And such confedered Kings as to the Fate
 Of threatned *Troy*, brought Horfemen, Bowes & Spears,
 On this hie businesse to deliberate,
 And rid their hearts from all inuasiue feares :
 In, throngs *Vlisses* and bold *Diomed*,
 Two Princes arm'd at all points saue the head.

20

Pandraslus.
Panodrus.
Galior.

Heere sat the King *Pandraslus* King *Pandore*,
 And the King *Galior*, that to *Priams* ayde,
 Brought each of them a thousand Knights and more,
 Foure Kings that from *Tholoffon* wastage made,

Carras, *Amasius*, *Nestor* dreaded fore,
And stowt *Amphimachus* : these Kings displaid
Their warlike Ensignes, in all dreadfull fights,
Bringing along five thousand valiant Knights.

21

Next these seauen Kings, K. *Glaucus* tooke his place,
Three thousand bold Squires he from *Lycia* brought,
His Sonne *Sarpedon* of the *Troian* race,
In all King *Priams* battailes brauely fought,
Next whom *Eusemus* sat, distant a space,
Who with three thousand Knights *Troyes* honor fought,
Lyconians all, *Lyconias* Realme he guided,
Since into seuerall parted Crownes deuided.

22

Two puissant Kings to make the Iury full,
Came from *Larissa*, these had in their traine
Knights fifteene hundred; *Mystor*, whose tough scul
The *Argiue* Princes bruis'd : *Cepidus* slaine
In battaile too, about the *Spartan* Trull,
Neuer to see hir Natiue Clyme againe :
On a rich bench fast by King *Priams* State,
These twelue bold Kings vpon the right hand sate.

23

Vpon the left, from *Thabory* that came,
King *Remus*, who besides three thousand men,
Brought foure great Dukes, seauen Earles of Noble fame
All clad in Azure armes, wel noted then;
The King of *Trachy*, whom some *Pylex* name,
Was plac'd next him, this royall Monarch, when
He entred *Troy*, had in his Princely traine,
Eleuen hundred valiant Knights, all after slaine.

24

With him Duke *Achumius* the *Troians* ayded,
By whom *Pessemus* the *Pannonian* King
Was feared, him great *Hector* had perswaded
Vnto these wars three thousand Knights to bring,
All expert Archers, with whom *Stupex* traded,
A valiant Duke, and in his youthfull spring:
Next him sat three *Boetian* Dukes *Fortunus*,
Duke *Samnus*, and the bold Duke *Auseynumus*:

Aa 3

These

Carras.
Amasius.
Nestor.
Amphimac.

Glaucus
Sarpedon.

Eusemus.

Mystor.
Cepidus.

Remus.

Pylex.

Achamas.
Pessemus.

Stupex.
Fortunus
Samnus
Auseynumus

25

Boetes.
Epistemus.

These led twelue hundred Knights, next whom tooke
Two Brother-Kings, the bold *Boetes* first, (place,
The other *Epistemus*, of one race,
Both Princes, in the Realme of *Burtia* nurst,
They brought a thousand Knights the *Greekes* to chace,
Men of great spirit, and such as all things durst:
Next them was set a Gyant (dreaded sore)
Philemus, of the Realme of *Paphlagore*.

26

Persens.
Thiclion.
Symagon.

The *Æthiopian Persens* Rauen-blacke,
And the King *Thiclion* of the selfe-same hue,
With *Symagon*, in whom there was no lacke
Of heart or skill his foe-men to pursue:
These Kingly *Moores* that *Priam* come to backe
Next to the lofty Gyant sit in view,
Three thousand sunburnt knights, that brauely fought
From *Æthiopia* they to *Phrygia* brought.

27

Hector.
Thelemus.
Archilocus

This State was full: and lower one degree,
Another longer Bench runs crosse the Hall,
Where mixt with *Priams* valiant sonnes, you see
More of these leagued Kings in order fall:
First of the ranke was *Hector*, next him, be
Two potent Kings, *Thelemus* hye and tall,
And young *Archilechus* a valiant Boy:
These with a thousand good Knights strengthen *Troy*.

28

Two Kings
from Argrest
Troilus.
Deiphebus.

Paris next them, and by his amorous side,
Two Princes raiging in *Argrestes* Land,
They brought twelue hundred Knights to see them tride,
Next these was *Troilus* plac't on the left hand,
And *Deiphebus* full of warlike pride
Mixt amongst these, a King of great command:
Epistropus, that beyond *Scythia* came,
Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* his valour to proclame.

29

Sagittarius.

He brought a thousand Knights, and a strange Beast
Halfe horse, halfe Man, two perfect shapes deuided,
A *Sagittary* cal'd (not dreaded least)
An expert Archer, his strong shafts were guided

With wondrous ayme and cunning, which increast
His dread among the *Greekes* (at first derided :)

Next, great *Epistropus* rankt by their yeeres,
Sat *Priams* Bastard-sonnes, next them his Peeres.

30

Next them a Prince in Jewels rich, and Gold,
That many Knights brought from *Meander* flood,
The barbarous *Meones* Duke *Nastes* told,
By whom, vpon a costly foot-pace stood
Tentumidas, by some (firnam'd the *Bold*,)

Now aged in his prime, a Souldier good :

By him Prince *Pindarus* aduancst his head,

Next him *Hyrtacides* in *Sestos* bread.

31

Adrastus, *Amphius*, *Merops*, Princes three,
Are ranked then, by whom *Ennonius* sits,
And *Chronius*, vnder whom the *Mysians* bee,
Pylemen the next empty place well fits,
Prince o're the *Paphlagonian* Chiuallry :

Pyrechmes next, whole fiery Horses bits

The *Peons* manage. Good *Euphemes* then

Whom the *Cicinians* led, all expert men.

32

Ascanius and *Dius*, who doth guide

The *Halizonians* next in order fall ,

Then *Pyrous* who his *Thracian* Souldiers tride,

And warlike *Mnemon* boldest of them all:

Pyleus and *Hypothous* them beside,

These the *Pelasgians* vnto battle cal:

Warlike *Aeneas* of the Noblest race,

Next whom, the Lords and Barons take chiefe place.

33

Anthenor, with *Polydamus* his sonne,

The glistering Ladies keepe another State

Above them all : *Priams* hye throne begun

To lift it selfe where he in glory sate,

Benches of Dukes and Earles from all sides run,

Apparel'd in rich Robes of greatest rate :

Thus was the King prepar'd, when the two *Greekes*,

Presse forward to his throne with blushlesse Cheekes.

At

Nastes.

Tentumidas.

Pandarus.

Hyrtacides.

Adrestus.

Amphius.

Merops.

Ennonius.

Chronius.

Pylemen

Pyrechmes.

Euphemes.

Ascanius.

Dius.

Pyrous.

Mnemon.

Pyleus.

Hypothous.

Ulysses and Diomedes Embassage.

34

At their approach the Lords amazed rise,
And at their bold intrusion musing stand,
Vpon these two, the Kings fix all their eyes,
Prepar'd for some strange Nouell, when his hand
Ulysses waits for silence, and applies
His speech to *Priam* thus: Hee whose command
Rauisht from *Sparta*, great *Atrides* wife,
Forseits to *Greece*, his Country, Crowne, and Life.

35

If thou bee'st he whom all these Lords adore,
I summon thee in *Agamemnon's* name,
Backe to her Lord, *Queene Hellen* to restore,
With full amends done to the rauisht Dame,
And to present thy lustfull sonne before
The bench of *Argiue* Kings, t'abide such shame
That he in after times to our successors,
Be made a terror to the like Transgressors.

36

Else shall th'iraged Princes spoile thy Townes,
Thy Matrons in their husbands armes defloure,
Slaughter thy Sonnes and bury their renownes,
And with thy peoples blood the channels scoure,
Of these confederate Kings ceaze all the Crownes,
When death that swallows them must thee deuoure:
Say, wilt thou to preuent this and much more,
Punish thy sonne, and *Hellen* backe restore?

37

To this th'incensed King replies againe,
Th'vnable *Greekes* (alas) are much too weake,
Wanting the power thy proud vants to maintaine,
Or to make good what thou doost rashly speake:
They rauisht our faire Sister, whom in vaine
We re-demanded, her despights to wreake:
Our Sonne the amorous *Paris* crost the deepe,
To fetch thence *Hellen* whom the Boy shall keepe.

38

Haue they not slaine our Father, spoyld our Citty,
Pillag'd our people, wiues nor Matrons spared,
Euen Babes and Infants mangled without pittie,
And in their barbarous rigor all things dared,

Then in faire *Hellens* rape what wrong commit I,
Since not the least of these *Greece* hath repair'd :
Since whilst our Sister leads a Strumpets life,
Hellen is grac'd to be young *Paris* wife.

39

You shall repent : King *Diomed* replies,
This insolence which we will punish deetely,
By vs the Generall of the *Greekes* defies :
Priam and *Troy* whom wee'l chastice seuerely,
Vnto whose ruines seauenty Princes rise,
Whose forces shall begirt you late and earely :
These words promist, the *Troians* so disdain them,
That many drew their Faulchions to haue slain them.

40

But euer Honoured *Hector* qualified
The sudden vpror, and appeas'd the brall,
Their passage by the multitude denide,
Hector makes free, and Vshers them through all,
Yet many proud braues past on either side
Twixt the strange Kings and them i'th Pallace Hall :
At their departure casting vp his eye,
King *Diomed* by chance doth *Cresseid* spy,

41

As she with *Hecuba* and *Hectors* wife,
Crensa and *Pollixena* was plac'd,
Him thought he neuer saw in all his life
A Lady better form'd, or Sweet-lyer grac'd,
His mutinous thoughts are in themselves at strife,
To see a face so faire, an eye so cha'd :
Beauty so full of charme, with which enchanted,
He craues her name by whom he seemes so danted.

42

When vp starts netled *Troilus*; and thus sayes,
Her name is beauntious *Cressid* whom you seeke,
And *Troilus* Mistresse? to whose heauenly praise
My soule hath bin deuoted many a Vveeke,
And if thou aym'st my graces thence to raise,
I challenge thee the combat valiant *Greeke*,
He would accept it, but he needs must part,
His body goes, he leaues behind his hart.

The

43

The dantlesse *Troians* now prepare for warre,
 Whilst to th'incamped hoast the Legat Kings
 Relate King *Priams* answere, and how farre
 He stands from peace, the Grand-Duke now begins
 Like a good Captaine to foresee what barre
 May lie twixt him and safety : with swift wings
Achilles is dispatcht to crosse the Seas,
 With *Telephus* the sonne of *Hercules*.

44

Theutram.

Because the *Messean* Land where *Theutram* raig'n'd
 Was fertile, they from thence demand supply
 Of Victuall for the hoast, but he disdain'd
 To assist them, therefore him the Greekes desie :
 The Kings hye blood *Achilles* Faulchion stain'd,
Theutram (alas) by him is forst to dye,
 And *Telephus* crown'd King, from whose rich Coast,
 With store, & Victuall he relieues the hoast.

45

Twelue Moones were past since first the *Greeks* took land,
 When Duke *Palamides* at th'hoast ariues,
 Whose absence murmur'd long, yet the command
 Of the whole Army, with the Princes liues,
 Are made his charge, none seeming to withstand
 his principality : this Duke deriues
 His byrth from *Naulus*, and is made the head
 Of the stout *Greekes*, in *Agamemnons* stead.

46

But in defaster houre, *Vlisses* friend,
 To *Agamemnon* by his crafty fraud,
 Both to his life and his command gaue end :
 He that but late the *Argiue* Princes aw'd,
 And foyld the common foe, cannot defend
 his owne deere life, but whilst the hoast applaud
Atrides honor, in vnhappy season,
 Is forst to perrish for suspected Treason.

47

The first
battaile.

Tenedos sackt, the *Greekes* insult vpon't,
 And from that place made leuell with the plaine,
 The Fleet disanchors, whose proud Nauall front,
Prothesilaus proudly doth maintaine,

Hoyfing the first Sayles in the *Hellepont*,
A hundred Ships whose Flags and Pendants staine
The Ayre with various Colours, he commands,
And twice repulst, vpon the Beach he Lands.

48

His ships tough ribs vpon the sands he brake,
And many *Greekes*, some drown'd, some landing, fall,
As well the boldest that the Ship forsake,
As those that keepe aboard must perish all,
Onely the bold King makes the *Troians* quake :
Who whilst his maymed traine for rescue call,
Makes good the place, till with an hundred more,
Archelaus and *Prothenor* mans the shore.

49

Now growes the battle hot, for the rude rout
Of the disordered *Troians* madly flocke
To impeach their Landing, who with courage stout
Leape on the shore, and there abide the shooke
Of the proud Foe, who murder all about,
And with rude taunts their proud Inuasion mocke :
But *Askalus* and *Agabus* draw neare,
Two Kings, whole landed souldiers change their chear.

50

Yet at the length into the Sea driuen backe,
Till *Nestor* seconds them with fresh supply,
and now th'astonisht *Troians* suffer wracke,
Yet still make good the shores with fresh supply ;
again repulst, the *Greekes* made good the lacke
Of more arm'd men ; *Vlisses* Ships prest ny,
Whole dreaded Ensignes on the Margent spread,
Conquer the Beach, the whilst the *Troians* fled.

51

King *Philomenes* enuious of his Fame,
A pointed Speare brake on *Vlisses* face,
and stounded him : but when the bold King came
T'himselfe againe, he quitted that disgrace :
So much did wrath his Noble thoughts inflame,
he wounded him in such a speeding place,
That had not *Ihoue* kept backe his Weapons force,
The late victorious, had dropt downe a Corse.

Whilst

52

Whilst these two Kings contend, the *Greekes* retire,
 And backe into the blood-stain'd Sea are driuen,
 When *Thoas* with his fleet doth Land desire,
 Now *Agamemmons* Ships are all to riuen
 Vpon the Strond, his men halfe blood, halfe mire,
 Tugge for the shore, whilst many die vnshriuen ;
 Next *Menelaus* hath vnmand his Ship,
 And from his Barke doth stormy *Ajax* skip.

53

At whose approach neere to the brinish brinke,
 Th'amazed *Troians* yeild him Landing free,
 Beneath his ponderous Arme the strongest shrinke,
 Before his sword th'affrighted people flee,
 Their soules below the waues of *Lethe* drinke,
 Whose deeds of valor when King *Perfes* see :
 He with a band of *Moors* their violence stayde,
 Making th'astonisht *Greekes* expect more ayde.

54

When the great Duke *Palumides* discends
 Vpon the Continent, and in his traine
 A thousand Armed Knights, his Noble Friends,
 Whose swords the Beach with blood of *Troians* flaine :
Palumides gainst *Symagon* extends
 His pointed Iauelin, *Symagon* lies flaine :
 A valiant Moore, to *Perfes* neere alide,
 Though strong, he by the sonne of *Naulus* dide.

55

Now gainst the beaten *Troians* rose lowd cries,
 Which puissant *Hector* hearing, from the Towne,
 Issues from forth the gates, and soone applies
 His fortitude, where Warre seem'd most to frowne ;
 His armor Siluer-white, his shields deuise
 A Lyon *Gules* the field, Or after knowne
 And dreaded mongst the *Greeks*, where ere he marches
 The Flowers & grasse with blood of *Greeks* he patches

56

Prothesilaus him encounters first,
 and at his Steely Beauer aymes his Speare,
 The King his Staffe vpon his Visor burst,
 But from the Worthy *Hector* past not cleare :

All that encounter him must tast the worst,
The steel-head Lance from off his steed doth beare :
The dreadlesse King, who rose by great indeuour,
But *Hector* cleft his head quite through his Beauer.

Prothesilaus
slaine.

57

So passeth on strowing his way with Corfes,
That in a while his smoaking blade was feared,
Whom ere he meets he to the ground inforces,
His valour hath the drooping *Troians* cheared,
He without riders leaues five hundred horses,
Whose broken limbes lie on the earth besmeared :
Death Marshals him the way where ere he traces,
Pausing the Margent of the Sea with faces.

58

His courser *Galathee* the Noblest Steed,
That euer Knight bestrid, i'th morning white,
In euery bare place seemes from farre to bleed,
His valiant ryder shun'd no dangerous fight :
Hee's flak't all ore, and where no wounds indeed
Were hewed, great gashes grisly to the sight
Appeare vpon him, *Galathee* still stood
Sound, and yet stain'd all ore with *Gracian* blood.

59

Nor wonder if his white Steed were so painted,
When his sharpe sword so many Riuer shed,
This day a thousand Knights beneath him fainted,
And on the verdure by his hand lye dead,
With this mortality the ayre is tainted,
The spacious plaines with wounded *Greekes* are spred :
Charon the sweat wipes from his ghastly face,
And neuer wrought so hard in so short space.

60

Hels Iudges and the Gods of Darkenesse wonder,
What's now to do on earth, that such a throng
Of Ghosts whose threds the fatall Sisters sunder,
Presse in such multitudes for sentence : long
The Princes of the Vaults and regions vnder,
Were not so troubled to iudge right and wrong :
For neuer in one day it hath befell,
So great a Sessions hath bin seene in Hell.

B b

Th'in-

61

Th'invincible *Dardanian* Heroe tyr'd
 With purple Massacre, towards night with-drew,
 Horse, Armes, and Plumes the brightest morne admir'd
 For whitenesse, at his yssue, purple grew,
 And he returns Vermilion all : attir'd
 In Crimson, scarce the royall *Priam* knew
 Great *Hector* from the Torras where he stood,
 Secing his onset white, Retrait all blood.

62

Soone was the Noble *Troian* mist in field,
 For with his Myrmidons proudly attended
Achilles Lands, and that renowned sheild
 God *Vulcan* made, in which his art extended,
 He vaunteth : yet the daunted *Troians* yeild,
 Th'vnconquered shores *Hector* so late defended
 Lie open to invaders, whole *Greece* Lands,
 For gainst the great *Achilles* no man stands.

63

Euen to the Citty wals the *Troians* fly,
 Whom the maine hoast with hostile showtes pursude,
 And had not Noble *Troilus* heard the cry,
Paris and *Deiphebus* where they view'd
 So great effusion from a Turret hy,
 They had won the Towne, the streets had bin imbrude
 With Native blood, but they in hast discend,
 Relecue th'opprest, the Citty gates defend.

64

And yssuing with three thousand Knights, compell
Achilles to retrait, and when his face
 Look't backe from *Troy ward*, there was none so fell
 Vpon the *Gracian* party, but gaue place :
 This day Prince *Diomed* was seene t' excell
 In Armes : him *Troilus* met in equall race :
 They spur their Steeds that ran both swift and true,
 Incountring, both their Staues to splinters flew.

65

Their Launces broake, they try their burnisht blades,
 A thousand fiery starres at euery rushing
 Fly from their helmes, with fury each inuades
 His opposite, their mutuall Armors frushing,

The big-limb'd *Diomed* himfelfe perfwades,
Young *Troilus* cannot match his strength, and blufhing
A beardleffe Lad fhould hold him fo long play,
Doubles his blowes and thinkes to end the fray.

66

The Noble youth whom *Crefseids* loue prouokes
To all atchieuements, beyond mortal power,
(Though young,) his lofty fpirit his riuall yoakes,
Who thought his infant Vertues to deuoure,
He doubles and re-doubles warlike ftroakes,
The battell lafts the beft part of an houre:
But whilft vpon their helmes each champion thunders
Night that deuides the hoaft their fury funders.

67

This Eeuen the *Greekes* incampe, earely the Morrow,
They fhine in armor with the rifing Sunne,
The *Troian* Princes from their Ladies borrow
Rich fauours, and withall to horfe-backe runne,
A kind of feare begot twixt ioy and sorrow,
Liues in their eyes, til the dread fight be done:
To fee their Champions proudly arm'd they ioy,
Griue to behold fo huge an hoaft fore *Troy*.

The fecond
daies battayle.

68

Now are both Battailes pitcht, *Menon* appears
Firft from the *Argiue* hoaft: from *Troy* forth ftands
Hector, who in his burnisht Beauer weares
Andromachs Gloue, and now all *Troy* commands:
Thefe two begin the battell with their Speares,
They broke, they toffe their bright Steele in their hands:
Hector foone hurles King *Menon* from his horfe,
So paffes on to proue his warlike force.

69

The two hoafte ioyne, ruffling confufion flies
Through all *Scamander* field, the dying grones
Are mixed with th'applaufiue Conquerors cries
Troians and *Greekes* conquer and fall at ones,
Renowned *Hector* this day wins the pryfe,
he funders Males and Armors, flefh and bones:
His al-deuiding fword was made by charme,
No Steele fo wrought but fhrunke beneath his arme.

Bb 2

Thus

70

Thus like a raging storme he rusheth still,
 Ouer his Plume a Clowd of terror hung,
 And where he rides he doth on all sides kill,
 His bloud-staind Faulchion spares nor old nor yung,
 Tyr'd with his horte, his Chariot Mount he will,
 Now vp he takes a Bow deuinely strung,
 And shooting midst the Hoast, not one Steele-head
 Iar'd from his Bow but stroke a *Gracian* dead.

71

Him the King *Menon* and king *Glancion* then,
 Huge *Thesus* and *Archilochus* descie,
 They in their Squadron lead three thousand men,
 But *Hector* in his Chariot still sits hie,
 Vntill his Brasse-shod wheelles are purpled, when
 Their Naues are drown'd in blood of men that die:
 Charioted *Hector* these foure Kings assaile,
 But his smart Steeds spring through their armed pale.

72

Menon that was too forward boue the rest,
 Pursues great *Hector* in his lofty Carre,
 A dart the *Troian* quiuer'd through his brest,
 King *Menon* bids his last farewell to warre,
 With multitudes the Prince is ouer-prest,
 And yet he kills the *Greekes* neare and from farre:
 Neere, with his farall sword he cleaues their harts,
 And a farre off, with his keene shafts and Darts.

73

Vnto this rescue Prince *Securabor*,
 One of King *Priams* Baltard sonnes soone came,
 And Noble *Margareton* thirsting for
 Honor, and mongst the *Greekes* to get a name,
 All *Priams* yssue cowardice abhor,
 Duke *Menesteus* enuious of their fame,
 Against them comes, now clamors fill the skie,
 Whilst about *Hectors* Chariot thousands lie.

74

Vnto this hostile rumor from *Troy*-ward,
 Three Kings with Noble *Troylus* the fourth man
 Make their incursions: King *Sampitus* far'd
 Like a fierce Lyon, King *Maclaon* wan

King Menon
 slaine.

With anger, and the King that all things dar'd
Alcanus : gainst whom *Menestheus* ran
 And bore him Nobly, yet alas too weake,
 Till *Thesus* came the *Troian* ranks to breake.

75

Troilus Menestheus singles, but his Horse
 Stumbled, and he enforest on foot to fight:
 Fiue hundred *Greekes* beguirt him, and enforce
 The youthfull *Troian* (now debard from flight)
 To be their prisoner; Many a liuelesse corse
Traylus first made, before compeld t'alight:
 When *Hector* heard but word of his disgrace,
 He flew on all sides till he wan the place.

76

But first *Alcennus* had addrest his Speare,
 Against the Duke that led Prince *Troilus* bound,
 The Steele point rooke him twixt his cheeke and eare,
 And made th' *Athenian* Duke a dangerous wound,
Sampilus seconds him (a Steed was neare)
 On which they mounted *Troilus* from the ground:
Menestheus mad that he hath lost his prise,
 Pierst through the throng, and cald for more supplies.

77

King *Menelaus* and *Prothenor* knowing
 Th' *Athenians* voyce, presse that way with their powers,
 But find *Hyrius* and King *Hapon* strowing
 The earth with *Greekes*, at which the *Spartan* lowers:
 These foure their forces ioyne, many yet growing,
 Their swords supplant: death through the Champion
 At whom th' *Olimpian* Gods amazed stand, (scowers
 To see him with such quicknesse moue his hand.

78

Anthenors sonne *Polydamus* makes on,
 King *Rhemus* backes him with three thousand more,
 Their Speare-length (through the presse he had not gon)
 But *Celidus* him from his Courser bore,
 A fairer Prince then *Celidus* liu'd none,
 By *Venus* gift he Beauties Liuey wore:
Polydamus re-mounted, soone addrest,
 A second course, and pierst him through the brest.

Bb 3

Which

79

Which *Menelaus* seeing, soone assayles
Rhemus, and layes him stounded in the field,
 And but that stowt *Polydamas* preuailes,
 H'had borne him to his Tent vpon his shield,
 Still was not *Hector* Idle, Hills and Dales
 His Chariot skoures, to him the mightiest yeild:
 For like a raging Torrent after Rayne,
 Where ere he comes confusion fills the plaine.

80

Now was he by the men that *Ajax* led
 Troopt in: the *Salamines* Thunder about him
 Like *Ciclopes*, as if his Noble head
 Were *Vulcans* Anuile (yet the boldest doubt him)
 And seeing store of Carcasse bout him spred,
 With in their hearts to fight else-where without him:
 For like a baited Lyon at a stake,
 he cuts them off, and makes the boldest quake.

81

King *Theuter* somewhat rougher then the rest,
 as worthy *Hector* kept these Dogs at bay,
 Finding the Prince with two much taske opprest,
 against him with his Courser makes swift way,
 The brazen-headed staffe glides by his brest,
 and gainst his rib he feesles the Iauelin stay:
 King *Theuter* thou hast done a Noble deed,
 Thou art the first that mad'st great *Hector* bleed.

82

Well was it for thee that thou staidst not long,
 Those that growe next him for thy act must fall,
 Like a mad Bull he fares the *Greekes* among,
 and whom he hits, beneath his Chariot sprall,
 The Prince, the common man, the weake, the strong,
 The Bold, the Coward, tast confusion all:
 The Sun looks pale, heauen red, the green earth blusht
 To see their bones beneath his Chariot crusht.

83

Thesus.

Whose valour *Thesus* seeing, nobly spake:
 Great *Hector*, I admire thee, though my Foe:
 Thou art too bold, why dost thou vndertake,
 Things beyond man, to seeke thine ouerthrow?

I see thee breathlesse, wherefore dost thou make
So little of thy worth, to perish so?
Fond man retyre thee, and recouer breath,
And being thy selfe, pursue the workes of death.

84

Prince *Hector* his debility now finding,
Thankes royall *Thesus*, and begins to pawse,
And bout the field with his swift coursers winding,
Vnto a place remote himselfe withdrawes,
Meane time King *Menelaus* the battaile minding,
Wan in the dangerous conflict much applawse:
Heere *Celidonius* valiant *Moles* slew:
Moles that his discent from *Oreb* drew.

85

By *Mandon*, King *Cedonius* lost an eye,
A *Gracian* Admirall, *Sadellus* kills,
And *Ajax Telamonius* doth desie
Prince *Margareton*, King *Meneſthenus*, spils
The *Galles* red blood, *Prothenor* low doth lie
By *Samuels* Speare, renowned *Hector* fils
The field with wonder, he his Carre forsakes,
And Milke white *Galathee* againe he takes.

86

At his first entrance he espies his friend
Polydamas by thirty souldiers led,
Amongst whom spurring, they themselues defend,
But scarce one man hath power to guard his head,
Vnto their dayes great *Hectors* sword gaue end,
And freedome to *Polydamas*, nye dead:
With shame and wrath, next to the battell came
King *Thoas* to redeeme the *Argiues* Fame.

87

With him the King *Philotas* who adrest
Themselues gainst two of *Priams* Bastard Sonnes,
Young *Cassilanus* puts his Speare in rest,
And with great fury against *Thoas* ronnes,
He brake his staffe, but *Thoas* sped the best,
As to their bold encounter *Hector* comes,
He sees his young halfe-brother he held deare,
Through-pierst (alas) by *Thoas* farall Speare.

Hye

88

Hye-stomackt *Hector* with this obiekt mad,
hurries through the thicke prease, and there had slaine
Whole thousands, for the death of that young Lad,
But his red wrath King *Nestor* did restraine,
For with six thousand Knights in armor clad,
he fortifies the late forsaken plaine:

Gainst whom marcht *Philon*, of the part of *Troy*,
Their battailes ioyne, each other they destroy.

89

Polydamus and *Hector* taking part
With *Philon*, aged-*Nestor* growes too weake,
For *Cassilanus* death the *Greekes* must smart,
They through their flankes, wings, rankes, and squadrons
When *Ajax Telamon* spide what huge wreake, (broke
The *Troian* Worthy made: his men take hart,
And with King *Menelaus* them dispose,
To rescue *Nestor*, and assault their Foes.

90

Gainst them *Aeneas* with the hoast arriues,
And ioynes with *Hector*: on the *Argine* side
Philoatas with three thousand souldiers striues,
all proued *Greekes*, whose valors had bin tride:
Aeneas and great *Ajax* gage their liues
To equall conflict, whom their troopes deuide:
Philoatas on great *Hector* thinkes to proue him,
(In vaine) he from his saddle cannot moue him.

91

But him the Woorthy stounded with a blow,
A flatling blow that on his Beauer glancst,
Vlisses and *Humerus* next in row,
With twice fife thousands Knights on *Hector* chancst,
But *Paris* hapned with as many moe
On *Hectors* part, where numbers lye intrancst:
Paris a keene shaft from his Quiuer drew,
Whose fatall point the King of *Cipresse* flew.

92

This *Ciprian*, Kinsman to *Vlisses* was,
In whose reuenge the *Ithacan* defies
Prince *Paris*, who in Arch'ry did surpassie,
These two in field against each other rise,

And with their mutuall blood they staine the grasse,
But parted by the tumult, they deuise
On further massacre, neere to this place,
Troilus, *Ulysses* meets, and wounds his face.

93

Nor scapt the *Troian* wound-free, in this flower
Was *Galathee* beneath Prince *Hector* slaine,
And he on foot, the *Greekes* with all their power
Begirt him, and assault the Prince amaine;
But he whose fame about the Clouds must lower,
From all their battering strokes still guards his braine:
Till *Dynadon* *Priams* Bastard son,
Against well-mounted *Polixenus* ron.

94

A strong Barb'd horse the Noble *Greeke* bestrid,
A Worthier Maister now the steed must haue,
The Bastard youth gainst *Polixenus* rid,
Vnhorst him, and his Steed to *Hector* gaue,
Who mounted, farre more deeds of Honor did,
Leauing the *Greekes* most Coarces to ingraue:
a troope of Archers *Deiphebus* brings,
Who expell the *Greekes* with arrowes, darts, and slings

95

At the first shocke the Prince King *Theuter* hit,
and caru'd a deepe wound on his armed face,
The well steel'd point his sword-prooffe Beauer split,
and now th'assaulted *Greekes* are all in chace,
Some saue themselues by swiftnesse, some by wit,
Young *Quinteline* of *Priams* Bastard race,
and King *Moderus* haue surpriz'd by force,
Thesus, and spoyl'd him both of armes and horse.

96

Whom when the *Dardan*-Worthy saw surpriz'd,
He calls to mind the cur'sie to him done,
By whom nye breathlesse, he was well aduis'd,
The future eminence of warre to shunne,
King *Thesus* whom his Victors much despis'd,
Hector releast, and by the glorious Sunne,
Sweares not to leaue him, till he see him sent,
With safe conduct vnto his warlike Tent.

Heere

97

Here *Thoas*, by whom *Castellanus* fell,
Is by great *Hector* beaten from his Steed,
Who razing of his Helme, to send to hell
A soule he so much hated, was soone freed
By *Meneſteus* : who makes on, Pell-Mell
With a huge hoast, and rescues with all speed
Th'aſtonisht King : not long the day he tride,
Till *Paris* with an arrow pierst his side.

98

Humerus glaunst a Iavelin through the sight
Of *Hectors* Beauer, that it racst the skin,
Th'inraged Prince on proud *Humerus* light
And with one stroke he cleft him to the chin,
Proceeding on, hee still pursues the fight,
The *Grecians* loose, and now the *Troians* win,
They beate them to their Tents, where some inquire
For pillage, whilst the rest the Nauy fire.

99

In this pursute *Hector* and *Ajax* meete,
Who (after interchange of hostile blowes)
Part on ecuen tearmes, and with kind language greet,
For the two kinsmen now each other knowes :
Ajax intreats the Prince to spare theyr Fleet,
And saue theyr tents, whose flame to heauen-ward grows
Which courteous *Hector* sweares to vndertake,
For *Ajax* and his Aunt *Hesiones* sake.

100

Oh Il-lard *Hector* ! Thou hast ouerseene
A Victory, thou canst not reach to more ?
Hadst thou to him inexorable beene
Thou hadst sau'd *Troy*, and freed the *Dardan* Shore :
Duke *Ajax* prayer hath wrought *Troyes* fatall teene
And hath the power (lost *Grecia*) to restore :
Oh, hadst thou tane the aduantage of this day,
all *Greece* had perisht, that now liues for aye.

101

But theres a Fate in all things : *Hector* blowes
His wel-knowne horne, his Souldiers all retreat :
The *Greekes* to quench theyr Fleet themselues dispose,
and re-instaure their tents, whose spoile was great :

The next day from the campe to *Priam* goes
A Herald, to surcease all hostile heat :
Demanding truce till they the dead haue grounded,
And both of Campe and Citty cur'd the wounded.

102

Tis granted, from the Towne with Coffins com
Pale widdowes, winpled in their mourning weeds,
To fetch their husbands coarces cold and nom,
To whom they offer solemne Funerall deeds,
The Children fetch their Sires, and Fathers some
Their slaughtred sons, which generall mourning breeds :
The *Greekes* likewise their fellow-mates desire,
And yeild their bodies to the hallowed fire.

103

But whilst these odoriferous piles they reare,
And sacrific'd their friends in holy flames,
And in perfumed Boxes, prized deare,
Coffin their precious ashes, least their names
Should die in *Lethe* : Nouell broyles appeare,
And *Ate* through the Campe discord proclames :
But now to truce our spirits we haue intention,
Before twixt them we moue a new dissention.

TO omit all our English worthies, whose names wee haue
only memoriz'd, not hauing roome to insert their deeds
in so little a compasse as we haue prescrib'd to our Histo-
ry, we rather couet to touch matter more forraigne, and lesse
familiar to some, with whome our Booke must necessarily Tra-
ficke.

In the description of Fame, we haue rather imitated Ouid
then Virgill, his *Fama malum quo non* &c.

In the description of King *Priams* state, we must needes
imagine it great, where so many forraigne Kings assembled
in his ayde, in whose names we haue confer'd Dares, the Tro-
ian Distes, the Greeke Homer, Virgill, and others, who
though in some particuler thinges (not momentarily they dif-
fer) yet they generally concurre in this, that such Princes with
such populous and almost inuincible assistance succored Troy.

Tele-

Telephus toynd in commiſſion with Achilles, to ſaile to the land of Meſſe, was ſonne to Hercules, whom Theutam (ha- uing before in the battayle receiued his deaths wound) volun- tarily adopted his ſucceſſour, for the great loue that he for ma- ny benefits formerly receiued, had borne to his father Her- cules.

The paſſages of Loue betwixt Troylus and Creſſida, the reuerent Poet Chaucer hath ſufficiently diſcourſt, to whom I wholly refer you, hauing paſt it ouer with little circumſtance.

The deſcription of the firſt battailes ſeruice, diſordered and confuſed, we muſt excuſe, with this neceſſity, that beeing to remember ſo many, and to imploy them all, we could not do it with a directer method, then to ſet downe things done with- out order diſorderly, and actions hapning by accident acciden- tally, and confuſed things, confuſedly.

King Protheſilaus was the firſt King that periſht before Troy, for though it were foretold by Oracle, that he that firſt ſet foot a ſhore, ſhould periſh by the ſword of Hector, yet hee feareleſſe of death, firſt landed, and in his too much valor made the fayre Laodomeia a deſolate widow.

Ate, Goddeſſe of reuenge or ſtriſe, ſhe is cald by Homer one of Ihoues daughters, Leſio. Homerus Iliad. 7.

Presba dios thugater ate H pantas a-atai,
Ate priſca Iouis proles quæ leſerit omnes.

Mortales

The Tale of Cephalus and Procris, becauſe I haue o- mitted in my former Cantons, eſpecially in that which ſeemes to inueigh againſt Iealouſie, I thinke not altogether vnneceſ- ſary to inſert in this Skolia, knowing that which was ill for- got, cannot be amiſſe remembred at any ſeaſonable opportu- nity, Here therefore (though out of his ranke) I intend to ad- mit him.

The Tale of
Cephalos and
Procris.

Beneath Hymettus hill well cloath'd with flowers,
A holy Well her ſoft ſprings gently powers,
Where ſtands a Copſ, in which the Wood-Nymphs ſhroue,
(No wood) It rather ſeemes a ſlender Groue,
The humble ſhrubs and buſhes hide the graſſe,
Heere Lawrell, Roſemary, heere Myrtle was,

Here

Heere grew thicke Box, and Tam'rix, that excels,
 And made a meere confusion of sweet sinels :
 The Triffoly, the Pine, and on this Heath
 Stands many a plant that feeles coole Zephirs breath.
 Heere the young Cephalus tyr'd in the chace,
 Vsd his repose and rest alone r'embrace,
 And where he sat, these words he would repeate,
 Come Ayre, sweet Ayre come, coole my heate :
 Come gentle Ayre, I neuer will forsake thee,
 Ile hug thee thus, and in my bosome take thee.
 Some double dutious Tel-tale hapt to heare this,
 And to his Iealous wife doth straight-way beare this.
 Which Proctis hearing, and with all the Name
 Of Ayre, (sweete Ayre) which he did oft proclaime,
 She stands confounded, and amazz'd with grieffe,
 By giuing this fond tale too sound beleefe.
 And lookes as doe the Trees by winter nipt,
 Whom Frost and cold, of fruit and leaues hath stript,
 She bonds like Corneile, when too ranke it growes,
 Or when the ripe fruits clog the Quinch-tree bowes:
 But when she comes to her selfe, she teares
 Her Garments, and her eyes, her cheekes, and heares,
 And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,
 Then to the Woods (stork Wood) in rage she hies her.
 Approaching somewhat neare, her seruants they
 By her appointment in a Vally stay,
 Whilst she alone with creeping paces steales
 To take the Strumpet whom her Lord conceales.
 What mean'st thou Proctis in these Groues to hide thee?
 What rage of loue doth to this madnesse guide thee?
 Thou hopst the Arye he cals in all her brauery,
 Will straight approach, and thou shalt see their knauery,
 and now againe it Irkes her to be there.
 For such a killing sight her heart will teare,
 No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispence,
 She would not now be there, nor yet be thence :
 Behold the place, her iealous mind fortels,
 Here doe they vse to meet, and no where els :
 The Grasse is layd, and see their true impressiõ,
 Euen heere they lay : I, heere was their transgression.

*A bodies print she saw, it was his seat,
 Which makes her faint hart gainst her ribs to beat,
 Phœbus the lofty Easterne Hill had scald,
 And all moist vapours from the earth exhald:
 Now in his noone-tide point he shineth bright,
 It was the middle houre twixt noone and night:
 Behold young Cephalus drawes to the place,
 And with the Fountaine water sprinkes his face,
 Procris is hid, upon the grasse he lyes,
 And come sweet Zephir, Come sweet Ayre he cries.
 She sees her error now from where he stood,
 Her mind returnes to her, and her fresh blood,
 Among the Shrubs and Briars she moues and rustles,
 And the iniurious boughes away she rustles,
 Intending, as he lay there to repose him,
 Nimble to run, and in her armes inclose him:
 He quickly casts his eye upon the bush,
 Thinking therein some sauage Beast did rush,
 His bow he bends, and a keene shaft he drawes,
 Vnhappy man, what doost thou? Stay and pause,
 It is no brute beast thou wouldst reane of life;
 (Oh man vnhappy) thou hast slaine thy wife:
 Oh Heauen she cries, Oh helpe me I am slaine,
 Stil doth thy Arrow in my wound remaine:
 Yet though by timelesse Fate, my bones heere lye,
 It glads me most, that I, no Cuck-queane dye:
 Her breath (thus in the Armes she most affected,)
 She breaths into the Ayre (before suspected)
 The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,
 And with his teares doth wash her bleeding wound.*

The end of the eleuenth
 CANTO.



Argumentum

A Chilles transformation: Palimed
 Accus'd of Treason and condemn'd to die:
 After long battaile, honor Hector led
 The boldest Argiue Champion to desie:
 The Græcians storme to be so chalenged,
 Hector and Ajax the fierce Combat try:
 A Truce, a Banquet: at this pompous feast,
 Queene Hellen is invited a chiefe guest.

ARG. 2.

Deiademias Loe, Vlisses Spleene,
 Two Princely husbands claime the Spartan Queen

CANTO. 12.

I



Arre beit, I so much on
 Hector doate,
 To rob the aduerse part
 of any right,
 I am not to the Troians
 so deuote,
 (Though thence detiu'd)
 thar the least Argiue Knight

Should me accuse, or any passage coate,
 Guilty of flattering loue, or partiall spight:

Loe to both parts we newtrall hate professe,
 But equall loue, as we can euenly gesse.

2

I cannot flatter with smooth *Virgils* pen,
 Or giue *Augustus* more then he should haue,
 (With *Ouid*) bestow Dieties on men,
 And where he hates or loues, condemne or saue:
 Blind *Homer*, how shall I excuse thee then;
 That all the glory to *Achilles* gaue,
 For wit and strength, to whom hast thou don wrong,
Ulis was as wise, *Ajax* as strong.

3

If *Hector* with *Achilles* thou comparest,
 Or rather wouldst preferre the valiant *Greeke*
 As he whose valour and esteeme was rarest,
 Needs must I cast a blush vpon thy cheeke:
 Because great *Hector* was thy foe, thou sparest
 To speake of him, (his praise must be to seeke)
 And all thy skeads *Achilles* Fame display,
 Whom *Hector* hath vn-horst twice in one day.

4

I must confesse *Achilles* highly blest,
 To haue a *Homer* in his Country borne,
 Had *Troy* bred *Homer*, or had *Greece* posselt
 Renowned *Hector*, no Prince should haue worne
 A wreath equall with his, Fame should inuest
 The *Troian* hiest, maugre Enuies scorne:
 Shew me the cause else, why to his disgrace,
Hector's the worthy? he hath lost the place?

5

Or how can this through *Gracia* be digested,
 A *Troians* Fame should with such Luster shine,
 The generall bench of Iudgements hath inuested
 The *Troian Hector* one amongst the nine,
 Though *Homer* for *Achilles* hath protested,
 Made his Fame Tower-lesse, and his birth Deuine:
 Yet hath the world the *Troian* so respected,
Achilles is put by, *Hector* elected.

6

And reason too, for what *Achilles* wan,
 Was by the valour of his armed traine,
 When *Hector* fought, he buckled man to man,
 And by his proper hand lie thousands slaine,

But how *Achilles* Fame at first began,
And who first brought him to *Scamander* plaine,
My Muse sings next, *Ihoue*-borne my braine inspire,
Whilst I the Fate of *Thetis* sonne inquire.

7

Old *Peleus* yssue by the Seas faire Queene,
Thetis in *Lycomedes* Court abides
Clad like a Girle (for such his youth was scene)
His warlike hand a Womanish distaffe guides,
A female shape obscures his Martiall spleene,
In stead of Cushes a long Kirtle hides
His warlike limbes, those armes mongst Virgins plaid,
That were indeed for *Vulcans* armor made.

Lycomedes K.
of *Scyros*.

Achilles and
Deiademais.

8

The carefull Mother that pre-science had
By Oracle, her sonne fore *Troy* should fall,
Seekes to preuent his Fate, and sends the Lad
Vnto the King of *Scyros* (being but small)
He passes for a Girle, so was he clad,
Such was his shape, gate, gesture, looke, and all:
And through the Court a generall voyce doth ronne,
Of *Thetis* daughter, not of *Thetis* sonne.

9

The King appoints him Bed-fellow to be
With faire *Deiademais* his sole-Child,
So well the youthfull paire in bed agree,
That when *Achilles* laughr, the Lady smild,
And when he honor'd, she would bend her knee,
With him she tasted ioy, or mirth exild:
His amorous gestures were to her a Lawe,
To keepe her actions and her looks in awe.

10

Achilles growes, so doth the Lady too,
And as their yeares increase, so their affection,
Custome and long continuance taught them doo
Pleasures to youth vnkowne (without direction)
Without suspicion, he may freely woo,
The opportunous night friends her complexion:
When in her Armes the Prince doth rudely rush
Night Curtens her and none can see her blush.

Cc 3

So

11

So long they vse this dalliance, the young Lasse
 Feeles her brests swell, and her lanke belly grow,
 (No maruell) by the Prince with childe she was,
 Of him that wrought *Troyes* fatall ouerthrow;
 Great *Neptolemus* who did surpasse
 In Martiall prowesse, and laide *Iffium* low:
 Whilst these things are in proceffe, tis decreed
 By Oracle, *Troyes* warres shall ill succeed.

Neptolemus
 cald *Pyrrhus*.

12

For when th'inuasiue *Greekes* demaund th'euent
 That in these expeditions shall betide,
 Answer is them return'd, incontinent
 Without *Achilles*, *Troy* shall swell with pride,
 And therefore was *Vlisses* forthwith sent
 With *Diomed*, to finde the Prince, denide
 By *Thetis*, vnto whom was then reuealed
 Her sonnes short date, (the cause she him concealed.)

13

The crafty *Greeke* the Mothers guile suspecting,
 To *Lycomedes* Court posts in disguise,
 His weeds of state and Princely robes reiecting,
 He Pedler-like attempts the enterprife,
 He beares along bright glasses, faire reflecting
 Cawles, Laces, Tyres, to please young Ladies eyes:
 Besides these womens toyes, he beares along
 A bright sword, and a Bow surpassing strong.

14

In the Court-hall he opens his faire packe,
 And twenty feuerall Ladies come to buy,
 The Pedler needs not aske them what they lacke,
 Not one, but with some trifle gluts her eye,
Achilles (hanging at the Pedlers backe,)
 Spies a faire Bow, and by his Hamper lye
 A rich caru'd sword, the strong Steele-bow he drew,
 And shooke the sword, by which the Prince he knew.

15

Then closing with *Aecides*, perswades
 The valiant youth to suite him to his kind,
 His loose effeminate habit he vpbraids,
 Tels him what honors are to him assind,

with what disgrace he liues mongst wanton Maides,
And what renowne attends a valiant minde:
Which in his noble thoughts takes such Impression,
The Prince repents his former loose transgression.

16
He teares his feminine Vales, rends off his tyres,
His golden Cawle and Fillet throwes aside,
and for his head, a Steele-wrought Caske desires,
That hand that did so late a spindle guide,
To brandish a bright luster'd sword aspires,
a sword that must in *Hectors* bloud be dyde:
His smooth Rebata from his necke he fals,
and to the *Greeke*, for a stiffe Gorget cals.

17
From his large Limbs th' Imbrodered Roabes hee shakes,
and leapes out of his Garments with proude scorne,
In stead of which, he a rich Vaunt-brace takes,
Which buckling on, growes proud to see it worne,
The wanton Guitles first wonder what he makes,
With sword and armes (his Garments hauing torne :)
But when he frown'd, the Ladies grow affrayde
Of him so arm'd, with whom but late they playde.

18
But now *Vlisses*, *Diomed*, and he,
Leaue (without leaue,) both *Sciros* and the King,
(*Deiadeia* most bewailde of thee)
Whose yssue in thy Wombe thou feelst to springe.
They pierce through *Greece*, whom when the Princes see,
To their arriue, they Oades and Cantons sing:
Praying theyr Gods, that haue *Achilles* found,
Whose hand must lay *Troy* leauell with the ground.

19
This *Thetis* hearing, that her royall sonne
had left his secure habit of a Woman,
and by *Vlisses* to the warres was won,
She for his safety doth her wits still common,
To *Lemnian Vulcan* she doth post-hastronne,
Whose art in forging armes she knew not common:
at her be-heast, he for her Sonne did yeild,
a Speere-prooffe-armour, and a Globe-like Shield.

VVhat

20

What can a Mothers care gainst Fate preuaile?
 Not *Vulcans* Armour can defend his life,
 When th'vnauoyded destinies assaile
 against the Sisters bootlesse wee make strife,
 Mortall preuention then of force must sayle,
 In vaine then hast thou laboured (*Peleus* wife)
 To guirt his body in a steely wall,
 Since thy *Achilles* must by *Paris* fall.

21

No sooner was he borne, but the fayre Queene
 Plung'd him into the Sea, all saue the heele,
 By which she held him fast, that which was seene
 Beneath the waues, was wound-free against Steele,
 Had she but drown'd her hand, the Prince had beene
 Sword-prooffe euen there, her nicenesse would not feele
 The coidnesse of the waues, therefore that part
 Was left vnarm'd, for *Paris* poysoned Dart.

22

Who therefore would against the Fates contend,
 By whom our elementall parts are swayde,
 Since euery thing thats borne must haue his end,
 and Nature still decays what she hath made,
 Tis Heauen, not Earth, that can our liues defend,
 The hygh powers must in all things be obeyd:
 But leaue the fayre-foot *Thetis*, and proccede
 To what the Campe hath against *Troy* decreed.

23

By this great discords monges the *Gracians* fall,
 Twixt Duke *Palamides*, and *Mecenes* King,
 But no man knowes the byrth of this great brall,
 Or from what Founraine these dissentions spring,
Achilles thinks his warlike meed too small,
 He will not fight: nor *Diomedes* bring
 His Men to battayle, while their Soueraigne head,
 Is *Nawlus* sonne, the generall *Palamed*.

24

Whom some affirme, the amorous *Paris* slew,
 In euen Incounter of opposed hate,
 But others say, gainst him *Vlisses* drew
 Such points of Treason, as concern'd his fate,

29

A beauteous Maide the troubled Mother beares,
 The Father misinterprets *Phæbus* minde,
 And to auoyde her shame his future feares
 Commits her to the rage of Seas and Wind,
 The Birds that bred of *Meleagers* teares,
 Cald *Meleagrides* (by Nature kind :)
 With their broad wings about the Cock-boat houer,
 And from all stormes the beautious Infant couer.

Herodotus lib.
 de perse & An-
 dromeda.

30

And hauing nourisht her for a certaine space,
 Into the selfe-same Port her Barke they driue,
 Where the sad King without paternall grace,
 First launcht it forth, and finding her alieue
 Circled with Birds of *Meleagers* race,
 Their melting harts against their furies stroue:
 They take the young *Arnea* from the Sea,
 And call her of those Birds *Penelope*.

Penelopes Grece
 fig.
 A brood of
 Indian hens.

31

In beauty, stature, and in wit she growes,
 But when her Father findes her apt to marry,
 Fearing the Oracle, whom still he knowes
 Sooth in his words, perswades the dame to tarry,
 A safer course to keepe her chaste, he chose,
 (Virginitie's a heauy load to carry :)
 And to deuise to haue her nobly sped,
 At a high rate he sets her Maiden-head.

32

When all the *Gracian* Princes sought her grace,
 And lay their Crownes and Scepters at her feete,
Icarus leades them to a Martiall race,
 where the young Kinges in hot incounter meete,
 Aboue them all, *Ulysses* won chiefe place,
 The shamefast Queene must her new Husband greete:
 The bashfull modesty of this chaste Dame,
 The carefull Father did misconster: shame.

33

For woman-hood this Lady had no Peere,
 witnesse her many Suters in the time
 Her Husband absent was, some twicet en yeare,
 who though much woo'd (and in her youthfull prime)

Eubulus in
Chrysis.

Yet in their force or fayre meanes could appeare,
Nor the least taynt of any amorous cryme:
Though many Suters through her doores intruded,
Tney by her Bow and VVeb were all deluded.

33

Whether *Vlisses* breast doth malice shrowde,
And being at full groath, now out it must;
Whether his loue to *Agamemnon* vowde,
Bred in the *Nawlian* Prince some great distrust;
Or whether great *Palamides* grew proude,
And in the Ballance of his awe vniust:
But the great Duke vnto the Barre he brings,
And there arraignes him by a Bench of Kings.

34

Vnto this royall Sessions men are brought,
That sweate *Palamides* would *Greece* betray,
And that King *Priam* had by Factors wrought,
To make the *Argiue* Campe the *Troyans* pray,
The Generals priuate Tent is forthwith sought,
Where Bags of *Troyan* Coyne conceiled lay:
This euidence condemns the Prince (betrayd)
For there that Gold before *Vlisses* layd.

35

And *Agamemnon* is againe restord,
With whose election the late Truce expires,
The maimd are cur'd, the victors are ador'd,
The bodyes flaine, receiue the funerall fires,
The Obits on both sides are full deplord,
And cyther party the fayre field desires:
The great *Atrides* Marrials his fayre hoast,
Who shine in Steele by the *Sygean* Coast.

36

Vpon the aduerse party, *Hector* leades
His men to battaile, flankt with fleeces and winges,
His nimble Horsemen forrage round the Meads,
The maine well-sen't with Skirts of Shafts and Slings,
In forehead of the battaile *Hector* treads,
This day the Generall ouer thirty Kings:
The charge is giue, arm'd knights meet breast to breast
Striking bright starres out of each others Crest.

The third
battell,

The

37

The doughty *Greekes* after their long tru'ft ease,
 Are full of breath and vigor, they fight well,
 The *Troyans* that but late droue to the seas
 The scattred Camp, thinke likewise to excell,
 Euen Ballan'ft is the field, as the Scales please
 who Victors be, who vanquish't none can tell ?
 On both sides some are conquer'd, some subdue,
 And as the day increast, the conflict grew.

38

Broad breasted *Diomed* gainst *Paris* rides,
 and lifts him from his Saddle with his Speare,
 The Prince, the Buttockes of his Horse bestrydes,
 And hardly can the *Trojan* keepe him there,
 Whilst *Diomed* his quicke remoue derides
 Vnshaken, from the Prince he passes cleere :
 Spurring from troope to troope, making intrusion,
 Where the hot fight was growne to most confusion.

39

Now in his Chariot stands *Achilles* hy,
 And with his Speare before him, squadrons strowes,
 Great *Hectors* puissance he longs to try,
 Or some thats able to withstand his blowes,
 And whilst whole troopes before his Chariot fly,
 The raynes vpon his steedes white necke he throwes :
 Calling for *Hector* : *Hector*, fore him stood,
 His Chariot-steedes caparison'd in blood.

40

To whom *Aeacides*, what ere thou be
 That thus confrontst me like the God of warre ?
 Know tis *Achilles* must thy life set free,
 And tumble thee from thy triumphant Carre :
 This said, a pointed Iauelin he lets flee,
 Which *Hector* at his loose perceiu'd to iarre,
 And tooke vpon his Targe : the Dart he cast,
 Pierst nine Steele folds, and in the tenth stucke fast.

41

Helme-graced *Hector* started at this blow,
 And æmulous of great *Achilles* Fame,
 Charg'd in his hand another dart to throw,
 But first he sayes : Inquir'st thou *Hectors* name ?

Behold him heere, see thy eternall foe,
Hector thou seek'st, and loe I am the same :
 His active arme his language doth pursue,
 For with his latest word his Ianelen flew.

42

Well was it his Orbicular Targe was strong,
 Which *Vulcan* by deuine composure made,
 Else had it stretcht the warlike *Greeke* along,
 It hit against the Bosse, and there it stayde,
 But with the force it brake the mighty thong
 In which his massie shield about him plaide :
 The affrighted Palfreyes with so great a stroke
 Startle aside, and the proud Curbe reuoke.

43

Now when *Achilles* rousde himselfe, and saw
 Illustrate *Hector* in his Chariot stand,
 Himselfe so basely, his hot Steedes withdraw,
 As if he meant to charge some other band,
 Thinkes in himselfe it is too great a flaw
 To his cleere mettald fame, and with his hand
 Wastes to Imperious *Hector* from a-far,
 T'abide a second deadly shooke of warre.

44

Th'vndaunted Heroë, who already wonders,
 The brauing *Greeke* so quickly should retire,
 And what strange fate their Brasse-bard chariots funders,
 Since both so ardently the fight desire,
 Expects *Achilles*, who against him thunders,
 VVhilst from the Flints his armed wheelles beate fire :
 Now the two Chariot-drivers prooue their might,
 The Prince with Prince, Horses with Horses fyght.

45

This six-fold Combat hath not lasted long,
 VVhen *Archeptolemnus* that guides the raines
 Of *Hectors* Coach-Steedes, thinking them more stronge
 Then those whom rough *Antomedon* constraines,
 Lashes his fiery Palphreyes, hot and young,
 Expert *Antomedon* his skill disdaines :
 Yerkes his proud horse, whose fiercenesse he dares trust
 Till their white foaming mouthes snowed all the dust.

Dd The

Archeptolemnus
Hectors Chari-
 oter.
Antomedon A-
chilles Chario-
 ter.

46

The two sterne Champions mounted in theyr Carres,
 Confront each other with their armed Staues,
 Whose points on eithers Vaunt-brace print deep scarres,
 Sometimes they flourish them, with idle braues
 Dart them sometimes (like Knights well scene in warr,)
 But when they ioyne, they Combat with their Glaues:
 Sometimes they grapple, sometimes they retire,
 And at their meeting make their Helmes all fire.

47

The grim *Æacides* mad in his mind,
 The warlike *Trojan* should against him stand,
 Inradg'd, his teeth against his teeth doth grinde,
 And beates his Arm'd-breast with his Gauntlet hand,
 About him through the field doth *Hector* winde,
 His fayre-maynde Coursers haue so well been man'd:
 That to retreat, or to assault the foe,
 He at his will can checke, or make them goe.

48

Antomedon hath taught his Steeds like skill,
 For trauerfing, he likewise takes the fielde,
 His lades are countermaunded by his will,
 For with the Curbe they both rebell and yeild,
 Theyr Milky foame vpon their breasts they spill,
 Being parted thus: great *Hector* vaunts his Shield:
Achilles his: againe their Coursers meete,
 And from the Earth beate Thunder with their feete.

49

In this rude Iustle is *Achilles* bruis'd,
 His high plumde Helme close to his Scull is batterd,
 And he within his Chariot sits diffusde,
 His Sword, his shield, his Darts about him scatterd,
Antomedon retraites, to haue excusde
 His second shooke: and o're the plaines he clatterd:
 his barbed teeme o're thousand Coarces flyes,
 In whose Red-blood, his Chariot Naues he Dyes.

50

Great *Hector* scornes pursuit, nor takes he breath,
 But fals vpon the next *Greeke* that he finds,
 And prints on him the bloody stamp of death,
 The long imprisoned soule his Sword vnbinds,

Meane time *Achilles* rous'd, abroad surveith
For *Hector*, th'obiet of all Noble minds :
But when he found himsele from *Hector* straid,
The Prince doth base *Antomedon* vpbraid.

51

Who falling prostrate, sooths *Achilles* thus,
Let not on me your deadly hate be grounded,
Not I from him, but *Archeptolemus*
Made way from me, for sure great *Hectors* wounded?
With you retyr'd the sonne of *Priamus*
On equal points : our rich-main'd Steeds haue bounded:
Ouer these plaines great *Hector* wel-nie dead,
By great *Achilles*, is to *Troy-ward* sped.

52

This calmes the wrathfull *Greeke* who else had sought
His opposite amidst the slaughtering troopes,
Disioynd from him th'inraged else-where fought,
And where he reares his hand that Squadron stoopes,
His armed Chariot, midst their *Phalany* wrought
Horrid effusion, *Troyes* proud faction droopes
Beneath *Achilles* arme, nor can it yeild,
(Saue *Hector*) one to stand him in the field.

53

The Arch-Duke *Agamemnon* with his speare
Encountred King *Pandolus*, till both bled &
King *Thelamon* prest to *Sarpedon* neare,
And with his blade he raught him on the hed,
By their rude force they both vnhorfed were,
Against *Eurialus* King *Thesus* sped,
Neither scape wound-free; *Carras* bare him well,
Gainst *Scenetus*, till from their Steeds both fell.

54

King *Philomenes* made *Anthenor* flye,
King *Rhemus* with the King *Philotas* ran,
Before *Vlisses* doth *Arastus* lye,
Ajax this day hath slaughterd many a man,
King *Priams* Bastard sonnes themselues apply
In many a skirmish since the charge began :
Young *Deiphebus* and *Aeneas* stand
Gainst *Hupon*, and the three-ag'd *Nestors* band.

D d 2

Troilus

55

Troilus and *Diomed* fiercely assaile,
 And brauely beat each other from their steeds,
 Both resku'd by the prease, else without faile
 There had bin fixt the period of their deeds,
 Re-mounted *Diomed* breakes through the pale
 Of his arm'd foes, and to his horse proceeds:
 So *Troilus* hewes his passage through the rings
 Of harneft foes, and to his Steed he springs.

56

Paris and *Menelaus* once more meet,
 And bring vnto the battaile fresh supplies,
 With thundering strokes vpon their Helmes they greet,
Bretes the Admirall *Hector* defies:
Bretes that did command their blacke-stem'd Fleet,
 Against him doth *Priamides* arise,
 And with such violent rage vppon him sped,
 That with one blow he cleft his Helme-deckt hed.

57

The Admirall thus dead, *Hector* desires
 The goodly Steed, from whom the *Greeke* was feld,
 Which (as for deeds of honour he inquires)
 The King *Archilochus* by chance beheld,
 Who seeing *Bretes* dead, the wound admires,
 His face lookt pale, his hart with anger sweld:
 And with his sword he couets to make bleed
 The *Troian* Prince, who still pursues the Steed.

58

Who storming to be troubled in the chace,
 Against the King *Archilochus* returnes,
 Intraged *Mars* is figured in his face,
 And in his looks the eye of *Gorgons* burnes,
 The *Greekes* blunt sword can scarce his Helmet race,
 So weake a foe (inflamed *Hector*) scornes:
 Vpon his Crest his Faulchion he lets fall,
 And cleaues the *Greeke*, helme, body, armes and all.

59

The emulous son of *Thetis*, crost by chance
 The blacke goar'd field, and came to view this blow,
 And mad in mind, against him charg'd his Lance,
 In hope the towring Prince to ouerthrow,

Him *Thoas* seconds, and doth proudly'aduance
His reeking sword, late crimson'd in the foe,
Both with remorselesse blowes, the Prince offend,
And his bruised Shield about his arme they bend.

60

Had not his helmet beene of mettall pure,
With Axes they had hewed it from his head,
But he that made it was an Artl-man sure,
Else had his braines bin on his harnessse spread,
Nor had he long bin able to indure
Such tedious battry, had not Fortune led
Paris, *Aeneas*, *Troilus* and the rest,
To rescue valiant *Hector*, thus opprest.

61

At their approach the *Achive* bands retire,
Whom to their *Pallisadoes* they pursue,
By this, in heauen ten thousand Lampes of fire
Shine through the ayre, and now both Hoasts withdrew,
The re-assembled *Greekes* *Hector* admire,
And mongst themselues into sad counsell grew:
Since not by force of Armes, by what sly traine,
The neuer-daunted Worthy may be slaine.

62

More honoured *Hector*, in his royall braine
Reuolues on milder thoughts, how bloud to saue:
It pitties him to see so many slaine,
And come to such a generall timelesse graue:
Then, that no more red bloud may *Symois* staine,
And change the colour of her siluer waue,
He by a generall challenge will deuise,
For thousands safeties, one to Sacrifice.

63

Against all *Greece* hee'l flyng his hostile gage,
And to a single Fight their Princes dare,
That two bolde Champions may the combat wage,
And in their mutuall Fury, thousands spare,
Meane time, blacke night, from th'vniuersall Stage
Of Earth, is cha'ft and driuen: Now all prepare
For th'early Field, and with *Apollo* rise,
To shine in Armour by his radiant eies.

Dd 3

The

64

The Princes to the place where *Hector* lay
Throng in theyr Armes, and his command attend,
After they had tooke and giuen the time of day,
with him they to the aged King descend,
Before whom *Hector* briefly doth display
his purpost challenge, which they all commend,
For well his Father and his Brothers know,
Hector hath power t'incounter any foe.

65

The Sunne, vp the steepe Easterne hills clymes fast,
Th'embartaild Greekes vpon the plaines appeare,
To them the faire-rankt *Troians* march in hast,
Within the reach of *Hectors* armed speare:
Both Hoasts attend the charge: when vnagast
The Prince first wafts, that all the Campe may heare,
Then leaning on his Iauelin, makes this boast,
Euen in the face of their assembled hoast.

66

Hectors chal-
lenge.

You curled *Greekes*, that haue vnpeopled quite
Threescore vast Kingdomes of theyr ablest men,
To throng our fieldes with numbers infinite,
All hopelesse of theyr safe returne agen:
Among these sixty Kings that shine so bright
In burnisht Steele, vpon this sanguine Fen:
Can you select one boulder then the rest,
T'encounter armed *Hector*, Creast to Creast?

67

Or if your Princes be too weake a number,
Can all those threescore Climats yeild one hand,
Amidst this world that coms our Realme to cumber,
That dares Betweene these hoasts gainst *Hector* stand?
Or doe you all feare deaths eternall slumber?
As well your Kings. as those of common band,
That with a braue, breath'd in so many eares,
No soule (more valiant then the rest) appeares.

68

If any of these Princes proue so free
His prodigall life against ours to ingage,
Know by exposing his, whole thousands be
Sau'd from the spoyle of warres infernall rage:

Oh, let me then that thrifty Champion see,
That will spare *Gracian* blood, with him Ile wage
Equall contention: with my liues expence,
I will maintaine the *Troians* eminence.

69

A Prince shall meet that Prince: as neere allide
To thundering *thoue* as he thars best degreed,
If in his warlike Chariot he will ride,
I in my Chariot will confront his speed,
Match me these foure white Coursers *Greece* hath tride,
These faire *Andromache* doth mornely feed:
With her white hand with bread of purest wheat,
And waters them with Wine still when they eat.

70

Xanthus, *Podargus*, *Lampus*, *Aethon* deare,
To *Hector*, you my armed Coach shall draw,
And in this fierce exposure shall appeare,
Before the best Steeds that the Sun ere saw,
But all *Greece* cannot match your swift Carrere,
Not *Diomedes* Steeds that fed on raw
And mangled limbes, that in their Mangers bleed,
Can equall you in courage or in speed.

Hectors steeds

71

Therefore Ile cease that oddes, and once againe
Leauing the Kings to common men I turne,
Among such clusters growing on this plaine,
In no warme brest doth so much valor burne,
But shall so many shewers of blood still raine
On *Symois* banke: so many widdowes mourne
For their slaine Lords, so many Children cry
For their poore Fathers that heere slaughtered die.

72

If not for Loue of honour, in despaire
Methinkes some one our puissance should accost,
For not two soules that heere assembled are,
Shall scape the fury of our *Troian* hoast,
Death and deuouring ruin shall not spare
One, of your infinites, you are ingroft
All on destructions File, then let some *Greeke*
(Despairing life,) a death with honor seeke.

Yeelds

73

Yields our besieged Towne a Nobler spirit
 Then sixty assembled Kingdomes can produce?
 That none dares enterpose his hostile merit,
 But all put off this combat with excuse,
 Among such infinites will none inherit
 A name with vs? Feares *Greece* our hand shall flure
 Their Vniuersall blood? That feare can slaue
 So many Legions with one *Hectors* braue?

74

I beg it of you *Greekes*, let some forth stand
 To try what puillancelyes in *Hectors* sword,
 If I be foyl'd by his all-daring hand,
 The *Spartan Hellen* shall be soone restord,
 And all the spoyles brought from the fertile Land
 Of *Cythara*, made good, and he ador'd
 With these ennobled armes, the sword and cress
 Of *Hector*, Honors more then all the rest.

75

If I subdue your Champion: *Greece* in peace
 Shall ease our burden'd earth of this huge weight,
 Hostility betweene our hoasts shall cease,
 You with your men and armes your ships shall freight,
 And from our bloud-stain'd soyle free this large prease,
 So shall illustrate *Hector* reach his height:
 When th'Vniuersall world hath vnderstood,
Hector gag'd his, to saue his Citties blood.

76

Oh, let it not in after times be saide,
 Twice thirty kingdomes could not one man finde,
 Prince, Knight, or Swaine, durstequally inuade,
 A *Troian* Prince in Armes, and height of mind,
 Nor let succeeding time the *Greekes* vpbraide,
 To heare such lofty spirits so soone decline:
 Behold, heere stand I to abide the rage
 Of his arm'd hand, that dares but touch our gage.

77

These words thus breath'd, a generall showt is giuen
 Through al the *Troian* army, which aspires
 And strikes against the Marble floores of heauen,
 Where fixed are ten thousand sparkling fires,

The hart of whole *Greece* is asunder riuen,
Rude tumult springes out of their strange desires :
A consufde murmur flyes along the shoare,
Which to the *Troyans* eares, the calme winds boare.

78

The eager Souldiers mutiny : Some say,
Oh would the Kinges and Dukes were not in place,
Our Darts through *Hectors* Curace should make way,
But common-men must not the Peeres disgrace,
The rage-burnt Kinges their furies cannot stay,
They fixe their fyr'd eies in each others face :
Yet none presums the Gauntlet vp to take,
When thus the younger of th' *Atrides* spake.

79

Is it my lot all *Grecia* to excuse ?
Greece, that farre from these powers hath congregated ?
Shall Pesant cowardise the Campe abuse,
Whilst *Menelaus* liues a King instated ?
It shall not : what these Princes all refuse,
I will take vp, the cause shall be debated
Twixt me and *Hector*, for the generall hoast,
(And reason) since the cause concernes me most.

80

With that he ceasde the gage, when his great Brother
Blaming his rashnesse, makes him let it fall,
And now the warlike Kinges eying each other,
The *Spartans* wordes moou'd fury in them all,
Their shame and rage they can no longer smother,
About the Gauntlet they begin new brall :
Toward the ground nine royall Princes bend,
And for great *Hectors* gage at once contend.

81

The Archduke first : then great *Andremons* Sonne,
Thoas, King *Diomed*, King *Idomen*,
Ajax the strong, surnamed *Telamon*,
Ajax Olenus : *Eriphilus*, and then
The warlike *Ithacyan*, that alwaies won
The praise for eloquence, boue other men :
Vlisses : King *Meriones*, all these
Stoope to the earth, and would the gauntlet cease.

To

82

T'appease their wrath, thus *Nestor* doth deuise
 Three seuerall Lots into some Helme to throw,
 And that bold Prince whose hand extracts the prize
 Betweene the Armies to assault the foe,
 The Lots are made, and all with ardent eyes,
 Into the Generals Caske iniect them so :

Achilles was not there, till word was sent

Whose the Lot was (that day he kept his Tent.)

83

The souldiers that had prou'd great *Hectors* might,
 Pray to the Gods the Combats chance may fall
 To *Ajax Telamon*, that he may fight
 With *Hector*, for the *Greekes* in generall,
 If not on warlike *Ajax*, it may light
 On warlike *Diomed*, broad set, and tall :

Or if not these, yet to appease his rage,

Great *Agamemnon* may the battaile wage.

84

The Heralds from the generals Helmet drew
 The first Inscription, which being knowne, was laid
 At *Ajax* foot, the Prince the Paper knew,
 Glad of his Lot (as all the souldiers praid)
 The Kings retyr'd, onely sterne *Ajax* grew
 Neere to *Dardanian Hector*, nought dismayd ;

Arm'd at all points, he struts vpon the plaine,

Like angry *Mars*, after an army slaine.

85

His shape was huge, his presence full of feare,
 An angry Tempest sat vpon his brow,
 A Sanguine Plume doth from his Helme appeare,
 Which double armes his backe, and seemes to bow
 Beneath his Bases : arm'd with such a Speare
 His right hand was, that none can disallow :

Athwart his breast a purple Bawdrickè fell,

Bearing a sword, which many had sent to hell.

86

The scabberd Crimson Veluet, richly embost
 And chap't with Gold : vpon the hilt was grau'd
 The battaile of the *Centaures* who were lost
 In that fierce warre, and whom the conflict sau'd,

This sword was aged *Telamons* and cost
A Citties prize, the bright Blade had bin lau'd
In many bosomes, many Princes bloods,
The handle was stucke round with Golden stood:

87

The Pummell wayde a Talent, rarely wrought
With Artfull Modules, on that curious round,
Grim *Achelous* with *Alcides* fought,
And there in all his *Proteus* shapes was found,
Thether the prize faire *Deyaneyr* was brought
And placst aloft; beneath her, those that sound
Vnto the dreadfull charge, with Clarious shrill,
Sit with swolne cheekes their lofty pipes to fill.

88

Such Art th'inchacer shewd, to mocke the eye,
That some would thinke their Reeds did Musicke yeild :
There sat the King her Father Thron'd on hye,
With him his Peeres, and round about the field
Th'vnruely multitude still pressing nye
The bounded lists, to see their Champions weild
Their dreadfull Armes, and who the prise can win,
One with a Club arm'd, and a Lyons skin,

89

The other with his God-hood and his power,
To change himselfe to shapes of strange disguise,
Sometimes he seemes a Dragon, to deuoure
His riual Prince, who doth his Art dispise,
For on his head his Club fals like a Tower,
Next like a fire into his face he flies :
Ali which the Noble Champion cannot tame,
For with a Club he straight beats out the Flame.

90

Then like a grim mad-Bull the halfe-God raues,
And with his hornes *Alcides* thinkes to gore,
But he contemning such inchaunted braues
Flyes to his head, and with his rude hands tore
One horne quite off (at this the Workman grieues)
The conquered Bull in falling seemes to rore :
Foure Nimphs discend from a faire sacred hill,
And this rich horne with Flowers and fruits they fill.
Which

The combat
twixt Arche-
lous & Her-
cules.

Cornucopia.

91

Which of the horne of plenty still beares name,
 This and much more the hyc-pris'd Pummell beares.
 A finer temper'd blade, or of more fame
 By his proud side no Princely souldier weares :
 With this arm'd *Ajax* to the combat came,
 And singly to the *Dardan* Prince appears :
 On his left arme a ponderous Targe he bare,
 Quilted with seuen Oxe-hides all Tan'd with haire.

92

Tycheus was the Currier drest those hides,
 Best of his trade that dwelt on *Hyla* then,
 Accoutred thus, strong *Ajax* with huge strides
 Stalkes in the field before the best of men,
 And fixing his bold foot, boldly h'abides
 Confronting him : the *Argine* army when
 They saw the *Salamine* Prince beare him so prowd,
 Their soules reioyc'd, their harts his lot allowd.

93

Priamides that neuer was affraide,
 Of ought (saue feare) his Combattant thus greets,
 Oh thou whose presence to my soule is made
 More pleasing then the most delicious sweets?
 Let me pertake his name, who vndismaide
 In such faire equipage great *Hector* greets :
 For since mine eye first knew *Apollos* light,
 I neuer saw a more accomplisht Knight.

94

Nor one whose presence better pleas'd mine eye,
 (Although my foe) Ile giue thee all thy dew,
 If courage suite, by shape I can espy
 No blemish in thee ; either let me view
 Thy open Helme, or else thy name discry,
 When stormy *Ajax* vp his Beaver drew,
 And thus reply'd : The Helmet I had on,
 Obscur'd the face of *Ajax Telamon*.

95

And Coozin *Hector*, know I am the least
 Of many that our spacious campe containes,
 Who to thy fury dare oppose their Crest,
 And on euen language charge thee on these plaines,

We come to fight, not brall, then doe thy best,
The strongest hate that in thy bosome raignes
Powre on my Shield, destruction be my share,
If with my Sword or Speare, I *Hector* spare.

96

Gramercies Cooze, the *Trojan* Heroë spake,
Thou lou'st me best, to lay it soundly on,
These noble thoughts thy mixed byrth did take
From vs of *Troy*, and not from *Telamon*:
Our *Dardan* bloud thou in thy arme dost shake,
But when thou fearest: thy Mothers heate is gon:
And onely that remaines to chill thy hart
Which *Troy* disclaymes, and yeilds *Greece* as her part.

97

And would to *Ihoue* I knew where that blood ran,
Vnto those Veines I would direct my Speare,
And those in which our Kindred first began,
My hate should spare, as blood to *Hector* deare:
Come Noble *Ajax*, beare thee like a man,
And one of *Hectors* Kinsmen, scorning feare:
(Feare) is a word in *Troy* not vnderstood,
A banisht exile from all *Priams* bloud.

98

More, I could wish that I might prooue my rage
On some, whose veine no *Trojan* moysture guides,
Thetis arm'd Son, whose heate we must asswage,
Tetydes, or the Elder of the *Atrides*,
Saue these liues, none can equall conflict wage
With *Hector*: but behold, our fury rides
On Horrors wings, our bloud is vp and hye,
Then guard thee Cooze, my Iauelin now must fly.

99

His words and speare together cleaue the ayre,
The Golden-headed-staffe as lightning flew,
And like the swiftest Cuttor makes repayre
Whether t'was sent, and doth his message true,
Ajax huge shield hath interpos'd the bare,
Which *Hectors* agitagious still pursue:
Through sixe tough hydes, it pier'st without respect,
But the sharp point vpon the seauenth was check't.

The Combat
betwixt *Ajax*
and *Achilles*.

E c

Ajax

100

Aiax then shakes his Iauelin, forth it flies,
 And through the Plates of *Hectors* Target pierces,
 The toughest Metall that the Anuile tryes,
 Must at his force relent : a thousand hierces
 His rage hath fild, and now the Prince applies
 His Vniuersall power, fury dispierces
 Through all his veynes, which to one force vnited,
 No wonder, *Hector* was so well requited.

101

The Combar is begun, which to descry,
 To their full vertues doth surpasse my skill,
 Their blowes so swift are, they deceiue the eye,
 The least of thousands are of power to kill,
 At aduantagious places they soone spy,
 Both seas and shores with their lowd strokes found shrill :
 Were neuer heard such blowes, so found, so thicke,
 Or seene such Wards, so cunning, and so quicke.

102

Such that saue *Hector* and blunt *Aiax*, none
 On Earth could equall, then much lesse exceed
 These two Heroicke spirits, spent and gone,
 To riual them, no age the like can breed ;
 Nor maruell though these two exceld alone,
 They being both deriu'd from God-like seed :
 In whom th'Imperiall Dietyes contended,
 In two such men, to haue two Hoasts defended.

103

Infinite Charges passe from eyther side,
 From eyther part their nimble Iauelins sing,
 Both fixe their bold feet, and such stormes abide
 As with their force tempestuous fury bring,
 Euen till their Noble blouds the Verdure Dyde,
 with Ecchoing rage, their vaulted Helmets ring :
 Whose deafning Clangor from the field rebowne,
 Through the best Arches of *Troyes* Marble Towne.

104

Their speares being shiuered in the empty ayre,
 The Truncheons swelling from their hands they take,
 with interchange of heate, they madly fare,
 Till the tough Oake euen to their Gauntlets brake,

And now their hands vnseruiceably bare,
For their bright Swords, their crack't staues they forsake,
Behold their wrastring Steeles contend on hye,
And tug for honor in the empty sky.

105

With lightning such as *Ihoues* Incensements breede,
Swifter then thought, or sight, theyr furies meet;
Both seeming doubly arm'd with such quicke speede,
Theyr bright swords guard them round, frō head to feet,
Theyr trusty Armour stand them much in steed,
For with such wounding strokes theyr Caskes they greet,
So full of horror, that both armies wonder,
how Earth-bred men, shold make such *Iouiall* thunder.

106

The inuincible *Dardanian* with one stroke,
Raught *Aiax* Beauer, and vnplum'd his hed,
The Steely Claspe (deuinely wrought) it broake,
Which In the *Salmin* Duke sterne fury bred,
Who struing now the *Dardan* Prince to yoake,
His spleene and powerfull Sword together sped,
The point to *Hectors* breasted Armour flew,
And from his Bulke Vermillion drops it drew.

107

The *Troian* growes inflam'd, the *Argiue* proud
To see his bright Skeyne in such bloud Imbrude,
Th'Inuaders showte, and lift theyr cryes aloud,
To see their Champion with such power indude,
For this (great *Hector*) in his Soule hath vowde
Suddaine reuenge, he growes more fierce and rude:
His Sword plyde *Aiax* Helme, yet shining bright,
As *Cyclops* hammers on theyr Anuiles light.

108

So well t'was tempered, and his strength so hy,
That his tough mettal'd Blade in pieces flew,
At selfe-same instant *Aiax* gan apply
His trusty steele, and close to *Hector* grew,
But as he thus pronoun'ft (now *Hector* dy)
And heaues his arme aloft to make it true,
his Sword vpon his Caske fell as he spake,
And with the force close by the handle brake.

E c 2

The

109

The Champions both disarmed saue their shields,
 First *Hector* with his eye doth round inquire,
 And findes a scatter'd Rocke left in the fieldes,
 Neuer till then remou'd, now all on fire,
 To auenge his wonnd, what no man else could weild,
 (His mind boue Mortall puifance gins t' aspyre :)
 His puifant arme aduanceth at the last,
 And the huge Masse he towards *Ajax* cast.

110

He takes it on his shield, but with the power
 Of his comparelesse strength, the seauen tough Hides
 were all to crulit and bruisd, he thinks some Tower
 Of arched stone from his high structure slides
 Him to intombe aliue, and to deuour,
 Downe droppes his Targe to earth, and he abides
 Astonisht for a space, at length his eye
 Glan'st on a young tall Oake that grew fast by.

111

VVhose sinnowy strings with shaking to and fro,
 He soone vnloos'd, and by the Earth vp teares,
 And wauiug boue his Helmet, with one blow
 seekes to giue end to all the *Dardans* feates,
 should it fall steddy, he should lye full low;
 The threatning Oake still in the ayre appears :
 Menacing vengeance, but before it light,
 Here breath my Muse, and cheere thy traueled sprite.

De Arte Aman-
di, 1.

Achilles his concealement of his sex in the Court of *Lycomedes* : *Ouid* thus writeth.

Achilles and
Deiademeneia.

NOW from another World doth saile with ioy,
 A welcome Daughter to the King of Troy,
 The whilst the *Græcians* are already come,
 (mou'd with that generall wrong gainst *Ilium* :)
Achilles in a Smocke, his Sexe doth smother,
 and layes the blame vpon his carefull mother,
 What mak'st thou great *Achilles*, teasing *Woolf*,
 When *Pallas* in a Helme should claspe thy Scull?
 What doth these fingers with fine threads of Gold?
 Which were more fit a Wartlike Shield to hold.

Why should that right hand, Rocke or Tow containe,
By which the Trojan Hector must be slaine?
Cast off thy loose vailes, and thy Armour take,
And in thy hand the Speare of Pelias shake.
Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was, her belly must bewray,
Yet was she forst (so should we all beleene)
Not to be forst so, now her heart would greeue:
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rocke laid by)
And with a soft voyce speake: Achilles stay,
It is too soone to rise, lie downe I pray,
And then the man that forst her, she would kisse,
What force (Deiademcia) call you this?

Antomedon was Achilles Charioter, and Squire to Pyrrhus, whose skill Ouid remembers.

Ouid de Arte
Amantis lib. 1.

By art of Sayle and Oare, Seas are diuided,
By art the Chariot runs, by art Loue's guided,
By art are Bridles rain'd in, or let slip,
Typhis by art did steare th' Hemonian ship:
And Tymes succeeding, shall call me alon,
Loves expert Typhis and Antomedon.

The reason why Achilles kept his Tent, and was not in the field when Hector breathed his challenge, is not fully resolved: some thinke he was discontent about a difference betwixt the Generall Agamemnon and him, who kept away perforce Briseis, a beauteous Lady, claimed by Achilles as his Prize, which wee rather follow in our History, then to lay his absence on his Loue to Polixena, whom hee had not yet seene, and the promise which for her sake he made to Hecuba, to keepe himselfe and his Mirmidons from the battaile.

Homer.

Achelous was sonne to Oceanus and Tellus (viz :) the sea and the Earth whence all Riuers are deriued, who being vanquish't by Hercules, hid himselfe in the Riuer, called of himselfe Achelous, a famous floud in Greece, diuiding Etolia from Acatnauia. This Achelous was before called Thoas, and riseth from the Mount Pindus, but Plutarch

Strabo lib. 10.

Plutarch lib. de
fluminibus.

callet his Thestius, of Thestius the son of Mars and Pisidices who had three daughters. Calirhoe, Castalia and Dirce, of whom the famous Greeke Poet

Eurip. in Bacchis

Akeloou thugater diska, &c.

Oh Acheloi filia, venerande Virgo dierce:

*Herodotus in
Eutirpe.*

The Flouds of Achelous were so famous, that all the waters used in the deuine sacrifices were by the Oracle calld Aquæ Acheloæ.

Hellanicus.

The Poets saine him to transhape himselfe in a Bul, because Riuer plow the earth as Oxen make Furrowes, or because Buls draw neere to the brinckes of riuer when they bellow for fresh pasture: else because waters breaking violently through any fall, make a confused noise, like the roarings of many Buls together: He was calld a Dragon by his many indented windings and turnings.

Strabo 10.

Hercules being leagued with King Oeneus, undertooke to suppress this raging riuer, whose many inundations had much damag'd his Kiingdome, who extenuating his maine streame, by inforcing it into many rinalets, by that meanes made the country more fertil, therefore it was moraliz'd that Hercules breaking off his horn receiu'd in the same all fruits of plenty.

*Xanthus in re-
bus Etolicis.*

To this Cornucopia or horne of abundance, Iupiter gaue this property, that whosoever held it, and wisht, should receiue according to their desire. The varieties of the most choise fruits and wines of all kinds, how delicious soeuer to tast the Pallat.

*Hermogenes lib
de Phrygia.*

This vertue was first prou'd by Amatthea daughter to Hemonius King of Etolia, though some take Amatthea to be the Goat that nurst Iupiter with her milke, when Rhea had giuen him to be brought up to Adrastea and Iide.

The end of the twelfth
CANTO.



Argumentum

AChilles dotes on beauteous Polixaine,
And at her faire request refraines the felde,
The Truce expierd, both Hoasts prepare againe
For battaile, with proud harts, in valour steel'd:
The Greckes are beate backe, many kild and taine,
Patroclus don's Achilles Armes and shield:
Him Hector, for Achilles tooke and slew,
Whose Armor gone, his Mother seeks him new.

ARG. 2.

TRuce after Combat, Hecuba is wonne
By Paris meanes, so league with Thetis sonne.

CANTO. 13.



Wake soft Muse from sleepe,
and after rest
Shew thy selfe quicke
and active in thy way,
Thy labouring flight
and trauell long opprest
Is comforted, no longer
then delay,
But with thy swiftest winges fly in the Quest
Of thy prefyxed goale: The happy day
In which this Kingdome did her wide armes spread,
To imbrace king *James*, our Soueraigne Lord & head.
And

2

And you (great Lord) to whom I Dedicate
 A second worke, the yssue of my braine,
 Accept this Twin to that you saw of late,
sib to the first, and of the selfe-same straine,
 That onely craue the shelters of your state,
 To keepe it from all stormes of Haile and Raine,
 Who neither dread the rage of winds or Thunder,
 whilst your faire rooffe they may be shadowed vnder.

3

Your fauour and protection deckes my phrased,
 and is to me like *Ariadnes* clew,
 To guide me through the Laborinthean Maze,
 In which my brain's intangled: Tis by you,
 That euery vulger eye hath leaue to gaze,
 and on this Project takes free enter view,
 Which, but t'expresse a due debt (yet vnpaid)
 Had still remain'd vnperfect and vnmade.

4

Proceed we then, and where we left repaire:
 About his head (the Tree) rough *Ajax* flings,
 Like to a threatening Meteor in the aire,
 Which where it lights extirpall ruin brings,
 Such seemes th'vngrounded Oake, leauelesse and bare,
 Who shakes ore *Hectors* Crest her rooted strings,
 And with such rude impetuous fury fell,
 T'haue dinged him through the Center downe to hel.

5

But *Hector* with his broad shield waits the fall,
 Which shiuers all the plates of his strong Targe:
 The *Gracians* too much fury, strikes withall,
 The plant from his owne hands, in his rough charge,
 Vnarm'd once more they grapple, to make thrall
 Each others strength: their armes sinnowy and large,
 About their sides with mutuall strength they cling,
 and wrastling striue, which can each other fling.

6

When loe, the Kings on both sides much admiring
 Their neuer equall valour, loth to lose
 Such Champions, in whose charging or retyring
 Their spring of victory, declines or Flowes,

(Their Conquests droop towards earth, or rise aspiring)
The generall of each hoast his Warder throwes
Betweene the Combattants, who still contend
By flight of strength to giue the difference end.

7

Two Guards from either Army step betweene
Their heated furies, till their blood retyr'd,
For with fresh breath they both abate their spleene,
And cease that Combate thousands late admyr'd,
Instead of blowes their friendly Armes are seene
T'infold each other (with new loues inspyr'd)

Ajax his Belt pluckes from a thwart his brest,
And giues to *Hector* (of all Knights the best.)

8

Who takes a good sword fliest on many a foe,
And enter-chang'd with *Ajax* (but oh Fate)
Two ominous Tokens these good Knights bestow,
Which to themselves prou'd most vnfortunate,
To *Hectors* heeles must *Ajax* Baldricke grow,
And three times drag him by each *Troian* gate:

Whose sight whole *Troy* with clamorous shrieks shal
With *Hectors* sword, *Ajax*, must *Ajax* kil. (fill,

9

These passages of friendship giuen and tooke,
Behold a Herald from the Towne appeares,
Who greets the proud *Greekes* with a friendly looke
From *Priam*, (reuerent both in state and yeares :)
Them, whom but late the *Troians* could not brooke,
Troy now inuites, and for a space forbears

All hostile hate, betweene both hoasts proclaiming
A day of Iubile for feast and gaming.

10

The Faith of *Hector* as best hostage giuen,
Th'inuasiue Kings in peace the City enter,
Whom *Priam* feasts, with all that vnder heauen
Can be found rare, or bred aboue the Center,
The Dames and Damsels all pale feare bereauen,
Amongst the dreadfull *Greekes* dare freely venter,
And they that late did fright them aboue measure,
Haueliberry to sport and Court their pleasure.

Vnpee-

An enter-
chage of gifts
betwixt *Hec-
tor* and *Ajax*.

A Truce.

Dictes.

11

Vnpeered *Hector* (who had neuer scene
Achilles, (but on Horse-backe arm'd) before,
 Eyes him with pleasure, and forgets all spleene,
 And *Thetis* sonne that (but in blood and gore)
 Stain'd and besmear'd, had neuer *Hector* scene,
 Freely surueighs his shape : his robes he wore :
 His brawny Limbes, broad bulk, his face, and stature,
 Nor can he but applaud the pride of nature.

12

To whom *Achilles* thus ? *Hector*, I see
 A presence I could Loue, but his Fame hate,
 Tis thy renowne alone doth blemish me,
 And makes me in these warres vnfortunate,
 I neuer yet dropt blood, but drain'd by thee,
 For which, my teene is growne inueterate :
 Nor could I relish pleasure, but still trusting
 To end thy dayes, by sword-fight, or by iusting.

13

To him the Heroë mildly thus replies :
Aeacides pursues a double wrong,
 That comes from *Greece* our Citty to surprise,
 And race our wals that we haue builded strong,
 Your Loues we hold deere, but your hates despise,
 (As opposites that dare not front vs long :
 If more thou wouldst : To armes : referre the rest,
 Sit, (for th'art welcome) freely tast our feast.

14

The Greekes
 feasted by
 Priam.

Priam and *Agamemnon* take chiefe place,
 The rest are rankt vnto their states or fames,
Troilus and *Diomed*, sit face to face,
 and gin to brall, for *Diomedes* blames
Troilus, and *Troilus* him, to his disgrace
 The iarres appeas'd, for see the fairest Dames
 Of the best bloods of *Troy*, richly attired,
 Bring in the Queene, whose state the *Greekes* admired

15

Hellen, *Troyes* Fire-brand sat at this hye feast,
 Nor did she blush to see her husband there,
 Him, *Paris* thinks a bold vnwelcome guest,
 and that to *Hellen* he was plac'd too neere,

Alone he tastis no dainties, mongst the rest,
Her very sight hath cloyd him without cheare;
On *Hecuba* faire *Pollixene* attended,
Whose beauty great *Achilles* most commended.

16

Now the reuolted *Calchas* free time found
Gainst *Troilus*, louely *Cresseid* to perswade,
With Arguments and words so firme and found,
The *Troian* now no more may Court the Maid,
King *Diomed* must henceforth be the ground
Of all her passionate Loue, she can be staid
In *Troy* no longer (though she wisht it rather)
Shee's but a Child, and must obey her Father.

17

Whilst all the Kingly Leaders had lowd chat
Of Chiuallty, hye Bloods, and deeds of warre,
(And as their humors led, of this or that)
Of many a bleeding wound and grisly skarre,
Whilst some spake much, and some sat mute thereat,
Achilles eye fixt on a brighter starre

Achilles loue
to *Pollixene*.

Then any shines, fixt mongst the heauenly fires,
The rarest *Pollixene* alone admires.

18

He neither can dilate of Noble deeds,
Nor enter-change discourse of slaughtered Kings,
What comes of peace, or what of warre proceeds;
What profit rest, what hurt inuasion brings;
His new dissolved heart within him bleeds,
And from his Rocky brest a Fountaine springs
Of passion, onely by her sight ingendred,
In place of which, old hate is quite surrendered.

19

It now repents him he hath list a blade
Against the Syre, that such a childe hath bred,
Or to the place that foster'd that sweet maide,
His bloody Myrmidons to battaile led;
Or that his dreadfull hand did once inuade
Her Brother (for whose Loue hee's well-nye dead)
To gaine whose beauty, he could find in hart,
Greece to renounce, and take the *Trojans* part.

Queene

20

Queene *Hecuba* obserues *Achilles* passion
Thinking to make it vse-full to her good,
That the most strong of all the *Argiue* Nation,
Shall for her daughters sake spare *Troian* blood:
By this, the feast and Royall preparation
Breakes vp, the Kings that on their honors stood,
With bounteous thanks take leaue, bent on the mor-
This Truce-full ioy to mix with hostile sorrow. (row,

21

The selfe-same night by *Hecubaes* aduice,
Vnto *Achilles* Tent faire *Paris* sends,
Offering his Sisters loue (held at hye price)
Mixt with the aged Queenes most kind commends,
With courteous words the bold *Greeke* they intice
To leaue the siege, which *Thetis* sonne intends
Her nuptiall bed being promist, with much ioy,
Answer's return'd, hee'l warre no more gainst *Troy*.

22

A battaile la-
sting 30 daies

Now while he rests him in his Idle Tent,
And to his amorous Harpe Loue-Ditties sings,
Both Armies sundry Stratagems inuent,
Great *Hector* to the field his puissance brings,
Vpon the plaine appears incontinent
A gallant hoast led by th'incamped Kings:
Warres Musicke sounds, *Mars* trots vpon his Steed
Ore thousand mangled sides, that freshly bleed.

23

Sometime the *Troian* Leaders with their powers,
Euen to their *Pallisadoes* beat the Foe,
Whence being repulst, the camp the Champion scowers
And fore *Troyes* gates their purple Launces grow,
Whom th'yssue from the Citty soone deuoures,
Again the *Greeke* sustaines great ouerthrow:
Again relieu'd, the *Troian* powers they face,
Whom to their Tents againe the *Dardans* chace.

24

Full thirty daies together Fortune striues
To make their Conquest doubtfull, in which time
Vnumbred Knights on both parts lost their liues,
Some in their waine of yeares, some in their prime,

Some flaine our-right, some captiu'd put in Gyues,
Some loose their Fame, and some to honors clime :
Amongst whom *Hector* in the first ranke stands,
For deeds of name wrought by his warlike hands.

25

Though farre-fear'd *Ajax* did hye workes of Fame,
And blacke-hair'd *Agamemnon* boldly fought ;
Though strong-limb'd *Diomed* his worth proclame
By Martiall Acts midst fields of slaughter wrought,
Though *Nestor* oft-times to the battaile came,
And (to his strength and age) for honour fought :
Though *Menelaus* oft in field was seene,
Ulysses too, more full of guile, then spleene.

26

Though these and more among themselues contended,
With æmulation to atchieue most praise,
Yet when great *Hector* to the field discended,
Back't by his Brothers, their swift current stayes,
Above them all his glorious worth extended,
The *Greekes* grow warre-tyr'd after thirty dayes :
And beaten to their Trenches much decayd,
They ioyntly flocke t'implore *Achilles* ayd.

27

Who with his Myrmidons from field abstaines,
In hope to gaine the fairest Dame aliue,
Still through the fields remorselesse slaughter raines,
The *Greekes* beyond their Parapets they driue,
Still they intreat, he still their words disdaines,
Within the Campes skirts he may heare them striue :
Yet (all this notwithstanding) he seemes loath
To Arme him!elfe against a sacred oath.

28

But when he saw the wounded souldiers run,
Their bleeding heads amongst the Tents to hide,
Heard, by their swords so many slaughters done,
Beheld some mangled, that before him dide,
Found how the foe their Campe had well nye won,
Perceiu'd the fire burne bright on euery side,
Himselfe surcharg'd with Flames, in his tent sweating
And all the princes by his bed intreating.

F f

He

Achilles his
abstinence frō
battaile.

29

He then relents, and at their faire request,
 Hee'l keepe his oath, and yet affoord them ayde,
 For now the man whom he esteemed best,
 He whom alone his bosome friend he made,
Patroclus don's his armes, his shield, his Crest,
 And to his thigh girts his victorious blade :
 And with three hundred Myrmidons attended,
 He yssues where the Campe was least defended.

30

At his appearance when those armes were seene
 So well, among the *Trojans* knowne and feared,
 They make him way, *Patroclus* had not beene
 Long in the place, but all the *Greekes* were cheared :
 They that before stood like a haruest screene,
 Gaue backe apace, for not a man appeared,
Patroclus still aduanc't *Achilles* shield,
 And with his Myrmidons maintaines the field :

31

Now horrid Massacre pursues apace
 Th'astonisht *Trojans* *Paris*, wounders most
 To see *Achilles* arm'd, makes good the place,
 And with such rage assault the *Trojan* hoast,
 That not a man dares their Pauillions face,
 Or gainst the Myrmidons his valour boast :
 He cals him troth-lesse, periur'd, false, forsworne,
 And as he speakes (withal) is backward borne.

32

The cry growes great, which *Hector* ouer-hearing,
 He cals vpon his men to cease base flight,
 And spying one aboue the rest appearing,
 Dreadfull in shape, and all imbrude in fight,
 His quakefull hand and sword, so often rearing,
 He takes him for the warlike *Peleus* Knight
Achilles, of the *Gracians* great'st in pride,
 Whom he had oft before in battaile tride.

33

He chuseth from his Page an Oaken speare,
 Hewed from the hart of *Ihoues* relentlesse tree,
 And couching it, spurres with a full Carriere
 Against *Patroclus* : his proud Steed was free,

And like a shot starre doth his Ryder beare,
At euery plunge the ground neere kist his knee :
His constant ayme, that neuer er'd at need,
Tops the proud *Greeke* from off his Noble steed.

34

And now *Achilles* armour strowes the field,
Patroclus lyes vpon the Verdure spred,
Heere lay his sword, and there his trusty shield,
The Myrmidons (as had their Lord bin dead,
And neuer more victorious Armes should weild)
Al in disordred ranks retyr'd and fled :
Achilles armes ceizd, who durst longer stay ?
This was the cause the *Dardan* wan the day.

35

When dead by *Hector* was *Menetius* son,
And that his wounded body strowed the plaine,
(Quoth *Hector*) Now *Achilles* armes are won,
These are mine owne, and these wil I maintaine :
He strips the faire *Patroclus* (new foredone,)
And thought at first *Achilles* he had slaine :
But when he saw one not of God-like kind,
The Armes he takes, the body leaues behind.

36

Achilles franticke with so great disgrace,
Losse both of friend, and of his glorious armes,
Torments himselfe with fury for a space,
Threatning to Princely *Hector* hostile harmes,
Yet when he thinkes to haue his life in chace,
And rowse the Worthy with his warres alarmes :
He now records his friends disgrace in field,
To combat him, he hath nor armes, nor Shield.

37

The bright-foot *Amphetrise* his fayre Mother,
Knowing the grieffe her sonne conceiues at hart,
Her true Maternall pittie cannot smother,
But with her care she seekes to cure his smart,
Instead of these, she will prouide him other
Made by Deuine composure, not Mans art,
And thus resolu'd, to *Lemnos* she doth hie,
Where *Vulcan* workes in heauenly Ferrarie.

Patroclus slain

*This is other-
wise called
Amphetrise.*

38

She found him with his face all smoog'd and blacke,
 And labouring at his Forge quite hid in smoke,
 The stifling fume kept the faire Goddesse backe,
 About she was her soft steps to reuoke,
 But whilst the *Cyclops* on their Anvils thwacke,
 She spies faire *Charis*, and to her she spoke:
 That the Lame Mettall-God might vnderstand,
Thetis his friend, the Seas-Queene was at hand.

39

Charis.

Charis the hand-maide, grace whose Office still
 Is to strow *Venus* louely bed with Flowers,
 And to them both Caeftiall *Nectar* fill,
 As vnto *Ioue*-himselfe faire *Hebe* powers,
 Prayes the bright Goddesse but to stay vntill
 The swetty Smith his face and visage skowers;
 And whilst she tels the God of her repaire,
 To ease her selfe in a rich golden Chaire.

40

Homer Iliad

Charis departs, she mounts the Inamel'd seat,
 The backe of solid Gold richly ingrau'd,
 Cut and inchac't, it shewed his skill was great,
 and in the Metall too, no cost was sau'd,
 So though the frame was large, his art was neat,
 The foure supporters round about were stau'd
 With pillars of white filuer, moulded so,
 That by the worke, the worke-man you may know.

41

Meane time faire *Charis* to the Smith relates,
 How faire-foote *Amphetrice* stayer without,
 at this report lame *Vulcan* thanks the Fates,
 Who had so well his businesse brought about,
 The Queene whose fauour he so highly rates,
 Should take the paine to finde his Concaue out:
 Of whom, he (falling through the Planners seauen,)
 More fauour found, then all the rest in heauen.

42

With that his apron from his brest he takes,
 His airy Bellows haue surceast to blow,
 He fleckes his Coales, his smoaky Forge forsakes,
 Spunges his hands and face, then gins to throw

A rich Roabe ore his shoulders, and so makes
On to the Queene, whose mind he longs to know:
When after many a limping Curtsie made,
Thus *Amphetrite* doth the Smith perswade.

43

If euer I was held worthy the name
Of the seas-Queene, vnfortunate alone,
For of the seed of Gods deriu'd I came,
Yet (married to a Mortall,) find you none
Thetis except: yet ist to me no shame;
Behold my Deuine beauty, I was one
Euen *Ithoue* himsele lou'd, whom, cause I denide,
In spight he gaue me to a Mortals Bride.

Apollodorus.

44

Yet am I not esteem'd amongst them least,
For when my hye espousals were first made
In the Mount *Pelion*, all the Gods increast
My glory with their presence; for none stayed
Or kept away from th' *Hymenean* feast,
Sauing the Goddes discord, the Spheares plaid
Musicke to vs; my *Pelesus* me contented
To grace, whom all the Gods rich gifts presented.

*Staphilus in lib
de Thessalia.*

*Dailochus.
Pherecidas.*

45

Ithoue gaue vs Graces on our bed to wait,
Apollo, Ingots of the purest Gold,
Pluto, a *smarag'd* to be worne in state,
Iuno, a lem worth, more then can be told,
Neptune two Steeds, aboue all Mortall rate,
Xanthus and *Ballia*, whom you may behold
Still draw my Coach, a rich Knife rarely wrought,
Mongst other presents you God *Vulcan* brought.

Zetzes histo 48.

46

But what of these digressions, If my hap
Hath euer bin to do you any grace,
When falling from hye Heauen, in my soft lap
I gently catcht you, See: behold the place
On which your head fel, which to fold and wrap
In smoothest silkes, my robes I did vnlace:
For this, and much more kindnesse by me done,
Requite all, with an Armour for my sonne.

Ff 3

Inough

*Pyragmon,
Bereuntes, and
Sceropes, the
three Ciclops
that attend on
Vulcan.*

47

Inough (quoth *Vulcan* fetch *Pyragmon* straight)
A parcell of the best and purest Steele,
And you *Bereuntes* let it finde the waight
Of your huge Hammers, and their ponders feele,
The *Ciclops* fetcht a Plate six Cubes in haight,
So Massie, that the burden made him reele;
Sceropes stain'd with smoake, the Bellowes blew,
And all at once themselues to worke withdrew.

48

Achilles armor

They forg'd a Helmet with rich Flowers inhaç't
So curiously, that Art it much exceeded,
Borders of sundry workes about were plac't,
The precise sight of the best eye they needed,
That could discerne the closures, they were grac't
With God-like skill (from God-hood it proceeded)
For beauty, it was glorious to the sight,
For prooffe, no Steele could on this Helmet bite.

49

The Gorget, Vaunt-brace, Backe-peece, brest, and all,
Came from the selfe-same substance, and like skill,
The Cushes that beneath the girdle fall,
Impenetrable were, and Steele-prooffe still,
And though the thickenesse did appeare but small,
The Plates they with such strength of Metall fill:
It hath the force and puissance to withstand
The sharpest Speares hurl'd from the strongest hand.

50

Achilles shield

About them all, his shield the rest surpast,
Massie, and onely for his Arme to weare
For whom twas made, vpon the same was ra't
The great world Tripartyre : heauen and each Spheare,
Thence all the hye Circumference was pla't
Starres, Moone, and Sun, the signes that rule the yeare,
The Ram, the Bull, and the Twin-brothers signe,
The Crab, the Lyon, and the Maid Deuine.

51

The Skale, the Scorpion, and the Centaure fell,
Sterne Capricorne, and he that water powers,
The Fishes : all these were ingraued well,
There *Phæbus* stood, about him dayes and howers,

With the foure Seasons : First the Spring gan swell
With sweetest Buddes : Sommer that seldome lowers
Stood next in ranke, well clad in freshest greene,
Autumne next her, in ragged Roabes was seene.

52

There stood old Winter in hye Furs attyred,
On whom the flakes of Snow like Feathers hong,
He shyuering lookes, as if he warmth desired,
With chattering teeth, hands Palsied, quaking tong
Below the Earth, with Dales and Hills admired,
Fields full of Grayne, & Meads with Grasse new sprong:
Here Citties rarely built, there Hamlets stand,
Here fallow-fields, besides them, New-tild Land.

53

Betweene the middle Earth, Seas ebbe and flow,
Whose Billowes in their caruing seeme to moue,
Here the *Lewiathan* huge waues doth throw
From out his Nostrils to the skyes aboue,
The Dolphins, of a thousand coullours show,
Here Whales their heads aboue the waters proue:
And sayling ships contriu'd by cunning rare,
On which strange Fish, with wonder seeme to stare.

54

A thousand sundry Obiects made by Art,
This huge Orbicular Shield in compasse holds,
What Heauen or Earth, or Seas to vs Impart,
His Globe-like compasse to the eye vnfold,
When *Vulcan* taking the fayre Queene apart,
(who with much wonder his strange worke beholds :)
Presents it her, made perfect for her Son,
In whose rich armes, *Troy* seemes already won.

55

At *Vulcans* Caue she yoakes her Chariot-steeds,
which o're the Oceans rugged backe make way,
And as she freely on the Seas proceeds,
About her Coach the Quicke-ear'd Dolphins play
At her Sonnes Tent (fam'd for his warlike deeds,
She lights, and to the Couch on which he lay :)
Toft those rich armes, which when *Achilles* view'd,
The halfe-dead spirit within his breast renew'd.

He

56

He leaps from of his Pallet, to imbrace
The beauntious Queene, and soone intreats her ayde,
To arme his shoulders, and his head to grace,
With that inched Helme God *Vulcan* made,
Who now compleatly furnisht, longs for place
Where thus be-scene, he *Hector* may inuade:
He cannot sleepe for gazing on his Shield,
In hope t' aduance it in the Morrowes field.

57

Thetis departs, when th'early Cocke gaue signe,
With his lowd notes *Aurora* to dispose,
Who leaues the Bed-rid *Typhon* sunke in Wine,
From whom the Gold hair'd Goddesse blushing rose,
To harnesse *Phæbus* Coach-steeds, who in fine
About his face, his Beames bright glistring throwes:
To dry the Mornings teares, who weepeth still,
To see th'vnkind Sunne climb th'Easterne hill.

58

A Battaille.

He had not left the forelorne Goddesse long,
But from *Olimpus* top he may espy,
Plaine-Crested *Hector*, his arm'd Troopes among,
Chearing them vp the proud *Greekes* to defy:
Next him marcht Noble *Troilus*, *Memnon* strong,
Antenor and *Aeneas* mounted hye:
Young *Deiphobus* and *Polydamas*,
Paris, whole ayme in Arch'ry doth surpasse.

59

Sarpedon, King *Epistropus*: beside
Many more Kings that sundry battailes led
Against these soone the Curld Inuaders ride,
The grim *Atrides* first aduan'ft his hed,
Achilles next, past with vaine-glorious pride
For his rich armour, *Nestor* next him sped
Menon, whose armes were set with many a stone,
And (he that *Hector* stood) bold *Telamon*.

60

The *Ithacan*, with *Lacedemons* King,
The widdowed *Spartan*: ground of all this broyle,
These to the fiede their seuerall battailes bring,
With thousand followers, bent on death and spoyle,

Their barbed Steeds the earth behind them fling,
Harnesse and quartered limbes blocke the smooth soyle:
Amongst the rest, *Achilles* loftiest stood,
and his new armour double-Guilds in blood.

61

With *Memnon*, soone to *Typhon* and the Morne,
Who came from *Egipt* in King *Priams* aide,
Eacides encounters, change of scorne
Betweene them past; bold *Memnon* nought dismaide;
With that strong hand that had the Scepter borne
Of *Persiaes* kingdome, and did once invade
Susa, as farre as where *Choaspes* flowes,
Vpon his Helme thunders two periant blowes.

62

They stound him in his saddle, make him kisse
His Steeds curl'd Crest, ere he can Mount his head,
Achilles who esteemes no other blisse,
But to behold his foes before him spread,
(Wak't from his sudden trance) espies by this,
A *Græcian* Squadron bout King *Memnon* dead,
And his bright sword still to wring ore his Crest,
Threatning in his third fall, Eternall rest.

63

The proud *Greeke* sends a blush out of his face,
as red as that in which his prooffe was lau'd,
he now records his strength, his god-like race,
and his rich armout with such art ingrau'd,
He knowes it til becomes his Name or Place,
By any Mortall puissance to be brau'd;
He doubles strength on strength, and stroak on stroak,
Euen till he mists himselfe in his owne smoake.

64

Auroraes Darling prooues to weake a Foe
For him, on whose tough Shield no Steele can bite,
His conquer'd Sword and Armes the field must strow,
Achilles is too strong an opposite,
His Red-cheek't Mother ouercharg'd with woe,
Laments her Son vntimely slaine in fight:
In grieve of whom, a Dusky Roabe she weares,
And fils the whole world with her dew-drop teares.

Apollodorus lib.
3.

Hesiodus in
Theogonia.

Simonides Poeta

K. Memnon
slain by *Achil-*
les.

The

65

The death of *Memnon* euen to *Hector* flies,
 That Tragicke newes cost many a Princes life,
 Incenst, he seemes all safety to dispise,
 And where he spurs, he makes red slaughter rise,
 For euery drop of bloud, a bold *Greeke* dies:
 Him *Troilus* seconds in his purpled strife:
 And (if as for a wager) they contend,
 Whose Sword most pale Soules can to *Orcus* send.

66

They breake a Ring of Harnesse, making way
 Into the Battayles Center, where they see
 a Noble Knight maintaine a gallant fray,
 Gainst many *Troian* Knights (in valor free)
 Yet of them all, this Champion gets the day,
 The strongest cannot make him cringe his knee:
Polydamus against him brauely sped,
 Yet still his gaz'd at Shield, safeguards his hed.

67

Against which *Paris* many arrowes spends,
 But all in vaine, they shuer gainst his Targe,
 and whom he best can reach his force extends
 as far as life, the prisoned Soule t'enlarge,
 Young *Deiphobus* to that place descends,
 and with his Speate in reast, doth gainst him charge:
 But the *Dardanian* fayles in his intent,
 And from the Noble Knight is bleeding sent.

68

Victorious *Hector* at such deeds amaz'd,
 But more at the rich Armor that he ware,
 Mannadge and shape in heart he highly prayd,
 and in his honors longes to haue a share,
Hupon Lariffaes King, that long had gaz'd
 Vpon his valor, sees him fight so fayre:
 A pointed Staffe against his breast he prooued,
 But from his Steed the bold *Greeke* was not mooued.

69

King Hupon
 slaine.

King Philos
 slaine.

Vnhappy *Hupon* could not stay the force
 Of his keene Sword, but soone before him fals,
 King *Philos*, next against him spurd his Horse,
 And (turne thee valiant *Greeke*) aloud he cals,

But he was likewise slaine without remorse,
It seem'd he was invr'd to such hot brals:
Hector no longer can his rage forbear,
But gainst the vnknowne Knight aymes a stiffe Speare.

70

Who when he *Hector* from a far espyde,
As if he had but sported with the rest,
and that was he gainst whom he should be tryde,
He thrild a Iauelin at the *Dardans* brest,
T'was terror to behold these Champions ride,
and skorch the Plumes that grew in eithers Crest,
With fire that from their Steele in sparkles flew,
No sooner dead, but still they forced new.

71

Ther's for *Patroclus* death, the proud *Greeke* sayes
Ther's for my armes, which thou didst basely win,
and as he speakes vpon his shoulders layes,
at euery dint his bruilde armes pincht his skin,
Hector now knowes his Champion by his phrased,
and by his stroake (he thinks his armes too thin :)
Such puissant blowes, whose weight he scarce can like,
None but *Achilles* hand hath power to strike.

72

A well knowne Knight, in vnknowne armes he sees,
against whose force he gathers all his might,
His hye-stretcht arme contendes to make him leese
All fore-past Fame, and hazard dreadfull fight,
But now the multitude like Swarmes of Bees
Betweene them flocke, who farre from all affright :
Vex in their heated bloods to be so parted,
So with their Steedes mongst other rankes they started.

73

Three puissant Kings beneath Prince *Hector* fell,
Archilochus, a Souldier of hye Fame,
Prothenor, who in battailes did excell,
And with th' *Atrides* to the field then came :
King *Archelaus* too, a Champion fell,
Who mongst the *Greekes* had won a glorious Name :
And whilst halfe tyerd, he from the throng withdrew,
King *Diomed* the *Sagittary* slew.

Three Kings
slaine by *Hec-
tor.*

The *Sagittary*
slaine by *Dio-
med.*

Thoas

74

Thoas tooke Prisoner, to the Towne was sent,
Whom *Paris* with his arrowes had surprisde,
Antenor likewise to *Vlisses* Tent
Was Captiue led (whom he before depisde)
Epistropus, his hostile fury bent
Gainst *Polyxenes*, in rich armes disguisde;
They part, when *Polyxenes* full of pride,
Croft-*Hectors* course, and by his valor dyde.

King Polixenes
slaine.

75

Once more the dauntlesse *Troians* haue the best,
The night comes on, both Hoasts themselues with draw,
The Citties Captaines take them to their rest,
But th' *Argiue* Kings (that naught but ruine saw
Impendent still, whilst *Hectors* able brest
Bucklerd large *Troy* from each tempestuous flaw)
At *Agamemnons* Tenta Counsell call,
To find some traine, by which the Prince may fall.

76

Achilles oft-times Mated, voves in heart
With his blacke *Mirmidons* to guirt him round,
And neuer from a second field depart,
Till *Hectors* length be measured on the ground,
Th' assembled Kings, whose bleeding wounds yet smart,
Vow by all meanes his puissance to confound:
For well they know whilst Noble *Hector* stands,
In vaine gainst *Troy* they reare their armed hands.

77

Night passeth on, and the gray Morne appeares,
The *Greekes* a six-months Truce of *Troy* demaund,
In which the Campe bloud-staynd *Scamander* cleares
Of Bodies slaine by warres infernall hand,
A Herald to the Camp King *Thoas* beares,
Receiuing backe *Antenor*, Nobly man'd,
The Truce expires, both parties now prouide
To haue their Armes tight, and their Weapons tride.

78

Andromaches
dreame.

Andromache this night dreampt a strange dreame,
That if her Husband tryde the field that day,
His slaughter should be made the generall Theame
Of *Troyes* laments, she faine would haue him stay,

She wooes him, as he loues the populous Realme,
Her Life, his Honors, safety, or decay:

 The ayde of *Troy*, their Vniuersall good,
 To saue all these in keeping still his blood.

79

This (*Hector* censures) spoake from Womanish feare,
He armes himselfe in hast and cald to Horse,
Takes in his hand a bright Brasse-headed Speare,
Longing for some on whom to proue his force,
Andromache spends many a ruthfull teare,
His thoughtes were fixt, they bred no soft remorse:
 He armes for field, she to the Kings proceeds,
 and tels his thus: If *Hector* fight, he bleedes.

80

Her dreame and feare she to the King relates,
and praies him to entreat her Husband fayre,
Or if soft speech his purpose naught abates
To vse his power: This said, she doth repayre
Where *Hecuba* and *Hellen* kept their states,
and where the rest of *Priams* Daughters are:
 To whose requests she knowes hee'l soonest yeild,
 Still vrging them to keepe him from the field.

81

The *Greekes* Imbattayld are, and from the Towne,
The *Troians* Issue the Mid-way to meet,
When from the loftie Pallace hastning downe
Andromache, prostrate at *Hectors* feet
Throwes her fayre selfe: and by King *Priams* Crowne,
His Mothers loue, her owne imbracements sweete:
 his Brothers, Sisters, and his little Sonne,
 Coniures his stay, till one daies fight be done.

82

Hector bids one: she mingles words with teares,
and once more casts her selfe to stop his way,
(That he shall backe) she begs, she wooes, she sweares,
and thun the battaile for that ominous day,
her horrid dreame hath fild her heart with feares,
And hill she hanges on him, to haue him stay:
 She weepes, intreats, clinges, begs, and Coniures stil,
 (In vaine) hee's arm'd, and to the battayle will.

Gg

King

Astianax Hec-
tors Sonne.

83

King *Priam* by *Antenor's* mouth desires
 To vnarme him streight, and to the Court returne,
 For should his life fayle: *Troyes* fayre Sons and Sires,
 Matrons and Damsels, for his death should mourne,
 The Prince inrag'd, his Eye-bals sparkle fires,
 With inward rage his troubled Entrails burne:
 He knowes from whence these Coniurations spring,
 And that his Wiues dreame hath incenst the King.

84

Yet will he forward: when the aged *Quæne*
 This hearing: with the *Spartan* makes swift speede,
 They ring his Horſe: Intreat him ceaſe his ſpleene,
 And for one day to aſt no warlike deed,
 The more they pray, the more they rouse his teene,
 a purpose irremoueuably decreede:
 Hee'l put in aſtion though they kneele and pray,
 and compaſſe in his Steede to haue him ſtay.

85

This *Priam* vnderſtanding, he deſcends,
 And in his face a gracefull reuerence brings,
 He ſtayes his Courſer by the Raines, and ends
 The difference thus: Oh! Thou the awe of Kings,
 Death to thy Foes, ſupporture to thy Friends,
 From whoſe ſtrong arme our generall faſty ſprings:
 Refraine this day, tempt not the Gods decree,
 Who by thy Wife this night forwarneth thee.

86

The diſcontented Prince at length is wonne,
 Yet will he not vnarme him for them all,
 But to expreſſe the duty of a Sonne,
 With *Priam* and the reſt he mountes the wall,
 To ſee both Armies to the Skirmiſh ronne,
 Where ſome ſtand hye, and ſome by ſlaughter fall:
 King *Diomed* and *Troilus* from a farre,
 Waits to each other, as a ſigne of warre.

87

They meete like Bullets, by two Souldiers chang'd,
 Their way as ſwift, their charge as full of Terror,
 Their Steedes keepe euen, they neither tript nor rang'd,
 Both Man and Horſe are free from any Error,

No art of Warre was from these Knights estrang'd
In *Troilus*, might be seene a Souldiers Mirror,
In *Diomed*, the patterne of such skill,
as they desire that would their Foe-men kill.

88

The fayre-browde Sky shrinkes vp her Azure face,
Least their sharpe splinterd Staues should race her brow,
Both couer honor in this warlike race,
and in their hearts they cythers ruine vow,
But *Menelaus* happily came in place,
With him three hundred Knights that well knew how
To manage battaile, these betweene them grew,
and they to further ranks perforce withdrew.

89

Miseres (King of *Phrigia*) met by chance
The *Spartan* King, and shooke him in his Seate,
Against Duke *Ajax*, *Paris* charg'd a Launce,
and him, the *Sal'mine* did but ill intreat,
At the first blow he stounds him in a trance,
Then midst the *Troian* rankes doth royle and sweat:
Striuing behind, on both sides, and before,
Euen till his armes with blood were vermeil'd o're.

90

Prince *Margareton*, vnto *Hector* deare
Knowing the slaughter Noble *Ajax* made,
against his Vaunt-brace brauely prooues his Speare,
and to their vanquisht *Phalanx* brings fresh ayde,
Ajax is for't his fury to forbear,
The *Troians* powers on all sides him inuade,
Till *Agamemnon* comes with fresh supply,
at whose approach, th'astonish *Troians* fly.

91

Yet Noble *Margareton* keeps his stand,
Nor can the strongest arme of *Greece* remoue him,
He fees the strength of *Agamemnons* hand,
Grim *Ajax* sword with a towers weight doth proue him,
Yet shrinkes not, till the place was Nobly man'd
By *Paris* and *Polydamus* that loue him:
These hearing *Margareton* much distrest,
Rescue the Prince, who brauely guards his Crest.

Gg 2

It

Ajax Telamon

92

It ioyes the King and Ladyes, that on hy
Stand on the Torras to behold the field,
To see the Prince so full of Chivalry,
And with such power to vie his Sword and Shield,
Achilles (in a place where thousands lye
Besmeard in bloud, as if he meant to build
a wall of Limbes and Quarters) brauely fought,
And bout himselfe a siede of bodies wrought.

93

Where issuing after much effuse of blood
To calme himselfe, remotely from the throng
(Rettyrd alike) young *Margareton* stood
Striuing for breath, he had not rested long,
But spies *Achilles* with a purple flood
Powerd o're his armes, a Iauelin light and strong
The valiant *Troian* Prince against him bent,
Whom the proud *Greeke* receiues incontinent.

94

From broken Speares they come to two-edg'd Steele,
Oh! How stont *Hector* yernd to be in place,
His very Soule doth all the puissance feele
Of him that hath his Brothers life in chace,
No stroake that makes Prince *Margareton* reele,
But (as he thinkes) it tingles on his face :
And from the wall in Armour he had lepr,
Had not the King and Queene perforce him kept.

95

By this the youthfull *Prismeian* tyerd
With oddes of might, he wauers too and fro,
Doubtfull which way to fall, the *Greeke* admierd
To find so young a gallant plunge him so,
and therefore with his ancient rankor fierd,
He doubles and redoubles blow and blow :

Till he (whose deere life was to *Hector* sweet)
Sinks from his Horse beneath his ruthlesse feete.

Prince Marga-
retonaine.

96

Who with his barb'd Steede tramples o're his Coarse,
Whose Iron hooft the Princes armor raceth,
This *Hector* seeing, breakes from all their force,
He claps his Beauer downe, his Helme fast laceth,

With nimble quicknesse vaults vpon his horſe,
(And yſſuing) where he rides, the enemy cheareth:
For *Margaretons* death, he vowes that day,
Achilles with a thouſand more ſhall pay.

97

Two Noble Dukes he chargeth, and both ſlew;
Duke *Coriphus*, *Baſtidus* big and tall,
And forth like lightning mongſt their Squadrons ſlew,
Where ſuch as cannot flye before him fall,
Leocides an Armour freſh and new,
(He was amongſt the *Greekes* chiefe Admirall)
Would proue gainſt *Hector*, but in his ſwift race,
The *Trojans* Speare brake on the *Gracians* face.

98

A ſplinter ſtrooke the *Greeke* into the braine,
And downe he ſinkes, *Achilles* full of yre,
Spying ſo many bold *Pelaſgians* ſlaine,
Prickes on with *Polyceus* : both deſire
To proue themſelues with *Hector* on the plaine,
The bold aſſaylants need not farre inquire
For the ſterne Prince : In that part of the hoſt,
Th'are ſure to find him where the cry growes moſt.

99

Both Menace him, gainſt both he ſtands prepared,
Duke *Policeus* to *Achilles* deare,
(Whoſe Siſter he was promiſt, had warre ſpared
His deſtin'd life) drew to the *Trojans* neare,
At the firſt ſtroke his Beauer'd face he bared,
But with the next his ſparpled braines appeare,
Achilles mads at this, and ſweares on hye,
For *Polyceus* death, *Hector* ſhall dye.

100

His threatned vengeance *Hector* did ſoone quaile,
For through his thigh he quiuers a ſharpe Dart,
Achilles fees his bleeding ſinnowes faile,
And with all ſpeed doth to his Tent depart,
Where hauing bound his wound vp, wan and pale,
With fury, and the rancor of his hart;
Three hundred *Myrmidons* that all things dar'd,
he leads to field his perſon to ſaue-gard.

Gg 3

Swear

D. Coriphus &
Duke Baſti-
dius ſlaine.

Leocides ſlain.

Policeus ſlaine

Achilles wound-
ed.

101

Swearing them all theyr ioynt-rage to bestow
 On *Hector*, and on him sterne vengeance power,
 And sauing him r'intend no *Dardan* Foe,
 That Heauen with him may on his Conquests lower,
 They listen where the clamors loudest grow,
 And there spy *Hector*, wald in like a Tower
 With heapes of men, that bout him bleeding lay,
 For not a liuing *Greeke* durst neere him stay.

102

Now tyrd with slaughter, he was lean'd vpon
 The Pomell of his bright victorious Blade,
 and for his strength and breath was almost gone,
 His Armour he had slackt, it loosely playde
 about his shoulders (for he dreaded none:)
 Him now the bloody *Myrmidons* inuade:
 In three-fold rings about him they were guided,
 To take the Noble Heroë vnprouided.

103

Oh! Where is *Paris* with his Archers bow?
 Where's youthfull *Deiphebus* now at need?
 Where's the inuined *Troilus*, to bestow
 His puissant stroakes before Prince *Hector* bleed?
 Where is *Aeneas* to repulse the foe?
 You *Troyes* confedred Kings, where do you speede?
 Bring rescue now, or in his Mountaine fall
 Beneath destruction, he will crush you all.

104

All these are absent, naught saue death and ruine
 Compasse the Prince, a tripple ring of blades
 Ingurts him round, who still their rankes renewing,
 Threaten to send him to th'infernall shades,
 With bloody appetites his fall pursuing,
Achilles as they shrink, on hyc perswades
 With promises: and some with threats, he sweares
 To pay the base shame of their dastard feares.

105

A hundred *Myrmidons* before him lye
 Drownde in their owne blouds, by his strong arme shed,
 The rest renew the charge with fresh supply,
 and thunder on his shoulders, armes, and head,

Achilles strongly arm'd and horst, spurres by
To see the hunger of his Blood-hounds fed:
Was neuer Mortall, without might of Gods,
That stood so long against such powerfull ods.

106

They hew his armour peece-meale from his backe,
Yet still the valiant Prince maintaines the fray,
Though but halfe-harnest, yet he holds them tacked,
And still the bloody Slaues vpon him lay,
Armour and breath at once the Prince doth lacke,
Stor'd with nought else saue wounds (alacke the day:)
Yet like a stedfast rocke the worthy stood,
From whom ran twenty seuerall springs of blood.

107

This, when the fresh-breath'd *Greeke* beheld, and saw
So much effuse of blood about him run,
He charg'd his warlike *Myrmidons* withdraw,
And crying out aloud: Now *Troy* is won,
(With shamefull oddes against all Knight-hoods law)
Gainst naked *Hector*, well-arm'd *Thetis* son
Aymes a stiffe Iauelin, and against him rides,
The ruthlesse staffe through-pierst his Royall sides.

The death of
Hector.

108

With him King *Priam* and whole *Asiaes* glory,
Queene *Hecuba* with all her daughters faire
Sinke into *Lethe*, euen the Gods are sorry
To see the man they made without compare,
So basely fall, to make *Achilles* story
Reproachfull to all eares that would not spare
So great a Worthy, but with oddes strike vnder,
Him that atchieud things beyond strength & wonder

109

Hector thus false, the *Troians* (whose whole power
Lay in the arme of *Hector*) flye the field,
And now th'incourag'd *Greekes* *Scamander* scower,
(The head subdude, the body needs must yeild,)
Behold the Prince that aw'd within this hower,
Millions of *Greekes* lyes dead vpon his shield,
He gone, whole *Atlas* Arme vpheld their states,
Amazed *Troy* rams-vp her sieged Gates.

At

IIO

At sight of which *Achilles* sweld with rage,
 From *Hectors* breast, the Belt *Ajax* him gaue
 Snatcheth in hast, and his sad spleene t' allwage,
 Fetters his Legges, and like a conquerd slaue,
 Voyde of all honor, ruth, or Counsell sage,
 at his Horse-heeles he drags him like a slaue:
 Hauing *Troyes* wall first three-times circled round,
 hurdling the *Dardan* Heroë on the ground.

III

To thinke so braue a Peere should basely bleede,
 A Prince t'insult vpon a slaughter'd Foe,
 and gainst a worthy act so base a deede,
 Makes my soft eye with Springs of Sorrow flow,
 Nor can I further at this time proceede,
 The *Greekes* blacke practise doth offend me so,
 Heare therefore I desist my Tragicke verse,
 To mourne in silence o're Prince *Hectors* hearse.

*Æacides, a name we sometimes giue to Achilles, is a deriua-
 tiue of Æacus, and is as much as to say, the Grand-childe of
 Æacus, sometime we call him Pelias Issue (viz:) the Sonne
 of Peleas, the Sonne of Æacus.*

*Patroclus a Noble Greeke, sonne to Menetius and Sche-
 uele, he was brought vp vnder Chiron the Centaure with
 Achilles, who euer after entirely loued him.*

*Chiron likewise, whom we haue before in some places men-
 tioned, is thought to be Sonne of Saturne.*

Vt Saturnus Equo geminum Chirona creauit.

His Mother was cald Philyra:

*Ad mare descendit montis de parte suprema
 Chiron Philerides.*

*Saturne deflowring the faire Philiris, Daughter to the old
 Oceanus, and fearing least his Wife Rhea (otherwise cald Si-
 billa) should discouer his wantonnesse, transhapes himselfe in-
 to a Horse, and then begat in the Islands Philerides, Chiron
 the Centaure, from the Nauell vpwordes hauing the perfect
 semblance of Man, the rest downewards the shape of an Horse.*

*Others haue thought him to be the Sonne of Ixion, & Bro-
 ther to the race of the Centaurs. He taught Æsculapius Phi-
 si ke,*

*Ouid. Metamor-
 pho. 6.
 Apollonius lib. 1
 Argonauticon.*

Apollo lib. 2.

Suidas.

sicke, Hercules Astronomy, and Apollo to play on the Lute or Harpe. Of Thetis, otherwise call'd Amphitritie it is thus reported, that she was the most beautifull of all the Goddeses, & when Apollo, Neptune, and Iupiter, contended about her which should enjoy her bed (being all frustrate) Iupiter enraged, doom'd her to be a mortals Bride, because shee had so peremptorily despised their God-hoods. The Goddesse much agriev'd to be so abiectly bestowed, despised Pelcus, who extremely doted on her beauty, and still when hee would haue comprist her, she metamorphis'd her selfe, sometimes to a flame of Fire, sometimes to a Lyon, then a serpent, so dreadfull, that he was still deter'd from his purpose, till after by the aduice of Chiron the Centaure, (neglecting all terror) she helde her fast so long, till hauing run through all her Protean shapes, he wearied her in her transformation, till she return'd into her owne shape of the most beautiful Goddesse, of whom he begat Achilles.

Homer.

Isacius.

Typhon for his beauty beloued of Aurora the morning, is said to be the son of Laomedon, and Brother to Priam, though by diuers mothers, he gat Priam of Leucippe, and Typhon of Strima, or else of Rhoea the daughter of Scamander: Aurora begd of the Fates for her Husband Tython Immortality, which being immediately graunted her, she had forgot with his length of life, to beg withal that he should neuer wax old and decrepit, wherefore he is said to be euer bed rid, till the Gods pittying his feebleness, turn'd him after into a Grasshopper.

Horatius lib. 2.
Carminum.

Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.

Susa a chiefe Citty in Persia, where the great Sophies keepe their Courts, it is seated neare the famous riuer Choaspes, and was builded by Tython.

Pelasgians are an auncient people of Greece dwelling in Peloponetus in the edge of Macedonia, of whom the generall Græcians sometimes haue vsurpt that name.

The end of the thirteenth

CANTO.

Argumentum

T Roylus, Achilles wounds, and is betraid
 By his fell Myrmidons, which being spread,
 The bloody Greeke still lowes the beaution Maid
 Pollixena, and for her loue is lead
 To Pallas Church, whom Paris doth innade,
 And with an Arrow in the heele strikes dead:
 Penthisilea with her valiant Maydes,
 Assists sad Troy, Greece lofty Pyrrhus ayds.

ARG. 2.

IN this last fight, fall by the Argiue spleene,
 Paris, Amphimachus, & Scithiaes Queene.

CANTO. 14.

I



O whom, *Andromache*
 may I compare
 Thy Funerall teares ore
Hectors body shed,
 If mongst late Widdowes
 none suruiue so rare
 To equall thee, lets search
 among the dead,

The *Carian* Queene that was as chaste as faire,
 Bright *Artimesia* a wonder bred:

Galathian Camma did likewise constant proue,
 And riual'd her in firme Coniugall Loue.

*Artimesia
 Camma.*

2

What Fathers griefe could equall *Priams* teares?
 Who lost a sonne, no age, no world could match,
 Whose arme vpheld his glory many yeares,
 Whose vigilant eye did on his safety watch,

Englands third *Edward* in thy face appeares
Like grieſe, when timeleſſe death did ſoone diſpatch
Thy braue ſonnes life, *Edward* Sirnam'd the blacke,
By whom *Spaine* flag'd, and *France* ſuſtained wracke.

Edward the 3.

Not *Margaret*, when at *Teuxbury* her ſonne
Was ſtab'd to death by Tyrant *Gloſters* hand;
Felt from her riuel cheekes more Pearle-drops ronne,
Then *Hecuba*, when ſhe did vnderſtand
The thred of *Hectors* life already ſponne,
Whoſe glories ſtretcht through Heauen, aire, ſea, & land
Though he of ſemblant hope to England were
With him, whom *Aſia* did account moſt deare.

Q. Margaret
wife to Henry
the 6.

Nor could the Counteſſe *Mary* ſorrow more,
To heare her Brother (the braue *Sidney* wounded),
Whoſe death the ſeuenteene *Belgian* ſtates deplore,
Whoſe Fame for Arts and armes the whole world ſour-
Then did *Cassandra*, who her garments tore, (ded,
Creuſa who with extreame grieſe confounded,
With whom *Polyxena* bare a ſad ſtraine,
To heare a third part of the earth complaine.

Ladie Mary
Counteſſe of
Penbrooke, &
Siſter to Sir
Phillip Sidney.

Nor when the hopefull youth Prince *Arthur* dide,
Leauing his Brother both his life and Crowne,
Could the prince *Henry* leſſe his ſorrowes hide,
Then *Hectors* Brothers who ſtill guard the Towne,
The vniuerſall Citty doſſes her pride,
The King himſelfe puts on a Mourners gowne:
The Queene and Ladies with their leagued Kings,
Bury with him their beſt and coſtlieſt things.

Prince Arthur
elder brother
to Prince Hen-
ry, after Henry
the 8.

So when from *Rome* great *Tully* was exild,
Full twenty thouſand Cittizens the beſt,
In garments Tragicke, and in countenance wild,
For twelue ſad Moones their loues to him profeſt,
But *Troy* euen from the Bed-rid to the Child,
From Crutch vnto the Cradle, haue expreſt
A generall grieſe in their lamenting cryes,
Lookes, geſtures, habits, mournfull harts and eyes.

M.F. Cicero.

Now

7

Now when the Fountaine of their teares grew dry,
 And Men and Matrons him bewayld their fill,
 With one Ioynt-voyce for iust reuenge they cry
 On him, that did the Prince by Treason kill;
 They lay their sad and Funerall Garments by,
 The souldiers long to proue their Martiall skill,
 And try their strengths vpon *Scamander* plaine,
 Thinking themselues too long Inmur'd in vaine.

8

Tis Questionable whether greater woe
 In *Troy*, then glee within the Campe abounded,
 They hold themselues free from that late dread foe,
 Who with his Steed had oft their trenches rounded,
 And neuer but to th' *Argines* ouerthrow
 appear'd in field, or to the battaile sounded
 With shrill applause, they proud *Achilles* Crowne,
 And with Brauadoes oft-times front the Towne.

9

Thus when re-spirited *Greece* had Dominear'd
 and brau'd the sieged *Troians* at their gates,
 Old *Priam* for his age now little fear'd,
 With *Troilus* and the rest, of warres debates,
 For *Hectors* slaughter (to them all indcer'd)
 They vow reuenge on those hye Potentates
 That were spectators of the ruthlesse deed,
 When *Hectors* coarse thrice round the wals did bleed

10

And yssuing with their power, the aged King
 Puts acts in execution, much aboue
 His age or strength, he youthfully doth spring
 Vpon his Steed, and for his *Hectors* loue,
 Amongst the throng of *Greekes* dares any thing,
 Himselfe gainst *Diomed* he longs to proue,
 and scapes vntoucht, then gainst *Ulysses* rides,
 and still his age doth equipage their prides.

11

Forthwith gainst *Agamemnon* he contends,
 and on his Beauer raught him many a blow,
 Who like a souldier his renowne defends,
 amazd that weake age should assault him so,

The battaile.

The valour of
King Priam.

The King his puillance further yet extends,
Against the *Spartan* King (an equall foe)
Whom with his speare he did so ill intreat,
Faile *Hellens* husband sits beside his seat.

12

From them he further to the throng proceeds,
And deales about great Larges of grim wounds,
Admir'd alone for his renowned deeds,
Some with his sword vpon the Caske he stounds,
This day old *Nestor* by his Iauelin bleeds
With many more, and still the field he rounds:
Against old *Priam* not a *Greeke* dare stay,
Who soly claimes the honour of that day.

13

Yet the meane time the King was in this broyle,
Bold *Deiphobus* kept the rest in fee
With bloods and death, whilst *Paris* made great spoyle
Of such as in their valour seem'd most free,
Aeneas strongly mounted, gaue the foyle
Vnto th' *Athenian* Duke, whose warlike knee
Bended to him, yet in an vpright hart,
Achilles in his rescue claimes a part.

14

The King *Epistropus* amongst them fought,
So did *Sarpedon* gainst th' incamped Kings,
The stout *Pelasgian* strength they dreaded nought,
Now mongst their ringed Squadrons *Troilus* flings,
And on their soyl'd troopes much effusion wrought,
In him the life and spirit of *Hector* springs;
Twice he *Achilles* met, and twice him feld,
Who all the other Kings of *Greece* exeld.

15

A hundred thousand *Troians* were that day
Led to the field to auenge Prince *Hectors* life,
Double their number on *Scamander* stay,
To entertaine them in their æmulous strife,
Duke *Ajax Telamon* then kept in play
Troilus, whilst murder through the field grew rife,
The sterne *Polydamas* did Nobly fight,
And was the death of many a gallant Knight.

H h

But

16

But *Troilus* that succeeds *Hector* in force,
 In courage, and in all good Thewes beside,
 Whom ere he met that day did braue vnhorfe,
 Till his white Armour was with Crimson dide,
 For *Hectors* sake his sword vsd no remorse,
 His warre-steel'd spirits to slaughter he applyde:
 No man that saw him his bright weapons weild,
 But sware another *Hector* was in field.

17

This day is *Troyes*, and now repose they borrow
 From the still night, to giue the wounded cure,
 And such of note as dide, t'intombe with sorrow,
 They that suruiue, themselues with armes assure,
 And so prepare for battaile on the morrow,
 Some to besiege, the rest the sledge t'indure:
 Or if they can, to their eternall praise,
 The forren Legions from their Trenches raise.

18

Six Moones gaue nightly rest to th'Hostile paines,
 Of iust so many dayes, for full so long
Troy without respight the proud Campe constraines,
 Howerly to proue whose puissance is most strong,
 Blood-drops by Plannets on *Scamander* raines,
 Horrid destruction flies the *Greekes* among;
Troilus still held the Noblest Armes professor,
 And *Hectors* equall, though his late successor.

19

T'omit a thousand Combats and Contentions,
 Hostile Encounters, Oppositions braue,
 Such as exceed all human apprehensions,
 Where some win liuing honour, some a graue,
 With Stratagems and sundry rare inuentions,
 The Towne to fortessie, the Campe to saue:
 And contrary, to stretch all human reach,
 The Hoast t'indamage, and the Towne t'impeach,

20

In all which, *Troilus* wondrous Fame atchieued,
 His sword and Armour were best knowne and feared,
 About the rest the *Argiue* Dukes he griued,
 By his sole valour were the *Troians* cheared,

In a thing wonders scarce to be beleued,
The life of *Hector* in his blood appeared:
Priam and *Troy* now thinke themselues secure,
So long as *Troilus* mongst them may indure.

21

Achilles by his valour mated oft,
And (as he thinkes) much blemisht in renowne,
To see anothers valor soate aloft,
But his owne bruitfull fame still sinking downe,
His downy bed to him appears vnsoft,
He takes no pleasure in his regall Crowne:
The best delights to him are harsh and sower,
Since in one arme rests a whole Citties power.

22

The *Greekes* thinke *Hector* in this youth aliue,
To stop whose honors torrent they deuise,
For since by force of armes in vaine they striue
To catch at that which soares aboue the skies,
They to the depth of all their Counsels diue,
How they by cunning may the Prince surprise:
Being well assur'd that whilst his honors grow,
In vaine they seeke *Troyes* farall ouerthrow.

23

The sonne of *Thetis* feesles his armes yet sore,
By the rude stroakes that from his fury came,
His armour heere and there besprink't with gore
Of his owne wounds, that he is well-nye lame
With often iustles: and can no more
Indure the vertue of his strength or Fame:
For since his brest's in many places seard,
Hee'l flye vnto the rescue of his guard.

24

Since neyther the broad-brested *Diomed*
Can in the course his rude incounter stay,
Since last when *Telamon* against him sped,
He was perfore't to giue his fury way,
Since all those Princes *Agamemnon* led,
Though Martial'd in their best and proud'st array,
Could not repell his swift and violent speed,
he by his guard his ruine hath Decreed.

Hh 2

The

Troilus.

25

The selfe-same charge that he gainst *Hector* vld,
Gainst *Troilus* he his Myrmidons perswades,
Behold where he with *Hectors* spirit infold,
The warlike *Thoas* in euen course inuades,
Him, whom his strength of armes might haue excusd,
The *Troian* sends vnto th' *Elisian* shades:

The *Athenian* Duke against him spurres his horse,
But quite through-piercst, the *Greeke* drops downe a

26

(corse.

Foure Princes in as many coarces tasted
Like Fate, yet still the *Dardan* Prince sits hyc,
No coarce, no trowing blow he vainly wasted,
(In his great heart an hoast he dares desie)
King *Diomed* once more against him hasted,
And long'd with him a warlike course to try:

But horse and man were in the race ore-throwne,
(Nor maruell) now the princes strength was growne.

27

The elder of th' *Atrides* next him grew,
And tryes the vigour of his arme and Speare,]
Him likewise *Troilus* brauely ouerthrew,
And forth (vnshooke himselfe) he past on cleare,
Now well-nigh breathlesse he himselfe with-drew,
Whom then the spleenefull *Peleus* watched neare:
And as he lights to rest him on the ground,
Him the blacke Myrmidons incompass round.

28

With mercilesse keene glaues they siege the youth,
Whom all at once with fury they assaile,
In them is neither Honoured grace nor ruth,
Nor is one *Troian* neere the Prince to bale
Achilles, with the rest his blood pursuith,
(Thousands against one man must needs preuaile)
Who seeing nothing else saue death appearing,
Euen gainst all oddes, contemnes despaire, or fearing.

29

But through their Squadron hewes a bloody trackt,
And lops the formost that before him stands,
Had *Deiphobus* now his Brother backt,
Or had the place bin by *Sarpedon* mand,

Or had *Epistropus* (whom he now lackt)
Vpon his party, tear'd his conquering hand,
Had their bright Faulchions brandisht by his side,
The Myrmidons had sayl'd, *Troilus* not dide.

30

But hee's alone round guirt with death and ruin,
And still maintaines the battel, though in vaine,
On euery side a bloody passage hewing,
To worke himselfe out through a dismall Lane
Of Myrmidons: *Achilles* still pursuing,
Who keepes the hindmost of his rough-hair'd traine:
Yet had Prince *Troilus* markt him where he stood,
And almost wrought to him through death and blood

31

But ods preuail'd, he sinkes downe the mid-way,
Euen in his fall his sword against him darting,
That did both *Hectors* and his life betray,
Boasting a Noble spirit in his departing
By *Troilus* death the *Greekes* obtaine the day,
The Myrmidons their many wounds yet smarting,
Cure in their Lords Tent: whom the *Greekes* applaud,
For *Troilus* death (gainst honour) wrought by fraud

32

Now the deiected *Troians* dare no more
Enter the field, the *Greekes* approach the gates
And dare them to grim warre, who still deplore
Hector and *Troilus* in their Tragicke fates,
Queene *Hecuba* yet keepes reuenge in store,
Of which at length with *Paris* she dabates,
Vowing to catch his life in some flye traine,
That by like fraud her two bold sonnes had slaine.

33

She cals to minde the great *Achilles* pride,
Withall, the loue he to her Daughter beares,
A thing in zeale she can no longer hide,
Since in *Polyxena* like loue appeares,
Troies weake deiection she makes knowne besides,
Disabled by a siege of many yeares:
Therefore intreats him to accept her loue,
And in a generall truce the *Argiues* moue.

Hh 3

The

The death of
Troilus.

34

The lofty *Greeke* proud, by so great a Queene
 To be sued to, when he records withall
 How much hees fear'd, he gins to slake his spleene,
 And the Maids beauty to remembrance call,
 What can he more? Since he hath dreaded beene,
 And seene his ablest Foes before him fall :
 But yeild to beauties soft inchaunting charme,
 Knowing weake *Troy* dares not conspire his harme.

35

The day drawes on, a peace hath bin debated,
 To which *Achilles* the proud *Greekes* perswades ;
 Some thinke it needfull, others, hyer rated
 Their honours, and this Concord much vpbraides,
 Alone *Achilles* longs to be instated
 In her faire grace (the beautifulst of Maids)
 And with the sonne of *Nestor* makes repaire,
 Where *Priam* with his sonnes and Daughters are.

Archilochus
 the sonne of
Nestor.

36

Truce is proclaim'd, the Damsell richly clad,
 And by the *Troian* Ladies proudly attended,
 Whom none that saw, but admiration had,
 As at a Goddesse from hye heauen descended,
 The innocent Maide was still in count'nance sad,
 For losse of those that *Troy* but late defended :
 Yet guiltlesse in her soule of any spleene
 Dreampt gainst the Prince, by *Paris* or the Queene.

37

Vnarm'd *Achilles* to the Temple goes,
 Whom *Nestors* sonne attends to *Pallas* shrine,
 and all the way with Gold and Iewels strowes,
 Prising them Earthy, but his Bride Deuine,
 and nothing of their Treacherous ast heknowes,
 When *Paris* from a place where he had line
 With arm'd Knights yssues, and a keene shaft drew,
 Which in the heele the proud *Achilles* slew,

38

Who when he sees himselfe and friend betraid,
 and wounded to the Death, whilst he could stand,
 Brandisht his sword, and mongst them slaughters made,
 But now he wants his *Myrmidons* at hand,

and his strong armour *Paris* to inuade,
Alacke, the Temple was too strongly man'd:
his strength that cannot bandy gainst them all,
at length must sinke, and his hyc courage fall.

39

There lies the great *Achilles* in his gore,
and by his side the Sonne of *Nestor* slaine,
Amongst the *Troians* to be feard no more,
His body to the *Greekes* is sent againe,
Whom they for *Heftors* change, and long deplore
his death (by Treason wrought:) ypon the plaine
For him a Monumentall Toombe they reare,
and for his death a ioynt reuenge they sweare.

40

The sledge still lasts, ypon the part of *Troy*
Penthisilea with a thousand Maydes,
Vowes all their *Amazonian* strength to imploy,
and for the death of *Heftor*, *Greece* vpbraides,
Whilst in the Campe with much applausiue ioy,
Grim *Pyrrhus* is receiu'd, *Pyrrhus* that trades
In gore and slaughter, with reuenge pursuing,
Euen to the death, *Troy*, for his Fathers ruine.

41

No longer time he will delay, but streight
Dare them to battaile by the Morrowes Sunne,
The *Scythian* Damsels long to shew their height,
and imitate theyr deedes before-time dunne,
They know they enterprife a worke of weight,
and long for Signall, now to battaile runne:
The vnflisht *Greekes* that were of *Pyrrhus* traine,
Whom th' *Amazonians* soone repulse againe.

42

Penthisilea, was not that fayre Queene
Of *Amazons*, of whom we now intreate,
That made a Law, what Man so'ere had beene
Within her Court, to make a byding Seate
about three dayes: he might not there be scene,
Though his power mighty, and his State were great:
For if within her Court he longer dwelt,
The penall Law was, he should sure be gelt.

The death of
Achilles and
Archilochus.

Penthisilea.

Neoptolemus

A tale of a
chast Queene
amongst the
Amazons.

So

43

So much she feared the supposed traines,
 With which soft Women-kind vs men accuse,
 That our society she quite disdaynes,
 Nor shall our fellowship her Ladies vse,
 To this decree she their applause constraines,
 Because false men their weaker Sex abuse:

From which her words, nor warning can restrain the,
 She chusd this way, the onely meanes to tame them.

44

This strickt decree kept many from her Coast,
 That else had flockt as Suters to the place,
 Their Angell-beauties which men couet most,
 Must from the eyes of man receiue no grace,
 Many too bold their deereft Jewell lost,
 And were made Eunuches within three dayes space:

Else they were thought vnfit for the Queens dyet,
 Who held that the first way to keepe them quiet.

45

Some that could well haue ventur'd their best blood,
 Were loath to hazzard what they needs must pay,
 The Queene so much vpon this Edi&t stood,
 That she had driuen her Suters quite away,
 And still (to be at rest) she held it good,
 Vowing t' obserue it to her dying day:

Hauiug this prou'd, those men that came most bold,
 Their forfeit pay, none more submisfe and cold.

46

So that in proesse few approacht their shore,
 But such as had no meanes to liue else-where,
 Whom their owne Countries did esteeme no more,
 But pay theyr fine, they may be welcome here,
 And haue good place, and Lands, and liuings store,
 Nothing the Court hath, can be held too deere:

Amongst the rest that held a Soueraigne place,
 Their liu'd a *Baron* of a Noble race.

47

He that was from his Native Countrey fled,
 For some offence that questioned his life,
 and as a refuge to secure his head,
 He shund the deadly Axe to tast the Knife,

But time out-weares disgrace, his course he led
Among the Damsels, free from femenine strife :
Doubtlesse the Woman that's suspicious most,
Would be resolu'd to see what he had lost.

48

The Noble Eunuch left a Sonne behind
In his owne Countrey, who being growne to yeares,
Grew fairely featurd, of a generous mind,
and in his face much excellence appears,
He vows the world to trauell, till he find
His banisht Father, whose estate he feares:
At length by search, hee's made to vnderstand,
Of his late sojourne in the *Scythians* Land.

49

Thither he will, for so his vow decrees,
But when he knowes an Edict too seuerer,
Hee's loath to pay vnto the Land such Fees,
Which he hopes better to bestow else-where,
In this distraction, loe from farre he sees
A nimble Fayry, tripping like a Deere :
and as he lies strowde on the grassie playne,
With swiftest speede she makes to him amaine.

50

And greetes him thus: (Fayre Youth) boldlie proceede,
I promise thee good Fortune on thy way,
Among the *Scythian* Dames thou shalt not bleed,
Onely obserue and keepe still what I say,
My counsell now may stand thee much in steede,
and saue thee that, thou wouldst be loath to pay :
Receiue this Handkercheife, this Purse, this Ring,
The least of them a present for a King.

52

These vertues they retaine : when thou shouldst eate,
Vpon the Board this curious Napkin spread,
It streight shall fill with all delicious meate,
Foule, Fish, and Fruits, shall to the place be led,
With all delicious Cates, costly, and neate,
Which likewise shall depart when thou hast fed :
This Ring hath a rich stone, whose vertue, know
Is to discerne a true Friend, from a Foe.

In

52

In this thou mayst perceiue both late and early,
 Who flatters thee, and who intends thee well,
 Who hates thee deadly, or who loues thee deereley :
 The vertue of this Iewell doth excell,
 Out of this Purse if I may iudge seuerely,
 and in few words the worth exactly tell :
 Valew it rightly, it exceeds the rest,
 and of the three, is rated for the best,

53

So oft as thou shalt in it thrust thy hand,
 So oft thy Palme shall be repleat with Gold,
 Spend where thou wilt, trauell by Sea or Land,
 The riches of that Purse cannot be told,
 Vle well these gifts, their vertues vnderstand,
 Thanke my deuineft Mistresse and be bold :
 Adde but thy will to her auspicious ayde,
 Shee'le sure thee that which others late haue payde.

54

Incourag'd thus, he pierces theyr cold Clime,
 Where many hot Spirits had beene calm'd of late,
 And enters the great Court at such a time,
 When he beheld his Father sit in State,
 They that suriew the Youth now in his prime,
 Not knowing his decree, blame his hard Fate :
 And wish he might a safer Countrey choose,
 Not come thus far, his deer'st things to loose.

55

For not a Ladyes eye dwells on his face,
 Or with iudiciall note viewes his perfection,
 But thinks him worthy of theyr deereft grace,
 They prayse his looke, gate, stature, and complection,
 And Iudge him Issu'd of a Noble race,
 A person worthy of a Queenes election :
 Not one among them that his beauty saw,
 But now at length too cruell thinke their Law.

56

After some interchange of kindest greeting
 Betwixt the Father and the stranger Son,
 Such as is vsuall to a suddaine meeting,
 With extasies that Kindred cannot shon,

To omit their height of ioy, as a thing fleeting,
For greatest ioyes are oft-times loonest don:

The Father, ~~the~~ ^{the} bus of his Sonnes ability,
Askes, If he brookt his late losse with facility.

57
For well he knowes, he cannot anchor there,
Or sojourne on that rude and barbarous Coast,
But his free harborage must cost him deare,
(Censuring his Sonne) by what himselfe had lost,
The gentie Youth, whose thoughts are free from feare,
Sayth he is come securely there to host:
and spight the Queene and Ladies (with oaths deepe)
Sweares to his Father (what he hath) to keepe.

58
By this th' *Amazonian* Princeesse heares
Of a young stranger in her Court arriu'd,
She sends to know his Nation, Name, and yeares,
But being told his Father there suruiu'd,
A reuerent man, one of her chiefeest Peeres,
She will not as the custome haue him gyu'd:
But takes his Fathers promise, oath, and hand,
To haue his Sonne made Free-man of her Land.

59
Three dayes she limits him, but they expierd
As others earst, he must the Razor try,
all thinges determin'd, the fayre Queene desierd
The Stranger to a banquet instantly,
Who at his first appearance much admierrd
Her state, her port, proportion, face, and eye:
Nor had he (since his Cradle) seene a Creature
So rich in beauty, or so rare in feature.

60
Downe sat the Queene and Damsels at the board,
But the young Stranger stands by, discontent,
They pray him sit: He answeres not a word,
Three times to him the Queene of *Scithia* sent,
But still the Youth would no reply affoord,
The rest not minding what his silence ment:
Leaue him vnto his humor, and apply
Themselues to feede and eate deliciously.

But

61

But when he saw the Ladies freely eate,
 and feede vpon the rude Cates of the Land,
 At a with-drawing board he takes his seate,
 and spreads his curious Napkin with his hand,
 Streight you might see a thousand sorts of meate,
 Of strangest kinds vpon the Table stand:
 What Earth, or Ayre, or Sea, within them breeds,
 On these the Youth, with looks dildainefull feeds.

62

The Queene amaz'd to see such change of cheare,
 Whose beauty and variety surpast,
 Longing to know the newes, could not forbear,
 But rose with all her Damfels at the last,
 To know from whence he was supplyde, and wheare,
 With Cates so rich in shew, so sweete in tast:
 The like in *Scithia* she had neuer seene,
 The least of them a seruice for a Queene.

63

For now she hath in scorne her owne prouision
 And cals her choysest banquet, homely fare,
 Her dainty Cates she hath in proud derision,
 Since she beheld the Strangers foode so rare,
 The Youth, who hopes by this t'escape incision,
 Tels her (if so she please) he can prepare
 A richer feast (yet not her Treasure wrong)
 With any dish, for which her grace may long.

64

She growes the more Inquisitiue, and streight
 Swears, if he will her royall Cater be,
 Shee'l in her Kingdome rayse him to the height
 Of all high stare, and chiefe Nobility:
 For well she knowes, it is a worke of weight
 To furnish her with such variety:
 Since her cold Climat, with ten Kingdomes more,
 Cannot supply her board with halfe that store.

65

When vp the Stranger ryseth, and thus sayes:
 Madam, for your sake was I hither guided,
 Whom I will freely serue at all assayes,
 For you this dyet haue I here prouided:

Sit then, and as you like, my bounty praise,
These no illusions are to be derided,
But meats essentiall, made for your repast,
Sit downe and welcome, and wher't please you tast.

66

The more she eats, the more she longs to know
Whence this strange bounty of the heauens proceeds,
They proue as sweet in tast, as faire in show,
The more she wonders, still the more she feeds,
The more she eats, the more her wonders grow,
She vows her Land shall Chronicle his deeds:
And make him Lord of all his present wishes,
Excepting Loue, and what belongs to kisses.

67

The stranger then his Napkins vertue tels,
What wonders it affoord when it is spred,
Without all charmes or *Negromanticke* spels,
Or inuocations made vnto the dead,
Onely in natiue Vertue it excels
(A secret power by inspiration bred)
This hee'l bestow with all their Vertues store,
To saue his forfet but for three dayes more.

68

Th'ambitious Queene loath her Decrees should slacke,
More loath to loose a Jewell of such prize,
That can affoord her all things she doth lacke,
To make a feast as with the Dieties,
Vowes for three dayes he shall sustaine no wracke,
But then her law of force must tyranize:
Meane time her Court is for the stranger free,
Vpon these firme conditions they agree.

69

Glad was the Queene, more glad the amorous stranger,
For neither at their bargaine was agriued,
She for her guift, he to escape such danger,
Hauing his Man-hood for three dayes reprieu'd,
In her faire Parke he longs to be a ranger,
Where fed such store of Deere (scarcely belieu'd)
Till he by tride experience had beheld,
How many beauties in the Court exceld.

I i

Now

70

Now trusting to the vertue of his Ring,
 He longes to proue; who hate, who meane him good,
 Who onely to his eare smooth flatteries bring,
 Who with the Queene vpon his party stood,
 For flattery is like an oyly Spring,
 Whose smooth soft waters waxing to a flood:
 Entyce fond men, his Siluer streames to crowne,
 But he that proues to swim, perforce must drowne.

71

Among the rest, one *Beldam* neere in place,
 Vnto the lustlesse *Amazon*, he knowes
 Perswades the Queene to his especiall grace,
 and stands in plea betweene him and his Foes,
 With her he growes acquainted in small space,
 And in her lap a liberall Treasure throwes:
 He giues her Gold in euery place he finds her,
 And by large bounty to his Loue he binds her.

72

The time weares on, his three-dayes Lease expires,
 In which he rents the things, to which hee's borne,
 His owne Fee simple, yet the Queene requires
 To haue the forfeit since, the day's outworne,
 But still his precious gifts the Youth inspires
 With chearefull hope, he shall not liue forlorne:
 But trusts by promise of the fayry Dame,
 A Man to part thence, as a Man he came.

73

The day fore th' Execution, he was viewing
 His precious Ring, the like was neuer scene,
 Finding the time so neare, he sits still rewing
 His rashnesse, for he feares the Knife is keene,
 Each man he thinks a Barbar him pursuing
 To haue him Enunch't; when in comes the Queene
 And spyes this glorious Ring vpon his Finger,
 (The *Beldam*, to this troubled youth did bring'er.)

74

Of this she fals in Question, much admiring
 The Splendor, and besides she longs to know
 What vertue't hath, with vrgency desiring
 If it be rare in worth, as rich in show,

The Youth into his former hopes retyring,
 Recounts to her what Soueraigne Vertues grow
 From this bright Loue, a meanes ordaind by Fate,
 Onely by which she may secure her State.

74

In this her Friendes she may discerne and try,
 On whom she may relye her certaine trust,
 Who in her charge their vtmost wils apply,
 Who in her Seate of Iudgement proue most iust:
 Next, she by this all Traytors may descry,
 Such as against her vertues arme their lust:
 Such as intend their Soueraigne to depose,
 Briefly, it points her Friends out from her Foes.

76

No maruell if the Queene were much in loue
 With such a Iewell, and for it would pay
 What he would aske, as that which much behooues
 To keepe her doubtfull Kingdome from decay,
 To buy it at the deereft rate she proues,
 He onely craues but respight for one day:
 That she but one day more his Youth would spare,
 Ere he came bound vnto the Barbers Chayre.

77

The match is made, his guifts are knowne abroad,
 and from all partes they come this man to see,
 The multitude esteeme him as a God,
 That to their Soueraigne Queene hath beene so free,
 A stately Steede he mounts, and thereon road
 About the Court, wherethrongs of people be:
 and from his Purse, of Gold whole handfuls flings,
 A bounty that is seldome seene in Kings.

78

A thousand times his arme abroad he stretcht,
 as oft the figured plates of coyn'd-Gold fly
 about theyr eares, still to his Purse he reacht,
 And still to his applause the peoply cry,
 The more they showte, the greater store he fetcht
 From his deuine vnending Treasury:
 The newes of this vnto the Queenes soone came,
 Wondring whose praise her people thus proclaime.

79

In comes th'admired Stranger and alighting,
 The Queene him meers, and takes him by the hand
 To lead him vp: he by the way reciting
 The Proiect she much longs to vnderstand,
 The *Scythian* Queene in his discourse, delighting
 Vpon the vertue of this Purse long scand:

Thinking if this third Prize she might inioy,
 She by her wealth might all the Earth destroy.

80

But Treasure cannot gaine it, for tis Treasure
 Euen of it selfe, in vaine she offers Gold
 about all wealth, the Youth esteemes his pleasure,
 One thing will doo't, that in her eare he told,
 The couctous Queene's, perplexed about measure,
 To buy the price that will be cheaply sold:

Onely to bed with her, he doth desire,
 But till two Peares be roasted in the fire.

81

Oh! Gold, what canst thou not thou? Long she doth pause,
 How great's the VVearth, how easie tis to buy
 She knowes, besides she is about her Lawes,
 And what she will, no Subiect dares deny,
 Why should she loose this Jewell? What's the cause
 She to her owne Land should proue Enemy?

Whose weale, since she may compasse with such ease,
 Why should she not her-selfe somewhat displease?

82

The time's but little that the Youth doth aske,
 Besides, shee'l cause her Maide her charge to hast,
 If she compare her wages with her taske,
 She knowes her time will not be spent in wast,
 The friendly night will put a blushlesse Maske
 Vpon her brow, then how can she be trast?

The fire is made, the Peares plait, both agreed,
 To Bed they goe, good Fortune be their speed.

83

The trusted Hag, he knowes to be his friend,
 and one whom he had bribed long before,
 It pleas'd her well, that his desires haue end,
 To haue had him Eunuch't, would haue griu'd her sore,

In bed meane time the louing payre contend,
To proue the game she neuer tride before,
And still she cald to make a quicker fire,
And prethy sweet Nurse let the Peares be nyer.

84

They shall (quoth she,) yet let them roast at pleasure,
The way-ward Queene yet thinkes the time too long,
And that she payes too sweetly for his Treasure,
(For yeeld she must) the stranger prooues too strong)
Yet still she cald (not yet?) Tis out of measure,
Nor yet, nor yet, she sings no other song,
Alacke the Beldams slacknesse quite betrayes her,
(The onely meanes to keepe him from the Razer.)

85

The youth preuail'd, the Queene's somewhat appeald,
And for there is no helpe the vtmost tries,
Since her the stranger hath by wager ceald,
Before the watch-word giuen she must not rise,
The Beldam thinkes at last the Queene t'haue pleald,
Oh Madam they are rosted now (she cries:)
Are they indeed? Let them rost on (quoth she,)
And prethy Nurse put in two more for me.

86

I know not what effect this wager tooke,
But the next day she canceld her strict Law,
She that men hated: *Eunuchs* cannot brooke,
Cominand was giuen that all such should withdraw,
And not presume within her Court to looke,
That could be found tought with the smallest flaw,
And this Decree among the *Scithians* grew,
Till the sad day that they their husbands ilew.

87

For when their flying men were quite disgracst,
And sayl'd in battaile, they dildain'd their yoke,
And scorning all subiection, proudly facst
Their foes themselues with many a boysterous stroke,
From *Scithiaes* bounds all men they cleane displacst,
And strongly arm'd, through many Regions broke:
Thus raig'n'd successuely many a bold Dame
In *Scithia*, whence *Penthesilea* came.

113

Their

88

Their Pollaxes, whose vse the *Greekes* neare knew,
 Thunder vpon theyr lofty Caskes and fell them,
 The *Greekes* still garde the field, although some fewe
 Perisht at first, and struing to excell them,
 Being but Women, they some Damsels slew,
 And with the oddes of number they repell them,
 But when the Queene into the battaile flings,
 VVhere eare she comes, she bloody Conquest bringes.

89

King *Philomines* Combats by her side,
 VVith many a bold Knight brought from *Paphlagone*,
 Gainst whom the King *Cassilius* fierce can ride,
 Struing that day to haue his valour knowne,
 Betweene them was a fayre and euen course tryde,
Amphimachus to *Priam* deare alone
 Since *Troilus* death, thrust in amongst the *Greekes*,
 Forcing their flight with many clamorous strikes.

90

Him *Ajax Telamon* encounters then,
 And stayes the fury of his barbed Steede,
 Acting that day, deeds, more then comen men,
 Such as through both the Armies wonder breede,
 Whom Noble *Deiphebus* meetes agen,
 The youthfull Prince, whose valour doth exceed,
 The fearefull slaughter of his puissance stayes,
 Whose discipline his Foes could not but prayse.

91

And had not wrathfull *Pyrrhus* now led on
 His Fathers Myrmidons, and quite forsooke
 His vntryde Knights, the day had sure beene gon,
 But where they march't, the Earth beneath them shooke,
 And to withstand theyr vigor, they found none,
 Till *Paris* with his Archers that way tooke:
 and now began a fierce and Morrall fray,
 In Emulation who should fly, who stay.

92

Paris preuailes, his forces gaine the best,
 And *Lycomedes* Grand-child must retire,
 Behold, where gainst the *Troians* *Ajax* Crest
 Seemes about all his Souldiers to aspyre,

His huge seauen-folded Targe still guards his brest,
For *Paris* through the field he doth inquire:

Whom as the *Sal'mine* fighting, spies from far,
He heares a Steele-shaft from his Crosbow iarre.

93

It aymes at him, and where his Armour parted
Betweene the Arme and Shoulder, there it fell,
Ajax obseru'd the man by whom he smarted,
And pressing forward, vowes to quite him well,
Through the mid-throng the neereft way he thwarted,
No opposition can his rage expell:

Till he had past through Groues of growing Speares,
To come where thousand Shafts sung by his eares.

94

Yet past them all, euen till he came where fought
The amorous *Troian*, and to him he makes
His guard of Archers, the *Greeke* dradded naught,
But o're his Helme his reeking Glaue he shakes,
Which in his fall assured ruine brought

Vpon the Earth, the dying *Troian* quakes:

And in his death leaues all terrestriall ioy,
Faile *Hellen*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*, and *Troy*.

95

Oh! Had the *Raptor* in his Cradle dide,
Millions of liues had in his death beene sau'd,
and *Asiaes* glory, that late sweld in pride,
Had not with sledge and death so long beene brau'd,
O're his dead Coarse the warlike *Greeke* doth stride,
and workes his way through harnesse richly ingrau'd:

Whose curious workes he blemisht where he stood,
Blurring their Fingers with wide wounds and blood.

96

The *Dardans* fly at Brute of *Paris* fall,
The *Greekes* with dreadfull march their flight pursue,
Euen to the very skirts of *Troyes* fayre wall,
But betweene death and them the *Scythians* grew,
Squadrons of *Greekes* before the Damsels fall,
Now the re-spirited *Trojans* fight renew:

Twice fore the *Scithian* Queene did *Pyrrhus* stand,
Yet twice by her repulsd, hand to hand.

The death of
Paris.

Night

97

Night partes the battaile vpon equall oddes,
 In *Paris* death, the *Trojans* haue the wurst,
Hellen and *Troy* bequeath him to the Gods,
 His death lesse mourn'd, then hath his life bin curst,
 The morning comes, the *Greekes* make their aboard
 Before the gates, through which the *Scythians* burst :
 And scorning to be Coopt, each with her shielde
 Brauely aduanst, make roomth into the field.

98

Them *Deiphebus* followes with his traine,
 The Sole-remainder of King *Priams* race,
 By whom at first a valiant *Greeke* was slaine,
 That in the Campe inioyde a Soueraigne place,
Amphimachus next him spurs on the plaine,
 With *Philomines* who rankes on apace :
Aeneas and *Antenor*, these contend,
 With all their powers to giue the long siede end.

99

In vaine : for loe, vpon the aduerse part,
 Guirt with his Fathers *Myrmidons* appeares,
 Sterne *Pyrrhus*, whose late bleeding woundes yet smarr,
 Next him *Pelides*, with a band of Speares,
 Then marcht *Tysander* with a Lyons hart,
Ulissee, *Stenelus*, and (proud in yeares :)
Nestor : the two *Atrides* well attended,
 The two *Achiaces* next the field ascended.

100

These with the other Princes proudly fare,
 Disordred ruine, ruffles on each side,
 Thousands of eyther party slaughterd are
 In this incounter, *Deiphebus* dide,
 And braue *Amphimachus*, forward to dare,
 And able to performe (a Souldier tride)
 And now on *Priams* party onely stand,
 The *Scythian* Damsels to protect his Land.

101

Troy droopes, and *Greece* aspyres full foureteene dayes,
Penthesilea hath vpheld her fame,
 Both Campe and Citty surfeit with her prayse,
 and her renowne deseruedly proclayme,

The death of
Deiphebus and
Amphimachus.

The best of *Greece* her hardiment assayes,
Yet shrinke beneath the fury of the Dame :

None can escape her vigour vnrewarded,
Troy by this sterne *Virago's* soly guarded.

102

But destiny swayes all things : *Troy* was founded
To endure a third wracke, and must fate obay,
Therefore euen those that with most might abounded,
Cannot reprieue her to a longer day,
The *Scythian* Dames (by many Princes wounded)
Were with the Queene at length to *Greece* a pray,
Her too much hardinesse her selfe inmur'd,
Admidst her foes, in Armour well assur'd.

103

And when her Launce was splinter'd to her hand,
Her warlike Pollax hew'd to pieces small,
Her selfe round guirt with many an armed band,
Euen in her height of Fame she needs must fall,
The warlike Wench amongst the *Greekes* doth stand
Vnbackt by *Troy*, left of her Damsels all,
The battery of a thousand swords she bides,
Till her yron plates are hew'd off from her sides.

104

Thus breathlesse, and vnharneſt, (fresh in breath
And strong in armor,) *Pyrrhus* her invades,
At these aduanrages he knowes tis eath
To cope with her quite seuered from her Maids,
His balefull thoughts are spur'd with rage and death,
Close to her side in blood of *Greekes* he wades :
(Blood sluic't by her) and naked thus assayles her,
Whilst a whole Campe of foes from safety railles her.

105

After much warre th' *Amazonian* fals,
Whom *pyrrhus* lops to pieces with his Glaue,
And hauing peece-meale hew'd her, lowd he cals
To haue her limbes kept from an honoured graue,
But to be strow'd about the sieged wals :
She dead, the *Troians* seeke themselves to saue
By open flight, her Virgins fighting dye,
Scorning the life, to gaine which, they must flye.

The death of
Penthisilea.

Now

106

Now *Troy's* at her last cast, her succors sayle,
 Her souldiers are cut off by ruthlesse warre,
 Her Sea-ports hemd in with a thousand sayle,
 In her land sledge two hundred thousand are,
 They close their Iron gates their liues to baile,
 And strengthen them with many an yron barre:
 After that day, they dare no weapons weild,
 Or front the proud *Greekes* in the open field.

107

Aeneas and *Antenor* now conspire,
 (As some suppose) the *Citty* to betray,
 And with the *Greekes* they doome it to the fire,
 But whilst the rich *Palladium's* scene to stay,
 In *Pallas* Temple, they in vaine desire
 King *Priams* ruin or the Lands decay:
 Therefore the slye *Vlisses* buyes for Gold,
 The Jewell that doth *Troy* in safety hold.

Dares,

The *Palladiū*
 bought by *V-*
lisses of the
 Priest of *Pal-*
las for a great
 sum of mony.

108

Oh cursed Priest, that canst thy selfe professe,
 Seuer in habit, but in heart prophane,
 Would of thy name and Order, there were lesse,
 That will not sticke to sell their friends for gaine,
 Who (but that knowes thy Treason,) once would gesse
 Such treacherous thoughts should taint a Church-mans
 But many to the Gods deuoted soly, (braine,
 In harts are godlesse, though in garments holy.

109

Whether by purchase, or by stealth, (Heauen knowes,) ¹
 But the *Palladium* now the *Greekes* inioy,
 And by a generall voyce the Campe arose
 From their long siege, their ships againe t' inioy,
 The *Greekes* vnto the sea themselues dispose,
 And make a show to bid farewell to *Troy*:
 But of this Straragem, what next befell,
 This Canto will not giue vs roome to tell.

ARtimefia *Queene of Caria, and wife to King Manso-*
lus, she is famous for her Chastity & the loue to her hus-
band, after whose death she made so royall a Sepulcher
for

for him, that it was helde of the Wonders of the world, and of that, all stately buildinges haue since then beene called Man-solea.

Camna a beauntious maide borne in Galatia, the wife of one Sinatus, she was religiously deuoted to the chaste Goddesse Diana, whom her Countrey held in great reuerence, whome when Synorix had often sollicitated with loue, but coulde not preuaile, he treacherously slew her husband Sinatus, and after inforced her to his Marriage-bed, to whom by the urgent instigation of her friends, and the promotion expected by the greatnesse of Synorix, she seemed willingly to yeild, (he perswading her, that for his loue to her, he wrought the death of her beloved Sinatus.) When before the Altar of the Goddesse they were to be espoused, she drank to Synorix (as the custom was) a Bowle of Wine, in which when he had pledged her, shee told him with a ioyfull countenance, that in that draught they had both caroused their deachs, being extreameley ouer-ioyed, that before the chaste goddesse Diana, & in the face of so great a people, she had iustified her owne Innocence, and reuenged the murder of her husband, which incontinently appeared, for the potion being commixt with poyson, they both expired before the Alter.

When Achilles was slaine in the Temple by Paris, it is remembered of him that the Græcians could not purchase his bodie of the Troians till (to ransom him) they waighed them downe ass much Gold as poysed the body of Hector. Tis sayde that for his death all the Muses & Nimphes wept exceedingly

Rursus redempto pro altero cadauere
Par pondus Auris splendidi partolij
ferent.

The Isle Boristhenes was called Achilleides of Achilles that was there buried, besides it is Poetised of him that in the Eli-
sian field, after his death, he espoused Medea.

Paris that slewe Achilles, and was after slaine by Ajax, was sent into Greece with two and twenty saile, whence hee brought the faire Hellen. His Shipmaister, or he that built his ships, was called Phereclus. Some thinke he pierst Greece first by the Commandement of Verins, and hauing ransished Hellen, carried her into Ægypt, where he first lay with her.

Others

Plutarchus lib.
de virtutibus
Mulierum.

Antimachus.

Lycophron in
Alexandra.

Ibicus.

Herodotus in
Euterpe.

Diognetes in
rebus.

Smermais
Harmonidas.

Andræta.
Doris somius.
Euripides.

Alexander in
rebus phrygijs.

Pausanias in
rebus laconicis.

Apollodorus
lib. 3.

Others are opinioned, that he bedded with her in Athens, and had by her these foure Sonnes, Dunichus, Carithus, Aganus, and Ideus. Others thinke, he first lay with her in Cranae, one of the Sporad Islands, which when Paris had done almost by violence, and after many teares shed for the leauing of her Husband, it is said, that of her teares grew the Hearbe Helenium, which if women drinke in wine, it prouokes mirth and Venerie.

Of Helena it is thus recorded, Menelaus being dead, after their returne to Greece, for her former luxuriousnes, she was expulsed from Lacedemon by her Sonnes, Nicostratus and Megapenthe. She fled to her Cozen Polixo, the Wife of Tlepolemus, who gouerned Rhodes, where shee sojourned for a space, but Polixo after remembring, that her Husband was by reason of the Adultery of Hellen, slain in the wars of Troy, she came vpon Hellen suddainely, as she was bathing her selfe amongst her Maids, and hurrying her vnto a tree, vppon the same she strangled her.

Others report, that Hellen waxing old, & seeing her beauty wrinkled, and quite faded, in griefe therof hanged her selfe, as a iust reward of her former incontinence.

Some thinke the Palladium to be bought by Vlisses of the Priest of Pallas. Others, that it was stole by Vlisses and Diomed, others that it was Merchandized by Æneas and Antenor, In which sale, the famous Citty of Troy was betrayed to the Greekes. These opinions are uncertaine, but when Ilus was to build the Pallace of Ilion, following a party-couloured Oxe, he praied to the Gods, that some auspicious signe might satisfie him from the Heauens, that his buildinges were pleasing to the dietyes: then to him descended the Palladium, an Image of three Cubits height, which seemed to haue motion, and to walke of it selfe; in the right hand holding a Speare, in the left hand a Distaffe, or Rocke and a Spindle, and where he further proceeded to the Oracle to know the vertue of this Palladium, it was then answered him, that as long as that was kept free, inviolate, and vnprophaned, so long Troy shold be in peace and security, which accordingly happened. For till Vlisses had either bought or stolne away the Palladium, the Greekes had neuer any opportunity or meanes to vse any violence vpon the Citty.

The end of the 14. Canto.

Argumentum

ON th' Hellesponticke Sands Epeus reares
A brazen horse: the Græcians hoise vp saile
And feigning to depart: Synon with teares
Tels to the inuaded King an ominous tale,
The Fleet returnes by night: After ten yeares
Troy is surprisde, and the proud Greeks preuaile,
The Citry is burnt, and after tragicke broyles,
The Greekes returne, laden with Asiaes spoyles.

ARG. 2.

LAocon and Polites, Hectors Ghost,
K. Priams death, Troyes Fate, Crevsa lost.

CANTO. 15.

1



Reason, whose horrid
Front I must vnmaske,
And pluck the Vizor
from thy Fiend-like face,
To paint thee out in coulours
is my taske,
And by thy clouen foote
thy steps to trace,

In which (I still Diuine assistance aske)
Hell gaue thee Byrth, and thou detiu'st thy race
From the grand Prince of darkenesse, in whose Ceil
Thou first tookest life, and shalt returne to dwell.

Kk

Troy

2

Troy thou wast strong, and thy defence was good,
 But Treason through thy strength made bloody way,
 Hadst thou not harbour'd Traitors, thou hadst stood,
 And to thy age annext the longest day,
 But Treason that most thirsts for Princes blood,
 And of the hiest kingdoms seekes decay,
 Enters thy Court, and couets to destroy
 With thy proud buildings (euen the name of *Troy*.)

3

Q Elizabeth.

Thy enuy stretcht to our Chast Maiden-Queene,
 Whose Vertues, euen her foes could not but praise,
 Yet gainst her graces didst thou Ayme thy spleene,
 Thinking by *Parries* hand to end her dayes,
 But God and Truth (whose Patron she was scene,)
 Against their Cannons did hye Bulwarkes raise,
 Such Bullet-proofe, that neither priuate Traine
 Could reach her, nor the open arme of *Spaine*,

Doctor Parry.

4

Babington &
his cōfederates

What *Parry* mist, fourteene fierce Traitors moe
 Stir'd vp by *Rome*, tooke Sacramentall vowes,
 That God that kept her from th'invasiue foe,
 Against these bloody Butchers knit their browes;
 Heauen gauē them all a farall ouerthrow,
 (For heauen no such vnnatural act allowes :)
 But to all them a blacke end hath appointed,
 Whose bold hand dares to touch the Lords anointed.

5

Percy and
Catesby with
their Confe-
derates.

Guido Vaux.

If such *Aeneas* and *Antenor* were,
 That would for Coyne their King and Country sell,
 Like plots with them our late Arch-traitors beare,
 To whom for aye they may be ranked well,
 And thou (*Gui Vaux*) that neuer yet foundst peere
 (For a damn'd purpose) bred in Earth or hell :
 He whom all pens with most reproaches taine
Symon, (with thee compar'd) is found a Saint.

6

He told a forg'd tale to a forraigne King,
 With hope his King and Countries fame to raise;
 But thou, from strangers didst thy complots bring,
 He a strange Countrey, not his owne betraies,

The poysons from the head of Treasons spring,
False *Guido* suckt, which fed him many dayes;
Treasons, Milke, tasted, seemes to quench the thirst,
But once tooke downe, it swels men till they burst.

7
That fate which he and his confederates had,
May all receiue that beare their Treacherous mind,
Their purpose euill, and their ends were bad,
A Fate to all men of their ranke assignd,
And that great King whose safety hath made glad
The hearts of three great Kingdomes, scarce confind;
Long may he raigne, still guarded by those powers,
Whose hands Crowne Vertue, & her foes deuowers

8
That the same state that was in hazard then,
May in this peacefull Kingdome long endure,
The King to guide his Peeres: Peeres, Common men:
Whose summon'd Parliaments may plant secure
Brittaines faire Peere, for many a worthy pen
To Chronicle: These acts black and impure,
We cannot iustly on *Aeneas* lay,
In whose reproach we must our Censures stay.

9
Since some, whose hy workes to the world are deere,
Whose grauity we reuerence and admire
His Fame, vnto posterity would cleare,
And in his Innocent applause desire,
T'were pittie he that two *New-Troyes* did reare,
As famous as that one consume by fire:
(*Rome* and our *London*) for the double gaine
Of one lost *Troy*, should weare a Traytors staine,

Virgils Eneids.

10
The bruised *Greekes* tyerd with rough stormes of War,
By *Pallas* art, erect a Timber-steede,
Whose Backe, Tree, ribs, of such huge vastnesse are,
That they in all Spectators wonder breed,
The Mountaine structure may be seene from far,
Which finish, they amongst them haue agreed:
To stuffe his hollow Cauernes with great store
Of Harneist men (so leaue it on the shore.)

The horse of
Troy.

II

This done, their new-calkt Nauy they winde thence,
 As if they to *Mycene* would backe repaire,
 Beneath a promontory not farre thence,
 They Anchor East, where they concealed are,
 Now *Troy* secure and dreadlesse of offence,
 Looseth her selfe from her *Diurnall* care :

Wide stand the Ports, the people yssue free,
 Th'vnfouldierd fields and Deserts, plaine to see.

I2

Where *Hector* did *Aecides* invade,
 Where *Nestor* pitcht, where *Troilus* wan the day,
 Where grim *Achilles* log'd, where *Ajax* made
 His hot incursions, hewing out his way,
 Where *Agamemnon* with his forces plaid,
 Where with his *Dolopes* *Ulysses* lay :

Where such men fought, and such their valours tride,
 Where some men conquered, others brauely dide.

I3

Some wonder at *Myneruaes* stately piece,
 Saying t'were good to place it in her fawne,
 Since the *Pelasgians* are return'd to *Greece*,
 Their brazen horse may through their wals be drawne,
 Other more staide know they are come to Fleece
 And pillage them, this leauing as a pawne

Of some strange Treason, whose suspected guile,
 Seemes to frowne inward, though it outward smile.

I4

Thus is the multitude in parts deuided,
 Some wonder at the Module being so rare,
 Others, whose braines are with more indgement guided,
 would rip his wombe, which some desire to spare,
 Ardent *Laocoon* thinking to haue decided
 This generall doubt (as one that all things dare)
 Is seene from top of a high Tower disceding,
 A threatening speare against the *Machine* bending.

I5

Crying from farre, you foolish men of *Troy*,
 Oh, can you trust the presents of a foe?
 Who came from *Greece* these high wals to destroy,
 And ten whole yeares haue wrought your ouerthrow,

What can you in the *Danaish* Treasons ioy?
Amongst you all, doth none *Ulysses* know?
Either this swelling wombe is big with childe
Of armed *Greekes*: or gainst your wals compild.

16

These brazen hooves are made to spurne your mure,
The trusty pale that hath so long defended
Your sonnes and wiues, where they haue liu'd secure,
Maugre the ruine by the foe intended,
Against your trusty Guards no wrong endure,
Whose Bulwarkt strength you haue so oft commended:
This said, against the brazen Steed he flung
A Steele-head speare which through his entrailes rung

17

The trembling Mole from forth his Cauernes gaue
A horrid grone, a noyse of armor iar'd
Through his transfixed brest, (if ought could saue
Ill-fated *Troy*) this had their ruin bard,
And they had ript the bowels of that grate,
From which the sad confused sound was heard:
Behold the *Dardan* shepheards with lowd cries,
Before the King bring bound a *Greekish* prise.

18

Disperst *Troy* assembles, and attend
Some vncoth Nouell, manacled now stands,
The surpris'd *Greeke*, his eyes to heauen extend,
To heauen he likewise would exalt his hands,
Whilst showers of teares downe by his cheekes discend,
And thus he sayes: Haue I escap't the bands
Of armed *Greekes*, to perish heere in *Troy*?
And whom my foes haue spar'd, must foes destroy.

19

Relenting *Priam* is soone mou'd to ruth,
His misery and teares woo him to passion:
He thinkes such lookes, such teares should harbor ruth,
And pitties him, disguis'd in wretched fashion,
With comfortable words he cheares the youth,
Askes him of whence he is, and of what Nation:
When to the passionate king he thus replide,
Priam commands, and I will nothing hide.

Kk 3

Who

20

Who hath not heard of the Duke *Palimed*,
 By the *Pelasgian* Princes doom'd to dye,
 Whom false *Ulysses* to the scaffold led,
 Him aboue all the rest most loued I,
 He was my Kinsman (but alas hee's dead)
 With that, swift watry drops drill from his eye:
 Him when I guiltlesse saw, condemn'd of *Treason*,
 I mourn'd my Kinsmans death, (as I had reason)

21

Nor could I keepe my tongue (vnhappy man)
 But priuate whispering haue I breath'd gainst those,
 That sought his death, to threat them I began,
 Who to my friend had bin opposed foes,
 Fox-like *Ulysses* first, obseru'd me than,
 Whom *Calchas* seconds (why should I disclose
 My miserable state) vnhappy wretch?
 Since their reuenge as farre as *Troy* doth stretch.

22

I had but dide there, and I heare am dying,
 (Griefe stops his speech, he can no further speake)
 Still what he wants in words, with teares supplying,
 Till they with interruptions silence breake,
 When after farre-secht sighes himselfe applying
 To further procelse, (he proceeds :) the wreake
 They threatned then, since now I must not flye,
 (Witnesse you *Troians*, *Synon* cannot lye.

Synon's Tale.

23

Oft would the warre-tyr'd *Greekes* haue left this Towne,
 But still the Morrow tempests them restraine,
 Threatning their Nauy in the *Abisme* to drowne,
 And they attempt their wisht returne in vaine,
 But most the angry *Neptune* seemes to frowne,
 When old *Epew* had vpon this plaine,
 Builded this Monumentall Steed, of late
 To the Deuineest *Pallas* Consecrate.

24

Euriphilus is straight to *Delos* sent,
 To know the Oracles aduice heerein,
 He thus returnes: A Virgins blood is spent
 To appease the tempests when these warres begin,

And in their end the Gods haue like intent,
That you wish sacrifice shall purge your sin:
In your pursute they humaine blood desire,
and you with blood must purchase your retyre.

25

This when the vulgar knew, not one but feares,
Whose dreaded life offended *Phæbus* craues,
Oh! Hence proceedes the force of all my teares,
All prophesie his ruine, that depraues
The Oyle-rong'd *Greeke*: *Ulysses* *Calchas* cheares,
To point him out that must appease the *Waues*:
Ten dayes he scilence kept, as loath to name,
His destin'd life, whom *Phæbus* seemes to clayme.

26

Scarce with *Ulysses* clamors is he won
To sentence any: till with vrgence great,
He doomes me to the flammes, the people ron
To see him that must tast the Alters heate,
all glad that this denounced doome is don,
That I th'offended God-hood must intreat:
And that my bloody slaughter answers all,
Which each one feard, vpon himselfe might fall.

27

The day was com, my brows with wreaths wer crown'd,
and I made ready for the sacred fire,
My hands behind (as you behold them) bound,
The Priest in his Pontificall attyre,
Ready to strike, and I incompast round
With fire and death, (yet *Morrals* life desire)
The truth Ile tell, alas! sinne cannot lie;
I leapt from of the Altar, thence I fly.

28

Pursude in vaine, feare gaue my body winges,
In a deepe saggy couert, I obscure me,
Vntill the night had with her aiery stringes
Drawne her blacke vaile o're *Heauens* face, to assure me,
Hoping to hide me, till the *Argiue* Kings
Had sayld from thence, but thinking to secure me:
Poore wretch, I from the *Gracians* fled away,
and now (alas!) am made the *Troians* pray.

Whom

29

Whom neither Heauen, nor Earth, nor *Greece*, nor *Troy*,
 nor ayre, nor Sea, will take to their protection,
 But all conspire poore *Synon* to destroy,
 Then ayre, Come lend me part of thy infection,
 Heauen, Earth, and Sea, all your ioynt powers imploy,
 and like confederates meete in my deiection:
 and then he beates his breast, weeps, sighes, & grones,
 Whose grieve King *Priam* and all *Troy* bemones.

30

The good old *Priam* bids his hands vnbind,
 and cheares him thus: Of *Greece* thou art no more,
 Thou shalt be ours, thy Countrey hath resign'd
 Thy life to vs, which freely we restore,
 Then say; What meanes this Monster we here find
 Vpon our Beach? Whom should this guist adore?
 Or what Religion's int? Whence is he bred?
 Or for what cause doth he our Confines tread?

31

When with his new loosd hands to heauen vpreard,
 Thus *Synon*: Witnesse you eternall Fires,
 Thou reuerent altar, which but late I feard,
 and all you powers to whom our zeale aspyres,
 That I hate *Greece*, and *Troy* that hath me cheard
 I am ingra't too, *Troy* hath my desires:
 I am a Child of *Troy*, *Greece* I defye,
 Witnesse you Gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.

32

The false *Pelasgians* in great *Pallas* trust,
 Her: *Diomed* and *Ithaca* offended,
 By stealing from her charge with guile vniust,
 Her rare *Palladium* for which she extended
 Reuenge gainst *Greece*: they to appease hir, must
 By some Oblation see their guile amended:
 That her commensd spleene may be withdrawne
 From them, whose violence spard not her fawne.

33

And now to make the *Ithone* borne *Pallas* smile,
 Whose anger made the Tempests gainst them war,
Chalchas deuilde the high Equinall pile,
 That his huge vastnesse might all entrance bar,

Through your percullist Gates (such was his guile)
For should you on this Horse print the least scar
Of an offensive hand (being for her made)
You by your rashnesse haue your liues betrayd.

34

If you deny it entrance through your wals,
Or this vnweildy frame in ought despise,
Well guarded *Troy* by *Pallas* anger fals,
The *Greekes* returne, and long-liu'd *Iffium* dies:
But if this Steede for whom the Goddess calls
Pierce through your Fortresse mure, or if it rise
And mount aboue your wals, to *Pallas* shrine,
Troy still shall stand, and *Greece* the wracke is thine?

35

Priam and his confederate Kings shall then
To *Sparta*, and *Meceane* the *Greekes* pursue,
Deuast their lofty spyring Citties, when
The clamorous Land shall their destruction rue,
Loosing by *Troy* whole infinites of men,
Witnessse you Gods, poore *Synon* words are true,
Such lookes, such teares, such protestations chiefe,
Wins in all *Troy* remorse: the King beliefe.

36

What many a well-rig'd barke, and armed Keele,
What not the bloody sidge of ten whole yeare,
To make *Troy* tast inconstant Fortunes wheele,
Ulysses wisdom, nor *Achilles* Speare,
What not King *Diomedes* through piercing Steele?
All this did periurd *Synon* with a teare;
Behold (whilst all the rowt on *Synon* gaze)
a dread portent that doth all *Troy* amaze.

37

Along the troubled Billowes towards the shore,
Two Blacke-scal'd Serpents on their bellyes glide,
at whose approach the foaming Surges rore,
These fiery Serpents to the Beach applyde,
and in *Laocons* Lloud who that time wore
The Priest-hoods robes, their arming Scales they dide:
Their winding traines, they with loud hissinges roule
About his breast, till they enlarg'd his Soule.

The

38

The Monster-multitude before dismayd
 At the recourse of these infernall Snakes,
 Thinke bold *Laocoon* to be iustly payd,
 Because he yet his harmefull Iauelin shakes,
 Some Cables fetch, some with their Leauers stayd
 The Pondrous Engine which deepe furrowes rakes
 Along the Earth: others the Wals hurle downe
 To giue the Horse free passage to the Towne.

39

Wide stand the yron-bard gates, whilst all the rout
 Buckle to worke, the fatall Muchine climes,
 Th'inthronged Bulwarkes (big with Souldiers stout)
 Ready to be deliuered: hallowed rimes,
 The Virgins sing, and nimbly dance about,
Myneruas Steed, the wonder of these times:
 Thinking themselues boue others highly blest,
 That can be more officious then the rest.

40

Foure times the Brazen Horse entring, stuck fast
 Anenst the ruinde guirdle of the Towne,
 Foure times was armour heard (yet vnagast)
 The fatall Beast with sacred wreathes they Crowne,
 (Sunke in blind ignorance) and now at last,
 Before *Mineruaes* shrine, they place it downe:
 In Himnes and Feasts the ominous day they spend.
 Offring to her that must their liues defend.

41

Meane time heauen turnes: night from the Ocean falls,
 Inuoluing with blacke darkenesse, earth, and ayre,
 And call the *Gracian* craft about the wals,
 The scattred *Troians* slumber, far from care,
 and now his Pilots (great *Atrides* calls)
 Who backe to *Tenedos* with speed repayre:
 The Vniuerfall *Phalanx* lands in hast,
 And through the silence of the Moone are past.

42

Now startles *Synon*, and a flaming-brand,
 He wafts from top of one of *Iffiums* Towers,
 Which like a Beacon in the night must stand
 To guide the *Greekes*, and their nocturnall powers,

Then with a Key graspt in his fatall hand,
Fearelesse, he through the palped darknesse scowres
To the big bellied Stallion, turnes the spring,
and through the doore the Harneſt *Grecians* ſling.

43

First, blacke-hayrd *Pyrhus* fixes in the ground,
His Oaken Speare, and from the loſt he flydes,
Uliſſes next, yet halting of his wound,
and then the younger of the two *Atrides* :
Tyſandar from the ſtructure next doth bound
Thoas and *Athanas*, two warlike guides :
With *Scheuelus* downe by a Cable fall,
and bruilde with leaping, on the Pauement ſprall.

44

Pelidus followes theſe, and then the man
That in his braine firſt caſt this fatall mould,
Epeus th'engineer, whom *Synon* than
Did in his blacke and periurd armes in fould
Their ſweatty browes, they with the darknesſe fan,
Each chearing vp his Mate with courage bould :
Strip their bright Swords, by whoſe quicke glimering
They find their way in the darke ſtar-leſſe night. (light,

45

The Citty ſunke in Wine and Mirth they'nuade,
Slaughter the Watch that on the ground lie ſpred,
Then through the broken Walls (but late decayde)
The Generals Army is by *Synon* led,
And *Agamemnons* coulours are diſplayde,
Now tumults and confuſions firſt are bred :
Hauocke begins, loude ſhowtes and clamors riſe,
Liſting their Tragicke vprore through the ſkyes.

46

Heauens lamps were halfe burnt out, t'was paſt midnight
When to *Aeneas* in his bed appear'd
Sad *Heſtor*, pale and wan, full of affright,
His hayre clotted with bloud, his ruffled Beard
Diſordred, all thoſe deepe caru'd wounds in fight,
Which in defence of *Troy* and his indeard :
Were graude vpon his fleſh, behind him fall,
Thoſe thongs, that drag'd him round about *Troyes* wall.

Hector's gholt

Oh

47

Oh, how much from that great King-killer chang'd,
 Hye spirited *Hector*, when being proudly deckt
 In great *Achilles* spoyle, he freely rang'd
 Through guards of Steele, whilst from his Helme reflect
 Trophies of *Greece*: Oh me! How much estrang'd,
 From him that did all *Asiaes* pride protect,
 Euen to their Fleet the *Achive* Kings pursue,
 And mongst their ships round Bals of Wild-fire flew.

48

When to the sleeping Prince approaching nye,
 He with a sigh from his deepe intrailes fetcht,
 Thus sayes. (Thou Goddesse sonne, *Aeneas* flye)
 And from these burnings, that by this are stretcht
 Quite o're your glorious buildings, climbing hye,
 Deliuer thee: the Arme of warre hath reight
 Euen to the Crest of *Troy*, and with one blow,
 Giuen it a sad and certaine ouerthrow.

49

Greece hath your wals, the Vniuersall roose
 Of *Troy* is sunke and falne, her bearers sayld,
 Destruction that hath houered long a'ooft,
 Hath ceaz'd her towers, and her spires auayld,
 Could might haue kept her, by the manly prooffe
 Of this right hand, the Prisoner had bin bayld:
 But *Troy* (alas) is sentenc'd, and must dye,
 Then from her funerall Flames (*Aeneas* flye.)

50

To thee her Gods and Reliques she commends
 Thee, that must her posterity reuiue,
 For though her glory heere in seeming end,
 Yet dying *Troy* in thee is kept aliue,
 Now cleaues the earth, and the sad Ghost discends,
Aeneas with dull sleepe begins to strive:
 And waking, heares a noise of clattering Warre,
 And many confus'd Clamors, neere and farre.

51

When mounting on a Turret, he might spy
 The Citty all on Flame, and by the light,
 A thousand seuerall Conflicts: sparkles flye
 As farre as to the Sea, the waues shine bright,

And now at length he sees, *Synon* can lie,
His Treasons manifest, still this blacke night
Clamors of men, and Trumpets, clangors grow,
Whilst with warme recking blood the chanel flow.

52

Aeneas armes in hast, graspes in his hand
A two-edg'd Semiter to guard his life,
Knowes not to whom to run, or where to stand,
In euery streete is danger, rage, and strife,
Yet longes for skirmish: and on some proud band
To proue his strength, now whilst the tumults rise:
For since th'*Achiue* fires such splendor giue,
To dye in armes, seemes sweeter then to liue.

53

Behold, where from the forraine slaughter flying
Panthus Otrides, Priest of the Sunne?
Scoures through the streetes: *Aeneas* him espying,
Cals to him thus. Whether doth *Panthus* run?
What meane these flames, these grones of people dying?
This frightfull iarte of battailes new begun?
When *Panthus* thus: *Aeneas* lets away,
Of *Troy* and vs, this is the latest day.

Panthus Otri-
ades.

54

Troy was, and *Ilium* was, but they are past,
Great *Ihone* hath from th'earths bosome swept vs all,
Th'insulting *Greekes* haue conquerd vs at last,
And forraine Steele now menases our wall,
The Brazen Horse that midst our Meure stickes fast,
Hath powrd an army forth: whole thousands fall
And drop downe from his sides, whilst *Synon* stands
Warming amidst the flames his treacherous handes.

55

The Gates are ceas'd, the broken wals made good
With bright Death-pointed Steele, Irruption's bard,
Behold my passage was Knee-deepe in blood,
Crossing the streete from great *Atrides* guard,
Such as escape this purple falling flood,
Fyre or the Sword consumes, our choise is hard:
Ruine beguirts vs, and what most we feare
We cannot fly, death rageth euery where.

L1

Now

56

Now hurries strong *Eneas*, madly faring,
 Through flames, through swords, whether *Erinnis* cals,
 Eg'd on by rage and fury, no man sparing,
 On euery side are fires, wounds, Clamors, brals,
 To him arm'd *Ripheus* ioynes (and wonders daring)
Iphilus, *Hypanis*, and *Dimas*, fals
 In the same ranke : youthfull *Chorebus* ride,
 Doth likewise glister by *Aeneas* side.

57

Chorebus, who for faire *Cassandras* Loue,
 Came from *Megdomia* to the *Dardan* broyles,
 These seeking, flying death, all dangers proue,
 And taske their valours to all desperate toyles,
 To places of most slaughter they remoue,
 Euen where the *Greekes* commit most horrid spoils:
 Arm'd with this Saw ; This onely Captiues cheares,
 When safetie flyes, all-resting death appears.

58

Thus seeke they certaine death amidst the hart
 Of Flame-guilt *Troy*, whilst the blacke fatall night
 Flyes hood-winkt twixt the poles, her yron Cart
 Rusty with darkenesse, oh what Mortall wight
 Can halfe the terror of that houre impart,
 Such howles, sighs, grones, wounds, slaughters & afright:
 In euery street, Lues-blood, death, murder, feare,
 The reeking Faulchion, and the fatall Speare.

59

Androgeos.

With Arm'd *Androgeos* they encounter first,
Androgeos who mistakes them for his mates,
 And cheares them thus, we haue already burst,
 and made irruption through the batterd Gates,
 Now let your Swords that for their liue-blounds thirst,
 Glut them with purple healths, behold their Fates:
 But when from them he looks some fyre apply,
 With armed hands vpon his traynes they fly.

60

And put them all to massacre : the whiles
Chorebus sayes. Some comforts in despaire,
 Fortune vpon our first endeouours smiles,
 The Foes are vanquisht, and we victors are,

Then come; Make vse of their *Pelasgian* guiles,
Put on their armes, and to their Guards repayre:
Their proper armes shall gainst themselves contend;
Where vertue sayles, vsd fraud, (to God and friend.)

61

With that he dons *Androgeos* shining Caske,
Which like a Bearded Commet glisters farre,
The rest in forraine Helmes theyr faces maske,
And mingled with the *Greekes*, began new warre,
Still Fortune smiles on their Nocturnall taske,
Where *Greekes* with *Greekish* armes confounded are:
And mongst their frighted guards, great vprore growes,
Since from their Friends, they cannot ken their Foes.

62

A thousand fall to Hell, a thousand fly,
Some to the Nauy, others to the shore,
and many Pale-fast *Greekes* affrayde to dye
Run to the Horse where they were lodg'd before,
and in his darke conceited Entrayles lye,
See fayre *Cassandra* from the Temple dore,
Drag'd by blacke *Myrmidons*: her Son espyes
Frightfull *Chorebus*, and that way he flies.

63

They after him, adismall conflict now
Growes in the entrance of the Temple, when
Theyr friends mistaking theyr disguised brow,
Route from the battayle, meetes by strength of men
Huge stones, and Webs of Lead stounding below
Their *Greece*-arm'd Friendes, whose craft's deceiu'd agent:
(By Ignorance) they call theyr friends on hye,
and by theyr tongues the *Gracians* them descry.

64

For now rough *Ajax* reuels in the place,
The two *Atrides* with their armed Bands,
And sly *Ulysses* too: yet in the face
Of all theyr guards the bold *Chorebus* stands,
Till number o're swayes might: *Migdoniaes* race
Is now extinct by force of thousand hands:
Then *Ripheus* fals, then is bold *Dimas* brest
Through-pierst: so one by one decline the rest.

The death of
Chorebus.

Lil. 2

Alone

65

Alone scapes bold *Eneas* by a cry
 Raide at King *Priams* Pallace, whether hying
 More Mutiny and broyles he may espy,
 More Tragicke sight of wretched *Troians* dying,
 The massacre seemes dreadfull in his eye,
 Before the assaulted Gates are thousands lying:
 The hauocke did so violent appeare,
 as had their bin no place of death but there.

66

The vntam'd *Mars* vpon his Altars grones,
 Hye crown'd in bloud: some *Greekes* the Pallace scale,
 The Laders cleaue vnto the letting Stones,
 Whose Marble Collumns bend, and seeme to faile
 Beneath the weight of fire and Steele at ones,
 and still the Baricadoed Gates the' assaile:
 Where able armed *Pyrrhus* stands before,
 Th' inflamed Porch (his armor slack't in gore)

67

The inclosed Princes broyle, doubly pend in
 With flames and Steele, inclosde on euery side
 With eminent death, yet no irruption win
 Though they diuolue, the hye rooffe beautified
 With Gold and figures (which to touch were sin)
 The *Geometricke* ridge of Siluer tride:
 Fires o're their heads, and drils downe by the wals,
 Which scalds the Princes as it melting fals.

68

Sterne *Pyrrhus* sweats, and with *Antomedon*
 His fathers Charioter assaults the place,
 Scarfe able to endure the armes they haue on,
 So ouer-heat with Flames, in whose bright face
 They stand with naked swords to gaze vpon
 Those shrinking Monuments the fires imbrace:
 at length with beames shocking by strength of hand,
 They shake the wals, vnable to withstand.

69

Which tumbling in, like a Bay-window shoves,
 Whose gaping mouth seemes vast, (oh) now appeares,
 The gorgeous Courts, whose floore each Lady strowes
 With her torne garments, haire, and pearly teares,

Still, still, their shricks and feminine clanger growes,
as the Breach waxeth, so increase their feares ;
Their cries pierce heauen, slake Fire, and soften stones,
Yet moone not *Pyrrhus* and his *Myrmidons*.

70

For neyther *Priams* Guard, the doore of Brasse,
Nor trusty Marble can withstand the Foe,
But through them all by force of armes they passe
The heauy Gates, they from the hinges throw,
Shiuering theyr plated leaues like paines of Glasse :
Which with the fury of theyr burnings glow :
and breaking in, the spacious Courts they fill
With bloody Souldiers, who on all sides kill.

71

King *Priam*, when he saw his Towne inuaded,
His *Troy* siting in fire, not to be freed,
and all those Gods that long had *Ilium* ayded,
Shrunke from his helpe, and in his fall agreede,
That his farre shining beames at last were faded,
and the Vniuersall hart of *Troy* must bleede :
The larum Bels of death on all sides ringing,
His shrieking wife and Daughter bout him clinging.

72

Expecting helpe from him in whom remaine
No helpe at all, he first dissolues in teares,
But casting vp his eye to haue complaind
His grieve to Heauen, his Sword and Helme appeares,
Hung by the Walles, with rust and Canker staynd,
Now burdens to his arme, in former yeares
Easy as Silkes, his grieve conuerts to rage,
He dons those armes, forgetfull of his age.

73

To whom the sad Queene with wet eyes thus sayes :
What means my wofull Lord in his weake hand
To tosse this burdenous Steele ? There is no prayse
For men to fight, when the high Gods withstand,
Litt' d puissant *Hector* in these Farall dayes,
Yet could not his stronge Limbs protect thy Land :
Much lesse these Saplesse branches, poore and bare,
Then let the reuerent *Priam* keepe his Chayre.

L13

Hearc

74

Heere at these holy Altars let vs cling,
 The Gods, if they be pleas'd, our liues may guard,
 If not, we all will perish with the King,
 and die at once, there shall not one be spard:
 Behold, where broken through th'all-slaughtering ring
 Of *Pyrrhus Myrmidons*, Slaues rough and hard:
 The young *Polytes* well-ny breathlesse rons,
Polytes, one of *Priams* best-lou'd Sons.

75

Through many an Entry and blind-turning path,
 The burning *Pyrrhus* hath the Lad persude,
 Longing vpon the Youth to vent his wrath,
 now both at once before the King intrude,
 The slaughterd-thoughted *Greeke*, all bale and scath
 In the Childs blood his farall Blade imbrude
 Which plucking from his wounds: in the same place
 Sparkled the Sons blood in the Fathers face.

76

To whom the arm'd King thus: You Gods above,
 Whose diuine eyes all deedes of horror see,
 as you are iust, and aetes of pittie loue,
 Behold how this rude man hath dealt by me,
 What God (worthy Heauens Pallace) can approue
 So blacke a deede as this, that's done by thee?

The death of
Polytes.

Before the Fathers eye the Child to kill,
 and in his face his Innocent blood to spill.

77

Thou art a Bastard, not *Achilles* Son,
 Of some she Wolfe, or *Hyrcean* Tygresse bred,
 not (to be shrin'd in Heauen) would he haue don
 So horrible a deede, so full of dred,
 The shame and scandall thou this night hast won,
 More then *Achilles* honors shall be spred:

Thy Father honor'd, liude and dide in fame,
 Dishonored thou, shalt perish in thy shame.

78

With that the Iauelin in his hand he threw,
 Th'vnprofitable strength of his weake arme,
 Though it had art to guid the Weapon true,
 It wanted power to doe blacke *Pyrrhus* harme,

Against the long skirt of his Targe it flew,
But the round Bosse, as if composd by charme,
Shooke off the ydle Steele, which on the barre
That tooke the blow, scarce left the smallest scarre.

79

Inflamed *Pyrrhus* thus to him replies :
Priam, thy soule shall straight descend to hell,
Euen to the place where great *Achilles* lyes,
And my sad deeds vnto my Father tell,
With that (all wrath) in *Priams* face he flies)
The prostrate King at *Ihoues* hye Altar fell :
With such hot rage he did the King pursue,
That though he mist, the whiske him ouerthrew.

80

When being groueled in *Polites* gore,
Grim *Pyrrhus* with his left hand takes the king,
By his white lockes (neuer prophand before,
His reuerent head against the ground to ding,
His proud right hand a smoaking Curtlax wore,
Which to perpetuall rest must *Priam* bring :
With which against the good old King he tilts,
Till his hart bloud flowed much about the hilts.

The death of
Priam.

81

This was old *Priams* Fate, his fatall end,
And ending glory, he that *Asia* swayd,
Whose spreading Fame did through the earth extend,
Liu'd till he saw both him and his betraid,
Euen till he had no subiect, Sonne, or friend,
And saw *Troyes* spyres euen with the groundfils laid,
Who now before *Ioues* golden face lyes dead,
A namelesse coarfe, a Trunke without a head.

82

All this, when good *Aeneas* saw from farre
The ends of *Troy* and *Priam* : burnt, and flaine,
And no abatement yet of heat, or warre,
To his owne Pallace he returnes againe,
Where gathered on a heape together are,
His wife *Creusa* showing teares amaine :
His seruants : old *Anchises*, and his sonne
Askanius, these about *Aeneas* ronne.

After

83

After some short discourse of their affaires,
Aeneas on his backe *Anchises* takes,
 For young *Ascanius* he his left hand spares,
 In his right hand his guardant sword he shakes,
Crensa followes close, with teares and Prayers,
 So through the fire and foe *Aeneas* makes:
 He with his sonne and Syre, the right way choose,
 But in the darkenesse they *Crensa* loose.

84

Crensaes death

Whom missing, they *Crensa* call alowd,
Crensa, for whose safety they'l returne,
 But some blacke Fate doth her in darkenesse shrowd,
 Either *Troyes* Funerall fires the Lady burne,
 Else is she stifled in the Hostile crowd,
 For her, the Father, sonne, and husband mourne:

Helenus.

And seeking her amidst the wrarhfull flames,
 They encounter *Helenus*; who thus exclames.

85

Keepe on *Aeneas* to the *Seean* shore,
 The heauens on *Troy* and vs haue vengeance powred,
 Onely thy ruind fortunes they restore,
 They smile on thee, that haue on *Priam* lowred,
 The faire *Crensa* thou shalt see no more,
 Her, the none-sparing slaughter hath deuowred:
 But in her stead, the Gods to thee shal giue
 A wife, in whom deceased *Troy* shall liue.

86

Follow yon starre, whether his Bearded beames
 Directs thy Nauigation: on the sand
 Thoulands attend thy conduct through the streames,
 Whom ruin spares, for thee and thy command,
 Obserue yon blazing Meteor, whose bright gleames
 Points thee vnto a rich and fertile Land:
 Where, after many strange aduentures past,
 Storme-driu'n *Aeneas* shall arriue at last.

87

Italy

They to a spacious Climate thee restore,
 A Prouince which the Gods and fates hold best,
 The *Meditteren* Sea beats on the shore,
 With the *Scicilian* waters, South and East,

The *Adriaticke* Billowes North-ward rore,
With the hye *Alpes* incompast on the West:

These Countries it containes, *Latium Liguria*,

The Climates of *Campania* and *Hetruria*,

88

With Fertill *Istria* and *Calabria*,

Full peopled *Craunia* and *Apentium*,

Emilia, else cald *Rhomandsola*,

With *Gallia*, *Cisalpina*, and *Pycenum*,

Iapidia, *Vmbria*, and *Venetia*,

Flauinia, *Apulia*, *Sumnium*:

All these are *Italy*, with great *Lucania*,

Which shall in times to come be cald *Rhomania*.

89

Farewell and thriue, but leaue vs to our Fates:

This faide, the Deuine *Helenus* retires,

And shuts himselfe within those fatall gates,

Where none commands but foes and raging fires,

Aeneas hasts to meet his promist Mates,

And on the Coast their fellow-ship desires,

Who through the street hewes out a bloody tracke,

With old *Anchises* hanging at his backe.

90

Still *Ilium* burnes, nor are the ruthlesse Flames

Yet quencht, *Thoues* sparpled Alters likc the blood

Of slaughtred *Priam*, the bright vestall Dames

Are puld from *Pallas* Statuë where they stood,

About their golden lockes (with lowd exclaimes)

Rough souldiers wind their armes, and through a flood

Of gore and teares, in which the pauement-flowes,

Drag them along, that faint beneath their blowes.

91

The young *Astianax* from that hye Tower,

On which his Fathers valour oft he saw,

Is tumbled headlong on the rough-pau'd flower,

His all to bruised limbes lye broke and raw,

To wofull *Hecuba*, in thrust a power

Of blood-staind *Greekes*, without regard or awe,

and from her aged armes, snatcht by rude force

Polixena, whose beauty begs remorse.

Shée's

The death of
Astianax.

92

The death of
Polyxena.

Shees hurried to *Achilles* tombe, where stands
Sterne *Neptolemus*, from top to toe
Satued in blood and slaughter, in both hands
Wauiug a keene glaue, Crimfond in the foe,
To bind with Cords her soft armes he commands,
That more red liues may on his Faulchion flow:
There the bright Mayde that bands did ill become,
He piece-meale hewes vpon *Achilles* tombe.

93

Polymnestor
K. of Thrace.The death of
Polidore.

Thus is King *Priam* and Queene *Hecubs* race,
Extinct in dust, young *Polidore* alone,
The youngest Lad is with the king of *Thrace*
Left in great charge, with Gold and many a Stone
Beyond all rate, but *Polymnestor* base,
Hearing the pride of *Troy* was spent and gone,
Falle to the world, and to his friend vntrew,
To gaine that wealth, the louely Infant flew.

94

The death of
Hecuba

Whose death when *Hecuba* reuenged had,
By tearing out the periur'd Tyrants eyes,
First she records the beauty of the Lad,
Then all the glories she beneath the skies
Possess before, which makes her Franticke-mad,
On her slaine husband, daughters, sonnes, she cries:
Troy she bewaild, and fatall *Greece* she curst,
Till her great heart (with griefe surcharged) burst.

95

The number
of Greekes &
Troians slaine
at the siege.

Ten yeares, ten months, twelue dayes this siege indured,
In which of *Greece* before the Towne were slaine,
Fourescore hundred and sixe thousand, all inured
To steely warre: of *Troians* that maintaine
The honour of their Citty, well assured,
(Besides the number that were prisoners tane)
Six hundred fifty, and six thousand tride,
Omitting those that in the last night dide.

96

Chualrous *Hector* voyd of fraud or flight,
Eightene great Kings slew by his proper hands,
No aduantagious oddes he vsd in fight,
Therefore his fame spreads farre, through forraigne lands,

Three Kings to do the amorous *Paris* right
Fell by his Bow, next rankt *Achilles* stands :
Who (besides *Troilus* and great *Hector*) slew
Seauen puissant Kings at *Troy* (if Fame speake true)

97

Foure Kings beside the *Sagitary* fell
By *Diomed*, two by *Aeneas* lost
Their precious liues, though many moe fought well,
Their warlike deeds are not so farre ingroft,
Blacke *Pyrrhus* acts about the rest excell,
Who thinking mongst them to be praised most:
Three Royall liues his Tragicke wrath obayd,
An aged King, a Woman, and a Mayd.

98

Not how two worthy *Greekes* in words contended,
Who should the rich *Vulcanian* armor haue,
Now how from *Ajax*, who had *Greece* defended,
Th'impartiall Iudges to *Vlisses* gaue,
To proue that Counsell about strength extended,
And had more power the *Argine* Campe to saue :
In grieve of which great losse, *Ajax* grew mad,
Slaine by the sword that he from *Hector* had,

99

Nor of *Vlisses* trauels twice ten yeares,
Nor of his loue with *Circe* the faire Queene,
Who by her spels transform'd him and his Peeres,
And kept him thence, where he desired t'haue beene,
With faire *Penelope*, Fam'd mongst the spheares
In liuing chaste : though Princes full of spleene
Posselt her kingdome, and her pallace ceaz'd,
VVhom (wanting power) she by delaies appeafd.

100

Nor how he after twenty winters came,
And in disguise his constant Lady proued,
How he by armes releast the beautilous Dame,
And all her suiters from his Land remoued,
Nor how *Telegonus* won with the Fame
Of him whom most the witch *Calipso* loued :
From his faire Mother *Circe* himselfe vvith-drevv,
And vnavvares his Royall Father slevv.

Nor

Ironides

Ouid metamor.

The death of
Ajax.

Telegonus
son to *Vlisses*
and *Circe*, o-
therwise cald
Calipso.

Vlisses slain by
his Bastard son
Telegonus.

101

Nor how King *Naulus* laide Traines on the Seas,
To auenge him on the *Gracians* for his sonne
Palamides, whose death did much displease
The aged Prince, since twas by treason donne,
Nor how such wandering *Greekes* as he could ceaze,
Who on his shores their ship-wrackt vessels ronne,
Naulus destroyd, and vnto ruine brought,
Since they his sonnes deere life esteemed nought.

102

The death of
Agamemnon

Nor how King *Agamemnon* home returning,
Was by his faire wife *Clitemnestra* slaine,
How false *Egistus* in the Queenes loue burning,
Plotted with her to shorten the Kings raigne,
Nor how *Horestes* for his Father mourning
Grew mad, and slew *Egistus* that had laine
With his faire Mother, who when he had caught her,
Vnchild-like he did with his owne hands slaughter.

103

The death of
Clitemnestra

Nor how blacke *Pyrrhus* *Hellens* daughter stale
The faire *Hermione*, she that before
Was to *Horestes* troth'd, and should *Sance* sayle,
Haue bin espoused to him, who at the doore
Of *Delphos* Temple slew him without bale,
Staining *Apollo*s shrine with *Pyrrhus* gore :

The death of
Pyrrhus.

The death of
Hellen.

Nor how that face for which the whol world wrangled
To see it chang'd with age, her selte she strangled.

104

Nor how the *Greekes* after their bloody toyles,
Antenor left to inhabit rased *Troy*,
And after th'end of their sad Tragicke broyles,
All *Asiaes* wealth within their fleet inioy,
Robbing the Towne of all her richest spoyles,
Whose hie Clowd-peircing spyres the flames destroy,
nor how *Aeneas* doth his forces gather,
And ships with his young son, and aged Father.

105

Rigging to sea these two and twenty sayle,
That fetcht the fire-brand that all *Troy* inflamd,
The selfe-same shippes in which the *Troian* stale
The *Spartan* Queene, gainst whome all *Greece* exclaimd,

Nor of Queene *Didoes* loue and Tragicke bate,
Nor of *Aeneas* trauels nobly sam'd :

Nor how *Andromache* was Captaine led,
Left to the hot lust of the Conquerors bed.

106

With whom *Cassandra* was inforst to goe
With *Helenus* that kend deuineſt things,
And al theſe ſad proceedings did fore-ſhow,
and propheside to *Troyes* confedered Kings,
Nor of King *Diomedes* ſad ouerthrow,
Of *Albions* Iſle firſt knowne, my Muſe next ſings,
Her Chariot now I can no further driue,
Brittaine from conquerd *Troy*, we next deriue.

Dolopes are a people of *Theſſaly*, in the borders of *Phthi-
olis*, out of which Prouince *Vliſſes* made choyce of his Guard.

Pallas whoſe name we haue often vſed, ſome take to be the
Daughter of *Neptune* and *Tritonis*, and liued in the time of
Giges. Others hold her to be ſprung of *Ihoues* braine, as wee
haue before remembred. — *Palluda* quandam

*Cum patris è capite exiliſt Clariffima paruam
lauerunt Tritonis aquæ.*

The like many others affirme, as alſo that when ſhe leapt out of
Ihoues brain, at the ſaide time it rained a ſhower of Gold on
the Earth. Of her birth many writers differ, ſome affirme her
to be the Daughter of *Triton*: others to be rather the Daugh-
ter of *Iupiter* & *Thetis*: Others of *Craunus*, differing from
their opinions, therfore I hold with *Cicero*, who auers, that
there were more of the names. One of the Mother of *Apollo*,
a ſecond borne by *Nyle*. and adored of the Egyptians, a third
of the braine of *Iupiter*, a fourth of *Iupiter* and *Ceriphe*, the
Daughter of *Oceanus*, whom the Arcadians call *Cerin*, and
the Inuentor of the Chariot. A fiſt that was ſuppoſed to kill hir
Father, to perſerue her virginity.

Pallas and *Minetua* were one, ſhe was alſo by ſome called
Triloma. *Ihouis* filia glorioſa *Tritonia*.

Both Greece and *Troy* highly honored her, ſhe is ſaide to
inuent *Armes*, and to haue aided her Father *Iupiter* in the
deſtruction of the *Tytanoyes*, which the Poets call *Gigo-
mantichia*. Of whom it is thus remembred.

Palluda bellorum ſtudijs *Cautanus* amicam
è *Ihoue* progenitam magno quæ deſtruit vrbes.

M m

Pauſa. in *Atti-
cis* *Herodorus* in
Melpom.
Apollonius lib.
4. *Arg.* nanc.

Stefichorus
Lucianus.

Strabo. lib. 14.

Apollodorus.
Athenodorus
Biſtantius. 2.
Zetis
Cic. de natura
deorum.

Callimachus in
Himn.
Homer.
Simonides *Cæ-
us* 2. geneal.
Iſacius.
Horatius 1.
Caruium.

Stefichorus.

Callimachus.

And of another thus :

Sed prius illa fugis fumantia soluit equorum
Colla lauans alti flumibus Oceani.

And so much of Pallas or Minetua, to whom the Troians dedicated their chiefe Temple.

Migdonia is a part of Phrigia, next Troas by the Riuer Rhindacus, of this Countrey Prince Chorebus, that loued Cassandra, was called Mygdonides.

The Scæan shore : Scæa is a gate of Troy, opening to the West, where Laomedon was buried, of that Gate the Sea & shore adiacent, beare the name of Scæa.

Dares,
Dille,

The Names of the 18. Kinges slaine by Hector, are thus, though somewhat corruptly by ancient Writers remembred : K. Archilochus, K. Protesilaus, K. Patroclus, K. Menon, K. Protenor, K. Archimenes, K. Polemon, K. Epistropus, K. Ecedius, K. Doxius, K. Polixenus, K. Phibus, K. Anthiphus, K. Cenutus, K. Polibetius, K. Humerus, K. Fumus, K. Exampitus. Achilles slew 7. Kinges, K. Cupemius, King Yponeus, K. Plebeius, K. Austerus, K. Cymonius, K. Memnon, K. Neoptolemus, besides Hector, Troylus, and Margareton, with other of Priams Bastard Sonnes.

Some likewise, contrary to the assertion of Ouid and others, affirme that Paris slew the Emp. Palumides, Ajax and Achilles. Æneas slew K. Amphimachus, and K. Merceus, the faire Greeke whom Homer so much loued. Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, slew K. Priam, an aged man, Queene Penthisileia, a warlike woman, Polytes a young Lad, and Polyxena a beauteous Maide. K. Diomed slew the Sagittary, K. Antipus, K. Escorius, K. Obstincus, and K. Protenor. Many others were slaine in the disordred battailes, but how, or by whom, it is not particularly registred. Of Vlisses loue to Circe Ouid in diuers places toucheth it, part whereof I haue thus Englisht. (Calipso as they on the sea banke stood,

2. De Arte A-
mand.

Vlisses & Circe

*Casting her eyes vpon the Neighbour flood,
Desires the acts and bloudy deeds to heare,
Done by th'Odrisean Captaines sword and speare,
When holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
What she requests he drawes vpon the sand,
Heres Troy (quoth he) (for here the Towne is ment)
Thinke Simois that, Imagin this my Tent,
Here Scithian Rhelus Tents are pitched hie,
This way his Horsemens slaine, returned I.*

Here Dolon dyde, when on the suddaine loe,
 A climbing Waue the shewers doth ouert brow,
 And as the drops vpon his worke doth fall,
 It washt away his Tents, his Troy, and all:
 To whom the Goddesse dares Vliſſes trust
 These sencelesse violent waues that are so curst,
 And darest thou with these waters be annoyd,
 By whom such great Names are so soone destroyd?
 How could her magicke potions Circe please,
 When wile Vliſſes Ships float on the Seas,
 All exorcisms the louing Witch doth try,
 To stay the Greekes, whilst he away doth fly.
 All Spels and Charmes the louing Witch assaide,
 That such hot flames might not her thoughts inuade,
 But spight the cunning Hag, and charme her best,
 Vliſſes flies, Loue scornes to be suppress:
 She that Mens shapes could from themselves estrange,
 Had not the power her owne desires to change.
 Tis sayd, that when Vliſſes would away
 With such like words she did intreat his stay:
 What I hop't earst, I doe not now intreat,
 That you with me would make a lasting seate
 And be my Husband, yet if I my race
 Call but to minde, I might deserue that place.
 Despising me, a worthy Wife you shunne,
 A Goddesse, and the Daughter of the Sunne,
 All that I beg, my humorous Loue to feede,
 Is onely this: you would not make such speede.
 Stay but a while, it is an easie taske,
 What lesse thing can you grant? What lesse I aske?
 Behold, the deepe Sea rageth: Neptune feare,
 Stay till a Calme, and then begin to steare,
 Why shouldst thy fly? Thy fore-sheate, and thy Mizzen,
 Why swell they with the Wind? No Troy is risen,
 For thee againe to sacke, heare are no brals,
 No man thy Mates, and thee to battaile calls:
 Heere true Loue raines, heere peace is firmly groundd,
 In which my selfe, and onely I am wounded,
 My heart is thine, and shall be thine for ay,
 And all my Land is in thy Kingly sway:
 She speakes, he lancheth, and the selfesame wind,

De remedio A-
moris lib. I.

Mm 2

Zetes histor. 16.
Chil. 3.
Hesiodus in
Theog.
Homerus libr.
odiff.
Dionysius Mile-
tus.

Hesiodus in
Theogonea,
Lyophron.

Strabo lib. 9.
Tymæus siculus

De arte Aman-
di. 2.
De remedio A-
moris. I.

That fills his sayles, blowes thence the words and mind.
Of Circe, otherwise call'd Calisso, hee begot Telegons, who
afterward unawares slew his Father Vlisses. Shee was the
Daughter of the Sun and Perles. Others haue imagined hir the
Daughter of Hecate, or of Aëta: others to bee the Daughter
of Asteripes and Hiperion, as Orpheus in Argonantis.

Aëtæ affinis coniunctaque sanguine, solis
filia quam proprio dixerunt nomine Circen

Astropey, paruus Hiperiony est auus, illa, &c.

She had by Vlisses these sons, Agrius & Latinus: Telegons
and Aulon, of whom Ausonia (alias Italia) bears the Name,
with Casiphon, with Marcius, of whom the Marfians tooke
Name, and Rhomanus: Her Toomb was in one of the Phar-
macusan Islands, not far from Salamine.

Diomedes, the manner of whose death wee haue not tou-
ched in our History, was kild by Danaus, whose Countrey hee
had before freed, and in the same slaine a huge Dragon, who
threw his body with all the statues that were reared to his ho-
nor (Ingratefully) into the sea where they perished.

Of Clitemnestraes Adultery Ouid saith:

Whilst Agamemnon lind with one contented,
His Wife liude chaste, and neither it repented.
His secret blowes her heart did so prouoke,
Wanting the Sword, she with the Scabberd stroke:
She heares of Criseis, and the many Iarres
About Lyrnesis, to increase the warres,
And therefore meere reuenge the Lady Charmes,
To take Thiestes in her amorous Armes.

And in another place;

Why could not his blind lusts Ægistus bridle?
will you needs know, th' Adulterer was still Idle,
When others laboured Ilion to annoy,
And lay strong sledge about the wals of Troy,
Abroad he war'd not, nor at home he law'd,
His thoughts no nauall office could applaud:
what he could doe he did, (for so it prou'd)
Least he should nothing doe, he therefore lou'd,
So is this loue begot, so is he bred,
So cherisht, so at length he gathers head,
The end of the 15. Canto.

Argumentum

Having the sight of our wisht harbor gaind,
The yeares from Brute to Christ: what famous
Gouvernd in Britan, & how long they raignd, (Kinges
From Christ to Norman William, and what things
Of speciall note were in their daies containd,
In a brieft Chronicle, our Muse next sings:
Much matter in few words: swift runs our Glasse,
We many Ages in one instant passe.

ARG. 2.

A Genealogie exactly found,
From the first man, to Norman Willia crownd.

CANTO. 16.

I



Dam got Seth:
Seth, Enos: Enos, Cayne,
Cayne, got Melaliel:
Iareth next begon,
From Iareth Enoch,
that to Heauen was tane,
He got Methusalem,
whose line doth ron

To Lamech: of him Noah, and from Noah came
Iapheth: then Cichem, who was Iapheths Son:

Cichem got Cipre: Cipre, Creete, and so (grow.
Creete, Saturne: from whose branch great Ihoue doth

Dardanus Son
to Iupiter and
Electra.

2

Dardanus is immediate Heyre from *Ihoue*,
And by *Candame*, got *Erichthonius*,
Erichthon Tros : Tros *Ilion* : next him stroue
Laomedon, and he got *Priamus*,
And when the Greekes from Troy *Aeneas* droue,
He by *Creusa* had *Askanius* :
Who after (*Carthaginean Dido* past)
Vp through the Riuer *Tiber* layles at last.

3

Turnus King
of Tuskaine

At *Hofsties* Port (the place the Gods behight)
Aeneas Landes : *Euander* him receiues
The Latines King, whose Daughter at first sight
Aeneas loues, and for her sake, bereaues
The *Tuskayne* King of life in single fight,
Turnus being dead, the fayre *Lauinia* leaues
Her virgine vowes, by whom the *Troian* Prince
Siluius begot : and *Siluius*, *Brutus* since.

4

Brutes Mother in her painefull throwes decest,
(*Huntyng*) his glancing Shaft his Father slew,
For which with melancholy griefes infest
From *Italy*, the Prince himselfe withdrew,
Ten thousand voluntary men vnprest,
Consort him, strange aduentures to pursue :
Whom *Corineus* with many *Troians* more
Meetes, and assists, new Countries to explore.

5

Innogen
Daughter to
Pandras.

Brute (*Grecian Pandras* who denide him way,
And through his spacious Kingdome passage free)
O're-comes in battaile, but denyes to stay
Till he more Coasts and various Clymats see,
Fayre *Innogen*, a Virgin fresh as May,
He marrieth, and with *Pandras* doth agree,
For her rich Dower to haue a royall fleete,
Well furnisht for his Trayne : with all things meete.

6

He past *Alcides* Pillers, euen to *Gwall*,
Landing in *Guien*, *Guffor* the proud King
Denyes prince *Brute* to hunt, but (*Manger* all)
He chac't his Deere, and made his Buckes to spring,

Thence, *Albion* he discries, like a white wall
Washt with the sea, and longs his fleet to bring
To a safe Harbour, where he might suruay,
The long sought Isle where he his bones must lay.

7
When *Ayoth* iudged *Israell*, in the yeare
Threescore and twelue, of his command and state,
Egyptian Danaus daughters landed heere
After long search, who for they had of late,
Theyr nine and forty husbands by th'austere
Iniunction of their Sire, brought to sad Fate:
Were in a Mastlesse ship to exile throwne,
And landinging heere, cald this Isle *Albion*.

8
Some say of these *Viragoes* spirits begot
Gyants, that were of huge and monstrous size,
Who when they grew to stature, spared not
Affinity, for Sonne with Mother lies,
Brother with Sister: so the learned *Scot*
Marian, doth in his Chronicles comprize:
And of these lustfull Ladies, in small while,
Twelue thousand Gyants peopled this large Ile.

9
Prince *Brute* with *Corineus* doth *Albion* enter,
At *Totnes*, thirty monstrous Gyants kils,
And after much and dangerous aduenter,
Builds *London* (cald new *Troy* :) his Throne he fls
Twenty foure yeares, then payes his last debenter
To Nature; *Brittaine* he to *Lochrine* wils:
Scotland to *Albanaet*, *Wales*, *Camber* swayes,
Israell was iudg'd by *Samnell* in their dayes.

2
Lochrine raig'n'd twenty yeares, his wife him slew,
Because he *Sabrine* lou'd, and her forfooke,
Mother and Child bold *Guendolina* threw
Into the *Seuerne* streames, who there name tooke
From *Sabrine*: In his dayes young *Dauid* grew,
And with a Sling the great *Goliath* strooke:
At *Lochrines* death, sterne *Guendoline* begun,
Her husband she succeeds; and her, her Sonne.

Hugh Genesis
and Harding.

Albion of Al-
bania the el-
dest Sister.

The yeare of
the world a-
boue the line.

The yeare be-
fore Chri: vn-
der the line.

Brute.

2855.

1108.

2878.

1085.

Lochrine.

2889.

1074.

2889.

1704.

Guendoline.

Madam

Madan.

2916.

1047.

Memprifius.

2954.

1009.

3
M *Adan* rul'd forty yeares, and in his dayes
 Was beautionous *Absolom* by *Ioab* slaine,
Memprifius twenty yeares the Scepter swayes,
 Procuring first his Brother *Manlius* bane
 Whom *Madan* lou'd, and had intent to raise:
 In Lust and ryot he consum'd his raigne, (powred,
 For which iust heauens their righteous vengeance
Memprifius hunting was by Wolves deuoured.

Ebranke.

2972.

991.

Brute Greene

3033.

930.

3034.

929.

Leill.

3046

917.

Lud Hurdibras.

3071

892.

3097

896

4
 Him his sonne *Ebranke* in the Throne succeeds,
 Who gouernes threescore happy Summers thorow,
 Famous for many charitable deeds,
 He builded *Torke*, *Dunbar*, and *Edenborowe*,
 Next him *Brute Greene-shield* don'd th' Imperiall weeds,
 After twelue happy yeares his subiects sorrow
 For his vntimely Fate, and in his raigne,
 B'*Elias* prayer the Priests of *Ball* were slaine.

5
L *Eill*, *Brutes* sonne, raignd fife and twenty yeares
 And *Carleil* built, then did his seat resigne
 To young *Lud Hurdibras*, lou'd of his Peeres,
 Who gouern'd *Brittaines* Scepter twenty nine,
 He *Winchester* and *Canterbury* reares,
 With *Shafts-bury*, then seekes a Throne deuine:
 Whole Obits were in *Brittaine* long bemoned,
 The prophet *Zachary* in his dayes was stoned.

Bladud.

3109.

854.

Leir.

3123

840.

6
B *Ladud*, *Luds* sonne raignd next, and *Bath* erected,
 A Sorcerer, and did attempt to flye,
 And hauing twenty yeare the Realme protected,
 He brake his necke downe from a Steeple hie,
Amos and *Amazia* were directed
 In thole dayes by the spirit of Prophesie.
Leir next him, in whose time (as Bookes say)
Jonas three dayes in the Whales belly lay.

7
Leir built *Leicester*, forty yeares was Crownd,
 Famous in his three Daughters and their Loue,
 The youngest most suspected; faithfull found,
 And they that promist most, least thankefull proue;

Kindest *Cordeilla* that did most abound

In filiall zeale next *Leir* sits aboute :

Morgan and *Cunedadgius* two false Peeres,
Depose their Aunt after fivē vnhappy yeares.

8

They ioyntly raigne, till *Cunedadgius* slew
His Brother *Morgan* in *Glamorgan-sheere*,
(From whom the Title of that Country grew)
And after gouerned three and thirty yeare,
Now *Naum* preacht : *Riuallo* doth pursue
The Kingdome next, a Prince that had no peere :
In his dayes Prophefide, *Eſay*, *Micheas*,
The Prophets *Adad*, *Amos*, and *Oſeas*.

9

Forty fix yeares he gouerned : In his raigne
Rome was first built, wiſe *Sibell* gaue forth Sawes,
King *Ezechy* by God heal'd of his paine,
Had fiftene yeares life promiſt : for ſome cauſe
The Sun full ten Degrees, turnd backe againe :
Thales Mileſius to the *Greekes* gaue Lawes :
In *Brittaine* it rained blood, *Riuallo* wained,
And eight and thirty yeares *Gurguſtius* rained.

10

Now *Ioel* taughts, his *Iliads* *Homer* wrate,
And *Glaucus Chius* Sodering firſt inuented,
Sicillius next *Gurguſtius* takes the ſtate,
Forty nine yeares he gouernes well contented,
Amon in *Iuda* rained : *Zaleucus* fate
Iudge on his ſonnes eye : *Ieremy* lamented
For the ſad Tragedy of King *Iofias*,
Now flouriſh *Olda*, *Baruch*, *Sophonius*.

11

Now *Phallerts* in *Agrigentine* ſwayde,
And thruſt *Perilles* in his brazen Bull,
To taſt the torment he for others made,
Iago next *Sifillius* makes vp full
Twenty five yeares, then in his Tombe was laide,
Nabuchadnezar ſought to diſannull
The *Hebrew* Lawes. *Sufannaes* fame increaſed,
By th'Elders wrongd, by *Daniels* doome released.

Cordeilla.

1358.

805.

Morgan.

Cunedadgius

3162.

801.

Riuallo.

3196.

767.

Gurguſtius.

3242.

721.

3252

711.

Sifillius.

3279.

684.

3295

668.

3311.

652.

Iago.

3327.

636

3351.

612.

Kinimachus

12

Fifty foure yeares *Kinimachus* was knowne
 After *Iago* in the *Brittish* Chaire,
Arion with his Harpe was o're-Boord throwne,
 Whom through the Seas the pittious Dolphin bare:
Bell was cald God, and sore him trumpets blowne,
 And the three Children in the robes they ware
 Cast in the fiery Furnace, now I gesse,
 Liud *Solon*: *Sapho* the sweet Poetesse.

3369.

594.

Gorbodug.

3404.

559.

3417.

546.

3430.

533.

13

Annaximander th' *Horoscope* first made,
Æsop in Birds and Beasts, first figured men:
 Next King *Kinimachus*, *Gorbodug* swayde
 The *Brittish* Scepter: In the Lyons den
Daniell was cast, Now *Cyrus* did inuade
Cressus of *Lydia*, t'was the season when
Zacharias, *Aggeus*, *Malack* Prophecide,
 And the chaste *Lucretse* by her owne hand dide.

14

*Ferrex**Porrex*

3467.

496.

3475.

488

Next *Gorbodug*, *Ferrex* and *Porrex* raigned,
 After five yeares, bold *Porrex* *Ferrex* slew,
 For which their Mother *Porrex* much disdained,
 And in his blood did her blacke hands imbrew,
 After their death sedition was maintained
 Full one and fifty yeares, whilst no man knew
 Th'immediate heyre, and whilst these wars were norisht
Darius, *Xerxes*, and Queene *Hestor* flourisht.

15

3513.

450.

Th' *Athenian* *Sophocles*, a Tragicke Poet,
Plato, *Cratinus*, *Aristarchus*, were
 All Commicke Writers, as their workes best show it:
Empedocles of *Athens*, did acquiere
 Musickes full ground, and made the world to know it,
Parmenides made Lodgicke first appeare:
 Which in Mount *Caucasus* he first deuised,
Esdras the Scribe the Scriptures now comprised.

3522.

441.

16

Mul-
mutius.

M *Vlmutus* *Dunwallo*, sonne and heyre
 To *Cloten* Duke of *Corweyle*'s next instated,
 He did the foure broad High-ways first repaire,
 First Crown'd: *Pauls* Church first built and consecrated,

And after forty yeares from *Brittaines* Chaire
To a new Throne in heaven he was translated,
Now *Socrates* th' *Athenian* hearers charmes,
Demosthenes, famous for Arts and Armes.

3550.

413.

17

Beline and Bren the British Crowne deuide,
Being by their Mother (after wars) attoned,
Whilst Bren in forraigne Armes his valour tride,
Beline built Belinsgate: all *Denmarke* groned
Beneath his yoake, Bren (to the *Galles* alide,)
Sackt *Rome*, burnt *Delphos*, and was after stoned,
With Hayle and Thunder-stroke, much blood was
In *Italy* ten stately Townes he built. (spilt,

Beline.

Bren.

3563.

400.

18

Twenty six yeares betwixt them they supply
The Crowne and Sceptet: *Dionisius* raigned
In *Sicily*, *Damon* and *Pythias* try
Their mutuall friendship. *Xenophon* maintained
His schoole in *Athens*, *Plato* prized higher
His *Accademy* rear'd: Now was ordained
For King *Manfalus*, by the *Carian* Queene,
A stately Tombe rankt mongst the wonders nine.

3568.

395.

3586.

377.

19

Girguintus, Belins sonne, nineteene yeares made
The *Brittaines* homagers, by euen Tradition,
Aristotle liu'd, whose Fame shall neuer fade,
Sonne to *Nichomachus*, a great Physition,
Now *Macedonian* Phillip gan t'invade
His neighbour-Kings in many an expedition,
The Noble *Marcus Curtius* for *Romes* sake,
Arm'd at all points, leapt in the *Curtian* Lake.

Girguintus.

3588

375.

3595.

368.

3604

359.

20

Gvintheline six and twenty yeares made good
His right in *Brittaine*, *Mercia* his faire wife
Deuilde the *Mercian* Lawes: by *Tibur* flood
The clouds rained stones: after *Darius* strife,
Which ended in effusion of much blood,
By poyson *Alexander* lost his life:
Next *Guintheline*, seauen yeares *Cecilius* raigned,
Next him three yeares *Kimar* the state maintained.

Guintheline.

3607

356.

3628.

311.

Cecilius.

Kimar.

3633.

Nine

330.

21

Elanius.
Morindus.
 3652.
 311.
Gorbomannus
 3660.
 303.
Archigall.
 3671.

Nine yeares *Elanius* raig'n'd, *Morindus* eight,
 Deuour'd of a Sea-monster: In their dayes
Onas sonne of *Taddus*, reacht the height
 Of the Priests Office: *Gorbomannus* swayes
 Eleauen full yeares, a Prince assisting right,
 (*Symon Onas* sonne) the *Habrewes* raise
 To the Priest-hood, next iust *Gorboman*,
 Fierce *Archigall* to Tyranize began.

22

Elidure
 3676.
 287

After five yeares depos'd, his second Brother
 Succeeded in the stile of *Elidure*,
 A vertuous Prince, there sat not such another
 In *Brittaines* Chaire, in life seuer and pure;
 Five yeares himselfe did *Archigallo* smother,
 And his deposing patiently endure:

Archigallo.
 3681.

At length by *Elidurus* met and knowne,
 To *Archigallo* he resignes his Throne.

23

282.
Elidure.
 3691.

Ten yeares the twice-Crown'd *Archigallo* now,
 Gouvernes the State in Honour, and then dying,
 To *Elidure* againe the *Brittans* bow,
 After two yeares his Brothers him defying,
 Keepe him in bonds: the *Brittaine* Peeres allow,
 Their double rule, nine yeares their Conquest trying:
Vigenius and *Peridure* are past,
 And *Elidure* the third time Crown'd at last,

272.
Vigenius.
Peridure.
 3693.

270.
Elidure.
 3702.
 261.

Raigning foure yeares. In this forepassed state
 Liu'd *Epyre Pyrrhus*, and *Lisimachus*,
 The High-priest *Eleasar* chus'd of late,
 Receiues th'*Egyptian* league: Now breath *Selencus*
 And *Ptolomy*; now by the *Roman* Senate
 Siluer was coyned first, *Theos-Antiochus*
 In *Syria* raig'n'd, blood sprang out of a Well,
 And from the Clouds Milke in abundance fell.

3684.
 279.
 3705.
 258.
Gorboman.
Morgan.
Emerianus.

23
M *Anasses* liu'd high Priest among the *Iewes*,
 Ten yeares rul'd *Gorboman*, *Morgan* foureteene,
Emerianus next to him, pursues
 The Diadem: a Tyrant full of spleene,

Brytaines Troy.

421

After seauen yeares depold : Inall insues,
A temperate Prince, who twenty yeares was seene
In Brittaines Throne: *Amilchar Carthage* swaide,
Illyrian Teuca did proud *Rome* inuade.

26

Rimo raignd sixteene yeares, bold *Hanniball*
And *Scipio* fought, Wise *Cato* liu'd in *Rome*:
Next *Rimo* King *Geruntius* they install,
Him after twenty yeares his Lords intoome,
The lofty *Spaniards* from *Romes* Empire fal,
And after stand to *Fulius Flaccus* doome:
Ten yeares *Catellus* raignd: the *Iewes* were foyld,
And by *Antiochus* Gods Temple spoyld.

27

The Mother and her seauen sonnes Martird were,
The worthy *Indas Machabeus* fought
Gods battailes, *Coill* raigned twenty yeare,
Great *Carthage* was destroyd, and *Corinth* brought
To fall by fire: The Doctrines first apeare
The *Pharisei* and *Sadducei* taught:
Fiue yeares iust *Porrex*, drunken *Cherimus*
One, *Fulgen* two, one *Eldred*, one *Androgeus*.

28

Dendantius fiue yeares, two *Detonius* held
The soueraignty, then left this life for new,
Nature a Monstrous byrth in *Rome* compeld,
Hauing foure hands, foure feet: Corne grew
In *Bonony* on Trees, whose tast exceld,
The *Parthian Arfaces*, *Demetrius* slew.
Great *Scipio Affricanus* ends his life,
By false *Sempronia* his disloyall wife.

29

Young *Vrianus* three, King *Eliud* fiue,
Two *Merianus*, and *Bladunus* twaine,
Capenus three, *Oninius* doth next strine,
And his imperiall state two yeares maintaine,
Two *Silius*, *Bledgabredus* did suruiue
Full twenty yeares in his auspicious raigne
Hircanus gouerned in the high-Priests sted,
Marius triumpht o're *Iugurth*, Captiueled.

Nn

Arche-

3736.

227.

3756.

207.

Rimo.

Geruntius

3771

192

Catellus

3790.

173.

3795.

168.

Coill.

3800.

263.

3820

140.

Porrex.

Cherimus

Fulgen.

Eldred

Androgeus

Dedamius

Detonius

3843.

120.

3835.

128.

3848.

115.

Vrianus

Eliud.

Merianus

Bladunus

Capenus

Oninius

Sifilus.

Bladgabred.

3857

109

3869.

94

Archemac.

Eldotus.

Rodianus

Redargius

Samillus

Penesillus

Pirrhus

Caporus

Diuellus

Helyas.

3893.

70.

Lud

3894.

69

Cassibelan

3911

52

Cæsar.

3916

47

3919

44

3921

42

Tenancius

3934

29

30

A Rchemachus raignd two, Eldotus foure,
Two Rodianus, three Redargius,
Samillus two: the Brittaines next adore,
King Penesellus three, two princely Pirrhus,
And after him Caporus two, no more,
Now grew the warres twixt Scilla and Marius:
Diuellus foure, Helyas, Ely named,
Gouernd ten months, when death his body claimed.

31

L Vd, Helyes sonne, his happy rule began,
Nam'd Troynovant, Luds-towne, Ludgate erected,
Eleauen yeares raignd, then to Cassibelan
Left his two infant sonnes to be protected,
Who till the Princes grew to state of man,
By all the Brittish Peeres was King elected:
Raignd nineteene yeares, in his dayes twice repeld
The Roman Casar, the bold Brittaines queld.

32

N Ennius wan Casars sword, and had it brought
To be hang'd ore his hearse: Pompey the great
With Iulius Casar in Pharsalia fought,
Iulius vsurpes in Romes Imperiall seat,
Was stab'd with Bodkins, he that neuer fought,
But conquer'd, in all Martiall acts compleat:
Now flourish Cicero with praise Deuine,
Hermius and seditious Caeline.

33

And not the least grace to Triumphant Rome,
The rare Comedian Roscius; Next in rowe
Of Brittish Kings, must young Tenancius come,
Twenty three yeares he raignd, and then did owe
No more to nature, then th'adopted son
Of Casar, great Augustus: now doth grow
Romes Monarchy: Marke Anthony through pride
Rebeld, by Aspes great Cleopatra dide.

34

Virgil and Horace flourish: In these dayes
Iesus Sabetes sonne was consecrated
High Priest: King Herod Jewries Scepter swayes,
A generall peace is through the world debated,

Brytaines Troy.

423

The *Brittaines* next, King *Cimbelinus* raise,
And fūe and thirty yeares he is instated:
And now the Sauour of the world was borne,
Th'eternall King Crownd with a wreath of Thorne,

35

Hortensius, *Lyuy*, *Salust*, *Ouid*, all
Were Fan'de in *Rome*, valiant *Guiderius* next,
The *Brittaines* as their soueraigne Liege install,
Twenty eight yeares he gouernes, much perplex
With *Roman* warre: now chanc't *Seianns* fall,
Vnder *Tyberius*, now as saith the text:
Iohn Baptist preacht, and by King *Herod* dide,
Pylate was Iudge, and *Christ* was Crucifide.

36

Now *Aruragus* raignes, and takes to wife
Th'Emperour *Clodius* daughter: *Iewries* King
Was eat with wormes: Graue *Senec* breath'd this life,
And *Simon Magnus* did his Money bring
To buy the Holy-ghost, his Fame was rise
Amongst the *Romans*: now did *Nero* sing
Vpon a hill *Troyes* burning to his Lyre,
Hauing before set stately *Rome* a fire.

37

Saint *Marke* in *Alexandria* Martyrd was,
At *Ierusalem* *James* for the Gospell dide,
Paule suffred too, whose boldnesse did surpasse,
Peter likewise in *Rome* was Crucified,
Queene *Voada* a gallant *Brittish* Lasse,
Marcht with fūe thousand Ladies by her side,
and in one battaile (if report be true,)
Full fourscore thousand valiant *Romans* slew.

38

Next *Aruragus*, *Brittan Marius* guided,
Now was the Temple of the highest defaced,
His City sackt, and those that *Christ* derided,
Burnt, staru'd, or slaine, *Ierusalem* quite raced,
Iosephus liu'd, *Domitian* *Rome* deuicd,
and after *Tytus* in the Throne was placed:
Ignatius life in *Rome* mongst Lyons vanisht,
Saint *Iohn* whom *Christ* lou'd, wasto *Pathmos* banisht.

N^o 2

In

3944.

19

Cimbeline.
The yeare of
the world -
boue the line.

The yeare af-
ter *Christ* vn-
der the line.

3962.

1.

3978.

17

Guiderius.

3985

24.

3994.

33.

4006

45

Aruragus.

4017

56.

4019.

58.

4029

68

4024.

73.

Marius

4024

73

4070

108

93

In Rome now liu'd *Cornelius Tacitus*,
Suetonius, younger *Pliny*, *Iuuenal*,
Valerius Flaccus, and *Patanus*,
 and the Lasciuious Poet *Martial*,
 and vnder *Traian* : *Aulus Gellius*,
Plutarch and *Apuleius* : now the wall

From *Tyne* to the *Scotch Sea* was made for strength,
 Being one hundred and twelue miles in length.

48

4087

126

Coyll.

4141.

180.

Lucius.

Coylus built *Colchester* : now *Iustine* wrote,
 and with his Bookes and Life Christs Payth defended,
Egyptian Ptolomee the Starres did note,
 and Mathematickes found. *Lucius* ascended

The State next *Coyll*, who first set aflore
 Baptizme in England, by the Church commended

For our first Christian King : he mounts the Spheares,
 and without King, leaues *Brittan* fifeene yeares.

49

4169.

208.

Seuerus.

4174.

213.

Caracalla.

4179.

218.

Carassus.

4187.

226.

Aleetus.

Asclepiodale

4193.

232.

Seuerus th' Emperor did fife yeares supply

The *Brittish* Throne, then of the Goute he dyde

At *Yorke*, to *Bassianus* his ally,

Leauing both *Rome* and *Brittans* Isle to guide

Six yeares this *Caracalla* lifted high,

His Crowned state in Tirany and pride :

Tertullian now and *Origen* were knowne,

Carassus next assumes the *Brittish* Throne,

50

Gouernd eight yeares, then by *Aleetus* dide,

After three yeares bold *Asclepiodale*,

Aleetus slew, in hight of all his pride,

And *Roman Wallus*, by whose timelesse fall

Walbrooke tooke name. He thirty yeares supplide

The kingdome, then exchangd his Mortall state,

Artabanus great *Artaxerxus* slew,

S. Albon marry'd, left this life for new.

51

4223

262.

Coill.

4250

289.

Constantius.

Coill kild *Asclepiodale*, and raigned
 Twenty leuen yeares : *Constantius* succeeds
 By marraying *Brittish Hellen*, hauing gained
 The *Roman* Diadem : His vertuous deedes

The fauour of the multitude attained

Next: *Constantine* (sur-nam'd the great,) who reads

The Bible first in *Brittan*: *Arrius* preach't,

And th' *Arrian* errors through the whole world teach't

52

Now at *Ierusalem* Queene *Hellen* found

The very Crosse whereon our Saviour dide,

And the three nayles his feet and hands did wound,

Octavius next fifty foure yeares supplide

The Diadem, and then was laid in ground,

Three hundred eightene Byshops now applide

The *Nycene* Counsell, now did *Ambrose* reed,

And *Athanasius* that set downe the Creed.

53

With learned *Basill*, and about their dayes

Julian-Apostat liu'd: the next advanced

Was *Maximus*, whom the bold *Brittans* rayse,

To *Vrsula* a pittious Fortune chanced,

With eleuen thousand Maids passing the Seas

To *Brittaine* lesse, their liues were all intranced:

S. Ierom flourish't, writing Bookes Deuine,

So did in *Hyppone* learned *Augustine*.

54

G *Ratian* succede's, whom the bold *Brittans* slew

After foure yeares, in whose vnhappy raigne

Ambrose the *Millein* Byshop famous grew,

And *Chrysostom* did the true faith maintaine

In *Constantinople*, a Doctrine new

Th' Hereticke *Pellages* did in *Carthage* faine,

Where all his errors to his pride imputed,

Were by two hundred and seuen Clarke's confuted.

55

Algelmond raign'd first King of *Lombardy*,

at *Millett* th' Emperor *Theodorus* dide,

Alaricus sackt *Rome*. The Monarchy

and Throne of *France* first *Pharamond* supplide,

The *Scots* and *Picts* vnpeople *Brittany*,

But *Constantine* the *Brittaines* valiant guide,

Who came from *Brittaine* lesse, the Throne ascends,

and rules ten yeares, in him *Romes* tribute ends.

N h 3

4271.

310.

Constantine

4284

325

4290.

329.

Octavius

4344.

383.

Maximus

4388.

387.

4352.

391.

Gratian

4380

419

4381

422.

4394.

443.

Constantine

4404.

443.

Constantine.

4409.

448.

Vortiger.

59

Constans a Foole, the sonne of Constantine,
Was from a Monke by Vortiger made King,
And hauing one yeare gouern'd, did resigne
To the Duke Vortiger, who gouerning
Eightene whole yeares, two Lords of Saxon line,
Hengest and Horsa, cald, an army bring
To Land in Brittain, where not long they tarried,
Till Vortiger Prince Hengests daughter married.

57

Vortimer.

4426.

465.

For which the Brittaines him depos'd, electing
Young Vortimer his sonne to sway the state,
He the allyans of those Lords reiecting,
Whom Vortiger his Father rais'd so late,
Gouern'd six yeares, the land in peace protecting,
Whom his faire Step-dame brought to timelesse Fate,
By curst poyson, which no sooner chanced,
But Vortiger was once againe aduanced.

4432.

471.

Vortiger.

58

4402.

441

4411.

450.

In these dissentious dayes Gensericus
The Vandall King tooke Carthage. Attila
King of the Hunnes, euen to Thermopilus
Ore-came all Greece, Illyria, Thracia,
Against whom brauely fought Meroneus,
The most renowned King of Gallia,
Nam'd Gallia, France, and till King Pepins time,
All the French Kings discended of his line.

59

4417

456

4418.

457.

Venice was now first founded and begun,
Of such poore people, as to shun the rage
Of Tyrant Attila the famous Hun,
From Aquilea fled: whose pride to assuage,
The Roman Aetius a braue battaile won,
Slew eightene thousand Hunnes (in his young age)
Aetius enuide for raising Romes Dominion,
Was murdered by his Maister Valentinian.

60

Which Emperour at Thrasila was slaine
By one of Aetius souldiers, Vortiger
Of Brittaines awfull fear, possett againe,
The Saxons with the Brittish Peeres conferre,

VWhere at a VWatch-word giuen by *Hengists* traine,
Foure hundred *Brittish Barons* murdred were:

The King surprisde, and being in prison pent,
Gauc to them *Norfolke, Suffolke, Suffex, Kent.*

61

And of this *Hengist Brittan* chang'd the name,
Was cleaped *Hengists Land*; since *England* cald,
Next *Constantines* two younger Sonnes proclaime
Their rights in England, being naught appald
at *Hengists* might, stir'd by their Fathers Fame,
Ambros and *Vser* secke to be instald:

They land at *Totnes*, *Vortiger* they burne,
Kill *Hengist* too, for whom the *Saxons* murne.

62

Now *Merline* liu'd, *Aurelius Ambros* raigu'd
Thirty three yeares, made *Stone-henge*, which till now
Hath on the plaine of *Salsbury* remaind,
He dead, the *Brittans* to his Brothers vow
Like homage, and in State haue entertaind
Vser Pendragon, to whose throne they bow

Sixteene whole yeares: He doats on *Cornwayles* wife,
and for her loue bereaues her Husbands life,

63

Of her he *Arthur* got: In *France Clodouens*
Gouernd as King, the first that was Baptiz'd

In *Italy*: great *Theodoricus*

King of the *Astrogothes*, who enterprisde

Gainst *Odoacer* battaile, bold *Honoricus*

Gouernd in *Affricke*, who so much despisde

True Fayth, that he for th' *Arrians* in one hower,

Byshops exild, three hundred thirty foure.

63

Arthur the worthy, next the State ascended,
Fought twelue set battailes, and the order made

Of the Round Table, whose renowne extended

Through all the world, whilst *Arthur* doth inuade

Forraine Dominions, and Christs Faith defended,

Mordred at home, his Crowne and Queene betrayde:

Twixt whom, at *Arthurs* backe returne againe,

War was commenst, in which both Kings were slaine.

Next

4432.

471.

Hengist.

4442

482

Aurelius

Ambros.

4461

500.

Vier Pendra-
gon.

4478.

517.

Arthur.

4504.

533.

Mordred.

4504	65	Next <i>Arthur</i> , <i>Constantine</i> , Duke Cadors Sonne,
543		After his Vncle fixe and twenty yeares
<i>Constantine.</i>		Had gouern'd England, his estate begonne,
		Slew <i>Mordred</i> Sonnes in fight, with <i>Saxon</i> Peeres,
		That ayded them in battaile, these warres donne
4482		After foure Sommers, he ascends the Spheares :
521.		<i>Iustine</i> a Swine-heard, by ambition fierd,
		By crafty meanes th' Imperiall Seate aspyerd.
	66	
4488		Now liu'd in <i>Italy</i> the famous Dame
527		<i>Analsiantha</i> , with <i>Athalarius</i>
		Her Son, by whom her Soueraignty first came,
		She could both Greeke and Latine well discusse,
		Whose reuerence many Histories proclayme,
		Daughter to th' Emperor <i>Theodoricus</i> :
		<i>Iustinian</i> , the <i>Gracian</i> Empyre swayes,
		The <i>Persians</i> to their State <i>Cosroe</i> rayse.
	67	
4505		<i>Iustinian</i> in his Captaines much renowned,
545		<i>Narses</i> the Eunuch, a right valiant Knight,
		And <i>Bellisarius</i> , whose name was crowned
		Through all the world : Twice <i>Carthage</i> won in fight,
		Twice rescude <i>Rome</i> : his fame in <i>Persia</i> sowned,
		<i>Thrace</i> , <i>Greece</i> , th' <i>Affricke</i> Goaths, he put to flight :
		For much more seruice th' Emperor from his head,
		Tore out his eyes, he for st to beg his bread,
	68	
4507.		<i>Aurelius Conanus</i> slew in field,
546.		<i>Constantine</i> , <i>Arthurs</i> Nephew, three yeares swade,
<i>Aurelius Co-</i>		Then did his due to death and nature yeld,
<i>nanus.</i>		And <i>Vortigore</i> his Sonne is Soueraigne made,
4509.		Who did but foure yeares <i>Brittans</i> Scepter weild,
548.		When <i>Malgo</i> did the Soueraignty inuade,
<i>Vortigorus.</i>		Who slew his first Wif, her chaste Bed forfooke,
4513.		And to his Bride, his Brothers Daughter tooke.
542.		
<i>Malgo.</i>	69	
		King <i>Totylus</i> sack't <i>Rome</i> the second time,
4539.		What in the first he spoyl'd, he now repayrd,
578.		<i>Altinus</i> king of <i>Lumbards</i> , full with Wine,
		Cals for a Mazer (which he might haue spared)

Oth his Wiues Fathers Scull, for which in fine,
She loath'd her Husband, and yet further dar'd :
Vnto his loyall Bed she prou'd vntrue
With *Helme-child*, who after *Albine* slew.

70

C *Areticus* by help of *Irelands* King,
Cald *Gurmond*, *Brittan* *Malgo* did expell,
Whom after three yeares *Ethelfrid* did bring
To ruine, and in battaile prosperd well,
About this time *Sybert* th' *East Saxon* King,
Erected *Westminster* : *Ethelfrid* fell,
And *Cadwan*, Duke of *Northwales*, him defeated,
And two and twenty yeares in peace was seated.

71

Queene *Tredegunde* of *France* in the meane season,
Lawdry the Earle of *Soysons* deerely lou'd,
And for his sake destroyd the King by Treason,
Gainst *Gregory*, (fir-nam'd the great) was mou'd
By *John* the Patriarch (against all reason)
The Churches Primacy which he improu'd,
Arabian *Mahomet* his *Alkeron* made,
Frensh *Brunchild* liu'd, who had Princes ten betrayde.

72

C *Adwallin*, *Cadwans* Sonne next *Bittan* guided,
Benet the Monke, Paynting and Glazing found,
The *Saracins* by *Mahomet* prouided,
Wan *Persia*, where *Ormisda* long sat crown'd,
And in short space hauing their powers diuided,
Conquerd all *Egypt* with the Climars round :
Damascus likewise was subdude by them,
So was rich *Antioch* and *Hierusalem*.

73

Three yeares *Cadwallader* (esteem'd the last
Of *Brittan* Princes) gouern'd : and he dead,
The Kingdome wholly to *West-Saxons* past,
Of whom King *Iue* first impald his head,
And next him *Ethelard*, whose raigne was graft
By reuerent *Beda*, of whose workes we read :
Of Clearly Bookes on seuerall Subiects stil'd,
Threscore and eyghtene Volumes well compil'd.

Ne xt

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4690	74	Next <i>Ethelard</i> , raign'd <i>Cuthred</i> , whom succeeds
729.		<i>Sigebert</i> , and he not one full yeare did raigne,
<i>Cuthred.</i>		But was deposde for many tyrranous deedes,
4706.		And after basely by a Swine-heard slaine,
745.		<i>Rynulphus</i> to the Kingdome next proceedes,
<i>Sigebert.</i>		Who after by a man of <i>Sigeberts</i> traine
4709		Was murr'd in the night, as he should passe
748.		Vnto his Mistris, a braue <i>Brittish</i> Lasse.
<i>Kinulphus.</i>	75	
4702		The <i>Sarasins</i> pierce <i>Europe</i> , <i>Rhodes</i> they wasted,
749		The Firmament two daies appeares to burne,
		The Emperour <i>Constantine</i> his Army hasted
		The <i>Sarasins</i> by armes to ouerturne,
		Where thirty thousand <i>Pagans</i> of death tasted,
		When <i>Constantine</i> expires, the Christians mourne:
		His Throne and State <i>Iustinian</i> next maintained,
		And from the <i>Turkes</i> , <i>Affricke</i> and <i>Libia</i> gayned.
	76	
4739		The next West-Saxon King was <i>Brithricus</i> ,
778		Who eyghtene yeares after <i>Kinulphus</i> fall
<i>Brithricus.</i>		Raign'd King, came from the blooud of <i>Cerdicus</i> ,
		And queld the <i>Danes</i> in many a bloody brall,
		Wiu'd <i>Ethelburgh</i> , by whom, as Bookes discusse
		He poyson'd was: yet whilst he gouern'd all
		<i>S. Albons</i> , <i>Winchcombe</i> Abbeyes were both built,
		Blood rayn'd, which seem'd like Crosses where t'was
		(spilt.
	77	
4756		<i>Egbert</i> the Saxon, thirty seauen supplyde
795		The Soueraignery, now raign'd <i>French Charles</i> the great,
<i>Egbert.</i>		Eyghtene whole dayes the Sunne his light denyde,
		<i>Hyren</i> the Empresse from th' Imperiall Seat
		Her young Sonne <i>Constantine</i> deposde through pride,
		And after did him cruelly intreat:
		She caus'd his eyes be torne out of his head,
		And foure yeares after gouern'd in his stead.
	78	
4793		King <i>Ethelwolfe</i> , the fore-nam'd <i>Egbert's</i> Sonne,
832		As Chroniclers affirme, <i>Oxford</i> erected,
<i>Ethelwolf.</i>		a Priest at first, in Orders he begon,
		Till after marrying, he the State affected,

The Warlike *Danes* his Kingdome ouer-ron,
But are expeld: *Sergius* is Pope elected:
Whose name *Os Porcy* seem'd so vile, that they
Chang'd it, and from him all Popes to this day.

79

Foure Sonnes each other in the State succeedes
King *Ethelwald*, who gouern'd not a yeare
When *Ethelbert* his Brother don'd the Vveedes
Imperiall, and next him doth appeare
The third Sonne *Etheldred*, (whose body bleeds
By the bold *Danes*) who after slaughterd were
By the fourth Sonne: at *Brixium* as Bookes tell,
Three dayes together bloud in thicke shewers fell.

80

Young *Alured* from *Ethelwolfe* the last,
Twenty nine yeares sixe monthes, the Scepter bore,
Hungar and *Hubba* quite through *Scotland* past,
Bels were first vsde in *Greece* (not knowne before)
In sixe set battailes, *Alured* disgrast
The warlike *Danes*, then dyde: The Peeres adore
Edward his elder Sonne, who nobly beares
The *Brittish* Scepter foure and twenty yeares.

81

Nine *Popes* in lesse then nine yeares were instald,
Adelwald, *Edwards* Brother, twice rebelling
VVas by the Elders Prowesse twice appald,
And after slaine, the *Huns* and *Hungars* quelling
All *Europe*, were much feard: a Princessse cald
Elfede, King *Edwards* Sister much excellling:
after the throwes in her first Child-birth tryde,
For euermore her Husbonds Bed denide.

82

And proouing armies, by them she honor sought,
She tam'd the *VWelch-men*, and the *Danes* disgraced,
Next *Edward Adelstane* the battailes fought,
Of the bold English, and the Castles raced
(as the proud *Danes* reard) and to ruine brought
The *Saracins* euen from *Hetruria* chased:
Th' *Italian* Guards: they *Gaan* ouerthrow,
VVhere bloud three dayes out of a VVell did flow.

Now

4804.

843.

Os Porci
signifies hogs-
house.

4816.

845.

Ethelwald.

4817.

856.

Ethelbert.

4824.

863.

Etheldred.

4833

872

Alured.

4862

901

Edward.

4872

911.

4886

925

Adelstane.

4896

915

83

4901

940

Edmond.

4907

949

Eldred.

Now *Gui* of *Warwick*, *Danish Colebrand* flew,
 And England of all Tribute quite releast,
 King *Edmond* did the Soueraignety pursue,
 When *Adelstane* at *Malmsbury* deceast,
 Slaine after fife yeares : by succession true
Eldred his Brother raignes, whose pomp increast :
Edmonds two Sons being young, the Peeres cōplaine,
 and thinke their Vncle of more worth to raigne.

84

4915

954

4916

955.

Edwin.

France, *Tuskaine*, *Germany*, the *Hungars* wast,
Hugh King of *Italy*, by Fire destroyes
 The nauy of the *Sarazens*, then past
 To *Traxinetum*, *Edwin* next inioyes
 The Scepter (*Eldred* hauing breath'd his last)
 At *Kingstone* crown'd, whose hart was set on toyes,
 He *Dunstan* banisht, his Landes and Treasure lauisht,
 and his neere Neccc vpon his Crowne-day rauisht,

85

4920.

959

Edgar.

And next he flew her Husband, for all which
 after foure yeares he was depriude his state,
Edgar his Brother, a Prince wise and rich,
 In all things iust, seuer, and Fortunate,
 ascends the Throne, no Sorcerer nor Witch
 His sentence spard, Theeues, Bribers he did hate :
 To him *Ludwallis*, Prince of *Wales* obeyd,
 Three hundred Wolues for Tribute yearly payd:

86

4927

966

Forty seauen Monasteryes this King erected
 Red Crosses made, and on mens Roabes were feared,
 When *Duffus* had foure yeares the *Scots* protected,
Donewald a *Scotch* Lord, that no bad thing feared,
 Him basely flew, and from his Throne delected,
 From which, sixe monthes no Moone or Sunne appeared:
 The *Turkes* by *Euecus* Earle of *Bygar*,
 Were *Spaine* expeld, he first King of *Nauar*.

87

4939.

975.

Edward

King *Edgar* in his sixteenth yeare expyres,
 When his Sonne *Edward* was at *Kingstone* crownde,
 Slaine by his trayterous Stepdame, who desires
 The Crowne for her Sonne *Esheldred* : he founde

Brytaines Troy.

433

Exeter Abbey, *Swayne* of *Denmarke* fires
Citties and Townes in England, burning round :
King *Etheldred* raig'n'd in this Kingdome free,
Thirty eyght yeares : His murdred Brother three.

88

Now *Stephen* was made first King of *Hungary*,
And thirty nine yeares raig'n'd. *Alphons* of *Spaine*
Besiedging great *Vifenum* valiantly,
Was with an arrow kild, and strowed the plaine :
All the Lord-*Danes* that liu'd here tyranously,
Were by the English *Wiues* in one night slaine :
Ierusalem was by the *Turkes* posselt,
Whom twice the bold *Venetian* Duke distrest.

89

King *Edmond* (fir-nam'd *Iron-side*) next his Father
Inioyes the Kingdome, gainst whom *Swanus* Son
The bold *Canutus* all his *Danes* doth gather,
Twixt whom were many battayles lost and won,
After much bloods effusion they chose rather,
By single strife to end the broyles begon :
Theyr valors were in epuall ballance tryde,
and after Combat they the Land deuide.

90

Edrick of *Stratton*, valiant *Edmond* slew,
And from *Canutus* had a Traytors meede,
The valiant *Dane* in Stiles and Honors grew,
He *Scotland* wan, and *Norway* : To his seed
Leauing foure Kingdomes, Vice he did eschew,
Nor euer did a iuster Prince succeed :

English and *Danes* he atton'd vnto his doome,
and after went on Pilgrimage to *Roome*.

91

Robert the *Norman* Duke, for valor famed,
Hyesto the holy warres in *Palestine*,
He gone, his young Sonne *William* is proclaymed
The *Norman* Duke : Now seekes a Throne deuine
Canutus when he twenty yeares had raigned,
and *Harrold Harefoote* vnto whom incline

The *Danes* in England, next the Scepter fwayes,
and three yeares past : at *Oxford* ends his dayes.

O o

Hardi-

4936

978

Etheldred.

4961

1000

Edmond
Iron-side.

4977

1016

4978

1017.

Canutus.

4993.

1032.

4896

1038.

Harrold.

Harefoot.

92

5002

1041

Hardicanutus

5004

1043

Edward

Hardi-canutus the same number fild,
and drinking dide : whom the good *Edward* (Sainted
For holy workes) succeeds, no bloud he spild,
Nor with knowne sinnes his high profession taynted,
He married as the great Earle *Goodwin* wild,
Th'Earles Daughter *Edgitha*, and nothing wanted :
That a iust Prince should haue, one and twenty years,
In zeale and clemency the Crowne he weares.

93

5008

1047

5016

1055

This *Goodwin*, *Alphred Edward* younger Brother,
Traytorously slew, and by his power he yoaked
The King himselfe, betrayde his Soueraigne Mother,
By Byshop *Robert* to these illes prouoked,
But Heauen no longer could such mischiefe smother,
Swearing by Bread, he by the bit was choaked :
The swallowing Sea deuour'd all his Lands,
Which to this day beare name of *Goodwins* sands.

94

5014

1053

William the Bastard Duke first landing heare,
Was by the King receaued, and Englands Crowne
Promist by *Edward*, which no English Peere
Was knowne to contradict, after sent home
With greatest pompe, and *Harrold* the same yeare
Earle *Goodwins* sonne, a man of great renoune :
Arriude in *Normandy*, and with oathes deepe,
Sware (the King dead) for him the Crowne to keepe.

95

5027.

1066.

Harrold.

5028

1067.

William.

But *Edward* dead, *Harrold* vsurpes the seate,
Whom *Fauston* and the *Norwey* King inuade
Vpon the North, both whom he did defeate,
And brauely slew in battaile. *William* made
A new Incurfion gainst whom in t'is heare,
Harrold his Ensignes in the field displayde :
The *Norman* Duke preuaylde : and *Harrald* slaine,
William (the first so cald) begins his raigne.

In

In Brutes time whilst he gouerned Brittan, Anæus Siluius raigned amongst the Latines. Dercitus in Assyria, Athletetus in Corinth: Pipinus in Thulcan. Codrus in Athens, in whose dayes the Arke of God was taken by the Philistims.

Languet.

In Locrynes raigne Dauid was annoynted King ouer Israel.

In Guendolins raigne, he slew Vriah, and married Bertheba.

In Madans dayes, Salomon built the Temple, &c.

From Brute to Cæsar, the Brittans were not Tributary to any, the gouernment of the Romans from Cæsar to Theodosius, lasted 483. years. In Theodosius the youngers raign, the yeare of Christ 443. the Tribute ceased.

Stow.

The gouernment of the Saxons continued the space of 600. yeares in continuall warre and hostility, either with the Britans, the Danes, or the Normans.

The opinions of those that write of the first inhabiting of this Island are diuerse, and how it came first to receiue the name of Albion, some thinke of the Chalky and white Cliffe which seemes to wall it in from the Sea. But Hugh Genisis, a Roman Chronicler, writing of all the Kinges and Kingdomes of the World, from the Vniuersall Deluge, to Christ: Writes, that Danaus, King of Greece, had fifty Daughters, and Ægyptus as many Sonnes, who being married, and the women the first night murdring their Husbands, were for the offence banished, and sayling on the Seas, were driuen vpon this Island, which Albiana called after her Name Albion: vwith these Ladies he reports, that Spirits engendred, and begotte Gyants, who laie with their Mothers and Sisters (led onely by their lustes) till they had multipliyed themselues to the number of twelue thousand: But I doubt not, but that this Land may contend with any other whatsoeuer, for her antiquity, being inhabited with the first, which beeing continually vexed within it selfe with ciuill warres and forraine inuasions, her Monuments and remembrances, haue by these warres bin deuoured, which haue left the certainty of our first Antiquity doubtfull to the world, and not truely remembred by any that haue undertooke her first discouery.

Harding.

Hugh Genes.

Marian.

Here moreouer, wee could haue tooke fit occasion to haue

By Mirandula.

recorded all the Genealogies before the flood, with a brieſe report, who after the flood peopled euery other Kingdome, and from whom euery Region tooke her Name: but it had bin a courſe, too ſtrange and different from our purpoſe, which is onely to finde out ſuch thinges as haue alliance to this Land of Brittan, and the memorable things beſt knowne to vs.

Virgil.

We inſiſt not much in Æneas trauels, of his landing at Carthage, his loue to Queene Dido, her killing her ſelfe at his departure from her land, the funerall of his Father Anchifeſ, with his warres againſt King Turnus, for the beautilous Lavinia Theſe, becauſe they are amply ſet downe in Virgils 12. Bookes of his Æneids, wee thought better rather ſuperſicially to paſſe them ouer with a bare remembrance, then to bee too palpably tract in a Hiſtory. ſo common to all men. Which we (the rather to) omit, becauſe we haſten to the antiquities, and the ſucceſſiue Soueraigneties of our natiue Iſland, whoſe age (our purpoſe is) to deriue from the firſt Inhabitantes, and ſo to continue it euen to this preſent gouernment.

Eusebius.

The Antiquity of London was helde to bee longe before Rome. For Brute landed here in the yeare of the Lord 285. In the yeare before Chriſt 1108. Rome was built long after, in the time that Riuallo ruld in Brittain, the yeare after the flood 1554. after Comerus, the firſt king of Italy, 1414. after the deſtruction of Troy, 432. after Brute arriued in this Land of Brittain 355.

The end of the ſixteenth
CANTO.



Argumentum

OF all great Britains Kinges, truly descended
From the first Conqueror next we shall intreat,
How they haue sayld, or how their hands extended
Through any forraine Realmes by Conquest great,
How they begun, and how their raignes they ended,
Till royall Iames claymes his Monarchall Seate;
In whom three kingdomes, first by Brute deuided,
Vnited are, and by one Scepter guided.

ARG. 2.

FROM Norman William a true note collected,
Of all the kinges and Queenes that here protected.

CANTO. 17.



I
William, the Norman Duke
is next inuested,
Sixt of that Dutchy
entring by sterne warre,
A troublous raigne he liu'd,
and sildome rested
From rough rebellious armes :
yet euery barre

His Sword remou'd, Hertford his pride detested,
But for his Treason was confined farre :

Earle Walter too, into that faction led,
Disclosde the plot, and for it lost his head.

William the
Conqueror.

5028

1067

Roger Earle of
Hereford.

5037

1076

2

5042

1081

Duke *Robert*, *Williams* Sonne, by th'instigation
Of the *French* King, doth *Normandy* inuade,
Against whom *William* rayde the English nation,
And when no Prince betwixt them could perswade,
They met and fought, with much loude acclamation,
Robert vnhorst his Father, and then stayde
His warlike hand, whom by his voyce he knew,
And raifd him : for which, peace betweene them grew.

3

5050

1089

William inuading *France*, in *Caen* expyerd,
And there lies buried by his warlike Peeres,
after he many Towers and Townes had fierd,
Raigning o're England one and twenty yeares,
Foure Sonnes he left, one Danghter much admierd :
Robert and *Richard*, who ascends the Spheares
Before ripe age : *William* who next doth sway,
Henry cald *Bewclack*, and fayre *Adela*.

4

5030

1069

5031.

1670.

Otho Duke of
Bauaria.

Whilst our great Conqueror liu'd, the King of *Danes*,
Canutus by the English Out-Lawes ayded,
Inuades the North, but *William* him restraynes,
Henry the Emperor *Bauaria* inuaded,
Malcolm that ore the troublous *Scots* then raignes
Peirces Northumberland, at this time vaded
The *Saxons* glory, *Otho* them defaced,
after the *Thuringas* he by armes had chased.

5

Pope Gregory
the seauenth.

5030

1069

Eudochia who had seuen yeares worn the Crown
Of *Graciaes* Empyre, was by maryage tyde
Vnto *Rhomanus*, one of high renowne,
(Sir-nam'd *Diogenes*.) *Gregory* denyde
Marriage to Priests, the *Russ*. Duke was put downe
By Prince *Demetrius*, neare to him allyde :
William foure Castles built, his Foes to tame,
At *Yorke*, at *Lincolne*, and at *Nottighame*.

6

5037

1079

Henry then *Casar* for some sinne detected,
Did by the Pope stand excommunicate,
and being of his Feudor King reiectd,
To *Gregory* submits him and his State,

Now liu'd the famous *Oswald* much respected,
Byshop of *Sarum*: *Cesar* absolu'd late:
(The second time condemn'd) gainst *Gregory* sped,
Stating *Rauennas Robert* in his sted.

7

Vradislaus was the first King made
Of *Boheme*, and of all the Countries neare,
Ansell who then *Galissias* Scepter swayd,
Did gainst the *Sarazens* in armes appeare,
And wan from them *Tolledo*, by the ayde
Of Christian Princes: *Rufus* gouern'd heer
Next after conquering *William*, thirteene springs
He sat inuested in our Throne of Kings.

8

'Twice *Robert* made incursion, but suppress
By *Williams* power, the *Scots* inuade againe
But are appeas'd, the *Welshmen* *Rees* inuest,
Who in a conflict was by *William* slaine:
Ierusalem by *Pagan* Armes oppress,
Th'assembled christia kings by force maintain:
Where dide in battaile as the rumor ran,
The *Babilonian Souldan*, *Soliman*.

9

The *Norman Robert*, chus'd King by election
Of *Palestine*, refus'd the Sacred stile,
Which *Bulloin Godfrey* tooke to his protection,
Scotch Malcolm with his sonne entring by guile
Northumbers Marches, came to the deiection
By valiant *Robert*, who was Earle that while:
(Both slaine in field) K. *William* the same yeare,
Erected the great Hall in *Westminster*.

10

Duncan vsurpes in *Scotland*, not two yeares
He gouern'd there, but in his bed was slaine,
Donnald restor'd, not long the Scepter beares,
But *Edgar* (that ambitious was to raigne)
By armes suppress him, and the Dia'dem weares,
Rufus being hunting, *Tyrrell* of his traine,
By glauncing of an Arrow, the King slew,
Henrie next gouernes, by succession true.

Robert Byshop
of *Rauenna*,
made pope by
the name of
Clement.

5047

1089

Will. Rufus

5050

1089

5051

1090.

5055.

1044

5061

1100.

5060

1099

5060.

1099

5062.

1101

Henry Ben-
clarke.

5062

1101

5067

1106

Adelisia
daughter to
the Duke of
Louaine.

5071

1110

5081

1120

5096

1135.

11

Thirty five yeares did *Henry Beauclarke* guide
Th' Helme-Royall, he for Theft strict lawes decreed,
Robert returnd from *Palestine*, deside
Henry, who after parley were agreed,
Long their truce lasted not, *Ben-clarke* denide
His Brothers pension, great dissentions breed:
After much warre, Duke *Robert* they surprise,
Who for a prisons breach forfeits his eyes.

12

Norwich Cathedrall Church is founded new,
S. Bartholmewes built, by *Reior* a Musitian,
In *Belgia* great Inundations grew,
Being almost drown'd: Now vpon good condition
Peace twixt the Emperor and King *Henry* grew,
Whose daughter was with much hye superstition
Made Empresse: *Maud* the English Queen being dead
Henry takes *Adelisia* in her stead.

13

The King of *England* with *French Lodwicke* tryes
Great discords, where the *English* gaine the best,
In their returne by Sea great Tempests rylse,
Where all the yssue-Royall most and least
Perisht, with many Nobles grane and wise,
Where eight-score soules at once are sent to rest:
Of all the ship, one Butcher and no more,
Escapt the seas, and swam vnto the shore.

14

Geffrey Plantagenet (the Emperour dead)
Wiues *Maud* the Empresse, vnto whom she bare
Two sonnes, *Henry* and *Geoffrey*: now life fled
From *Ben-clarke*, who to *Stephen* resignes his Chaite,
But ere he rests him in his earthy bed,
He is renown'd for many buildings rare:
Dunstable Priory, *Reading Abbey*, and
Windfore fayre Castle, that on hye doth stand.

15

Duke *Bohemond* in *Asia* warres maintaining,
Was by the *Turkes* surpriz'd, restor'd againe
By *Tamred*, who in *Puell* after raigning,
Infinite *Turkes* were by his valour slaine,

Baldwin defies the Souldan, thereby gaining
Two famous Townes : Now Alphons rules in Spaine :
Lewes the grosse in France, in Scotlands right,
Malcolms first sonne, that Alexander hight.

16

Alexius did the Gracian Empire sway,
Henry in Rome, the Pope doth Pascall guide,
In Hungary raigned Stephen : about that day
A blazing Starre appeares, and long abides,
Two Moones are seene, and in Flaminia
Blood raignes ; Michaell the Duke of Venice rides
Against the Pagans, who were made his pray
At toppen : After in his home returne,
He many of the Emperours townes did burne.

17

Charles Earle of Flaunders in the Church was slaine
By the proud Bruggis prouost, which related,
William the sonne of Cort-hofe did complaine,
And by French Lewes was next Earle instated,
Balach the Parthian did proud warres maintaine
Gainst Baldwin, which was by rough Steele debated :
Baldwin surprizd, fayre Sions Towers quite rased,
And faire Ierusalem once more defaced.

18

Stephen Earle of Bulloin sonne to th' Earle of Bloys,
and Addela next Henry rules as King,
Though Maud the Empresse had th' applausive voyce,
Of many English peeres, through which warres spring,
Gloster and Chester Earles, after much choise
Of fields and battailes, such an Army bring,
That Stephen is tooke, and vnto Bristow sent,
After releast, by London and by Kent.

19

These Countie rayse an army, and surprize
Gloster, for whom the Barons change King Stephen,
Dauid of Scotland doth gainst England rise,
after much warre their discords are made euen,
By th' Empresse meanes his Barons him despise,
First Stephen preuailes, the Lords their Lands bereauen :
But gathering head, at Wilton they preuaile,
Where the King flies, whom Gloster doth assaile.

Gazim and
Damascus,

5083

1122.

Rhodes, Chios,
Samos, Lesbos,
Mittlene.

5085

1125

5086

1125

K. Stephen

5102

1141

5107

1136

Eustace Son to
King Stephen.

5114
1153

5115
1154

Henry the 2
5116
1155

5118
1157

5120
1159

20

Henry, Mauds sonne, after K. Stephens decease,
Is proclaim'd King, which soone attones their strife,
By which mild Stephen raignes all his dayes in peace,
His sonne, the French Kings Sister takes to wife,
Gerfa the sonne of Bela gan encrease
His fame among the Hungars, and his life
Was fearefull to the Germans; Lewes swayd France,
The Turkes grim Alaph to their Crowne aduance,

21

Earle Roger rul'd Sicilia. Alman
Great Barbarosse, Romes Empery Conrade,
Adrian of England held the Papacy,
In Scotland raignd Malcolm a beaution mayd,
The English Jewes at Easter Crucifie
A Christian child, and life for life they paid:
Next Stephen, King Henry, second of that name,
Sonne to the Empresse Maud the Peeres proclame.

22

Thirty five yeares his prosperous raigne doth last,
In which he Englands Seigniorie augmented,
With Scotland, Ireland, and then further past
To th' Orcad Isles, whose forces he preuented,
Brittaine, Poictou, and Guien he made fast
To th' English Crowne, Wales that but late dissented,
His sword appeald, and after well protected,
Which done great Rutland Castle he erected.

23

Two Sunnes at once within our skies appeare,
And in the Moone a bloody Crosse was seene,
Lewes of France sent ouer Margaret heere,
His daughter, to be made young Henries Queene,
By which the discords that both Realmes did feare
In this alliance quite disperfed beene:
Once more the King gainst Scotland is prouoked,
Pope Adrian drinking, with a Fly was choked.

24

Vradislaus for his valour showne,
At Milleins sledge, was by the Emperour made
Bohemians second King, his Armes well knowne,
A faire red Rampant Lyon: Baldwin layde

On his blacke hearse, *Almericus* is growne
King of *Ierusalem*, who brauely staid
Th' *Egyptian* power, and in one glorious day,
Wan from the *Souldan Alexandria*.

25

Now *Thomas Becket* who before had fled
To *Rome*, and there complaind him of the King,
Was to his Sea restor'd, after strooke dead
In *Canterbury Church* (a pittious thing)
Him *Rome* Cannoniz'd for a Saint, which bred
Much superstition: *Salladine* doth bring
A puissant host: his Conquests he began,
And by the sword *Egipt* and *Sarry* wan

5132.

1171.

5133

1172

Henry, King *Henries* sonne, was twice instated
And Crown'd in *England* in his Fathers dayes,
By which much vprore was by warre debated,
The sonnes against the father tumults raise,
The Pope gainst th' Emperour *Fredericke* animated,
Fredericke submits, and at his foot he layes
His princely head, whilst with a Lordly checke,
The Pope his foot sets on the Emperors necke.

5137

1176.

27

Andronicus hauing his Maister slaine,
(The childe *Alexius* left to his tuition)
Three yeares the *Gracian* Empire doth maintaine,
Baldwin the fift, (a Chilm of faire condition)
Is Crowd in *Syon*: *Saladin* againe
Gainst *Palestine* doth make new expedition:
Subdues *Ierusalem*, and since his dayes,
The Infidell the holy kingdome swayes.

5143.

1183

5144

1183

28

Henry the sonne before the Father dyes,
Whose warres his Brother *Richard* takes in hand,
And by hostility the King defies,
Vnable gainst his puissant sonne to stand,
Sickenesse and grieve of thoughts the King surprise,
Who dying, to Prince *Richard* leaues the Land:
Richard in Armes a bold reputed Knight,
Who for his stout heart *Cordelyon* hight.

5149.

1186

5150

1189.

Richard
Cordelion.

Eleuean

29

5151

1189.

Eleuen full yeares, nine months and twenty dayes
 He sat inthron'd Now Bayliffes first begun
 In London : many Christian princes raise
 Fresh powers, to gaine *Ierusalem* late wun,
Almaine, France, England, Burgoine (whom most praise)
 To this, *Sicilia, Venice, Pyfa* run,
 And quell the Pagans. *Richard Cipresse* tooke,
 And *Acon*, where the French King him forsooke,

5152.

1191

30

5151

1190

Frederick the Empetor, hauing late subdude
 The lesse *Armenia*, where his Fame was sowned,
 Through greatest part of *Asia* gan intrude,
 And of that Tri-part world was soueraigne Crowned,
 But by misfortune or by rashnesse rude,
 Was after in the flood *Selephius* drowned :
Richard exchange'd with *Gui* of *Lesingham*
 The Crowne of *Cipresse*, for *Ierusalem*.

5154.

1193

31

Grac't with the title of the holy King,
 Returning with a small and slender traine
 Towards *England*, where his Brother *John* vsurping,
 Tooke to himselfe a short rebellious raigne,
 The *Austrich* Duke, King *Richard* enuying,
 Surpriz'd him first, then gaue him to be slaine
 To s fierce *Lyon*, whom vnarm'd he beat,
 And from his bulke his warme heart tort and eat.

32

5154

1193.

Thence ransom'd, (after warre) prince *John* submits,
 Whilst *Saphandenus* *Egipts* Empire swayde,
 In *Spaines* Tribunall the eight *Alphons* sits,
Emericus Hungariaes King is made,
 To *Innocent* the third, th'Emperour submits,
 Who eighteene yeares the Papall *Crosier* staide,
 He first deuild Auricular confession,
 Which since his time, the Popes keepe by succession.

5159

1198

33

5161

1200

Richard besiedging *Gailerd* long with Steele,
 Was with an Arrow from the Castle wounded,
 Shot by the hand of one *Peter Baxeelle*,
 He slaine, Retrait the valiant English sounded,

His want, the Cleargy, Peeres, and Commons feele,
In whom Religion, power, and state abound:

Next him King *John* succeeds by the Lands doome,
Who whilst he raignd despisd the threats of *Rome*.

King John

34

Raign'd seuentene yeares, him *Phillip* King of *France*
Inuades, in *Arthur* Duke of *Brittains* name,
Whose powers the English *John* surprisd by chance,
Imprisoning *Arthur* whence these Garboyles came,
The *Persians* *David* to the Throne aduance,
Who with his *Indian* Troopes marcht with much Fame,
Of *Parthia* and *Armenia* Conqueror,
And of *Tartaria* the first Emperor.

5162

1201.

35

Five Moones were all at once in *Torke*shire scene,
After which portent many stormes insude,
prince *John* hauing incurd the popes fell spleene,
Stands with his Land accurst, which some allude
To Byshop *Lanchton*, who at *Rome* had beene,
And sought in *Canterbury* to intrude:

5164

1203

In *Suffolke* was a strange Fish tooke, that bore
The shape of man, and six months liu'd a shore.

5167

1206.

36

The Maior and Shrieffer in London were first made,
Wales twice rebelling was by warre appeald,
Th'English at *Sluce* the Nauy of *France* inuade,
A thousand twenty sayle at once they ceald,
Pope *Innocent* great *Cæsars* pompe allaide,
Making such Lawes as scarce the Empire pleald,
Onely such princes should as Emperors stand,
As should receiue their Crownes at the popes hand.

5170

1209

37

Of whom the *Saxon* Duke *Otho* was first,
Venice subdues *Coreyra*, and the Iles
Adiacent, *Otho* by the pope accurst,
For taking to himselfe the Empires stiles,
Against him Menace warre pope *Innocent* durst,
and traid into these broyles by prayers and smiles:
Fredericke the second, who the Diadem weares
after Duke *Otho*, three and twenty yeares.

5173

1212

Pp

John

38

5174

1213

John for a yearely tribute to *Rome* payde,
Of twice five hundred Markes, absolues his Land,
King *Alexander* is the *Scotch* King made,
(After deceased *William*, to command,)
He twenty and foure yeares the kingdome staide,
Against King *John* the English Barons stand,
And to their faction the French *Lewes* bring,
Whom in *Johns* stead they seeke t'elect as King.

5177.

1216.

39

Henry the 3.

5179.

1220

Amidst these tumults *John* by fate expires,
(As some suppose) by poyson : whom succeeds
Henry his sonne : him more the Land desires
Then *Lewes*, hated for some bloody deeds,
For him the people make triumphant fires,
A generall ioy his hye instalment breeds :
at nineteene yeares, the kingdome hee attained,
and fifty six yeares o're his subiects raigned.

40

5181

1220.

5182

1221

Our Ladies Church in *Westminster* he reared,
Now *Hocata* the second puissant King
Of great *Tartaria*, was renownd and feared,
He first the Title of great *Caan* did win,
The drooping *Scotch* King was by *Henry* cheared,
To whom he gaue his Sister (next of Kin)
Faite *Ioane Robert* : *Gracias* Empire swayd,
Who to his Empreffe tooke a beautilous Mayd.

41

5183

1222

She was before betroth'd to a great peere
Of *Burgoine*, he the Emperours pompe despying,
Entred his armed pallace without feare,
The Damsell in the Emperours armes surprising,
He first cut off her nose (reuenge seuer)
And from that place himselfe disguising :
To her fore bribed Mother posting fast,
Th'inconstant Dame into the Seas he cast.

42

5184.

1223

5186.

1225.

The *Scots* in *Cathnes* their proud Byshop burne,
Because he curst such, as their tythes denide,
Wards were first graunted, *Frederick* doth returne
Towards *Asia*, and the *Souldan* pufte with pride,

Vanquish't in field, and now no longer mourne
Those Christians that in *Palesine* abide;

England with *France* makes warre, and after peace,
Tumults in *Wales* arise, but soone surcease.

5190

1229

43

Frederick, King *Henries* Sister takes to wife,
Cald *Isabell*: *Henry* takes *Elanour*,
Daughter to th' Earle of *Prouence*, ending strife
Twixt them before begun, about that houre
His spousals were solemniz'd, and ioyes rise,
In th' Element appear'd a warlike power

Of men in armes, of diuers wings compacted,
The *Merton* Statute now was first enacted.

5196

1235.

5198

1237

44

This yeare the famous faction first begun
Of *Guelfes* and *Gibelins*, *Tartarian Caan*

Inuades the *Hungars*, and their kingdome won,
Where their King *Bela* was in battaile slaine,

The Mother eats her Childe, and Sire, the Sonne,
So great was hunger mongst the *Hungars* than:

Now London Aldermen were first elected,
and *Frederick* once more by the pope reiectcd.

5201

1240

5202

1241

5203.

1242

45

Pope *Innocent* the fourth from th' Emperour flying
To *Lyons*: to the Cardinals first gaue

Red hats. A *Jew* in *Spaine* Christs faith denying,
pierst a huge rocke, there found a hallow Caue,

In it a Marble stone which with Steele trying,
He finds a Booke inclozd with præcepts graue,

Which spoke of Christ, by which the Story saith,
The stiffe-neckt *Jew* was turn'd to Christian faith.

5204

1243.

5206

1245

46

Henry with London Citty late displeas'd,
For sentence gainst one *Margaret Viell* past,

Into his power the Cities Charters ceas'd,
Which by submission they regain'd at last,

Young *Alexanders* Father long diseas'd
Expir'd in *Scotland*, the young prince in hast

at nine yeares Crownd, to whom *Henry* affide,

His Daughter *Mary*, whom he tooke to Bride.

5209

1248

5213.

1252.

5214

1253

5219

1254

5218

1257

5219

1258.

5221.

1260.

5225

1264.

Richard of
Cornwayle
Brother to the
King and Em-
peror.

5233.

1272

5233

1272

Edward the
first.

5235

1274

47

In *Italy* bloud issued out of bread
As out of woundes, *French Lewes* was surprisd
By the great *Souldan*: *Mango Caan's* made head
Of the rude *Tartars*, who being well aduisde,
Receiued the Christian Fayth, and after sped
against the *Turkes*, in Crosses red disguisde:
Alphons of *Spaine* bestowes his Daughter fayre
On young Prince *Edward*, *Henries* hopefull heyre.

48

Richard of *Cornwall*, Brother to the King,
At *Aquisgrau*e was Emperor elected,
and *Alphons* of *Castile* the State affecting,
Was by the Electors from the State relected,
Albertus Magnus flourisht in his spring,
And *Michael Paleologus*, respected
For his great warres in *Greece*, who *Baldwin* slew,
and thirty five yeares in the Empire grewe.

49

At *Oxford* the mad Parlement began,
King *Henry* with his *Barons* doth contend,
They fought neare *Lewes*, many a valiant man
Of Noble bloud came to a timelesse end,
The King against his Peeres the best he can,
Striues by the Sword, his *Barons* to offend:
Who *Manger* all his force the battaile wonae,
Surprisd the King, his Brother, and his Sonne.

50

Prince *Edward* entred *Asia*, and there fought
against the *Turkes*, where he atchieued much fame,
at length his life was by a *Sarazan* sought,
Who with a Knife to his Pavilion came
Empoysoned: and his death had almost wrought,
For in his princely arme he fixt the same:

Richard, King *Henries* Brother, and *Romes* king
First dyes, and after *Henry*, the same spring.

51

Next whom, Prince *Edward Long-shankes* was inuicted,
and thirty foure yeares raig'n'd, admir'd and feared,
Th'vsurping pride of Priests, he much detested,
Bounty and Vertue in this Prince appeared,

Nicholas the third made Pope, from th' Empire wrested
Two Kingdomes for two Nephewes, much indeered:
Of Jewes at once (that in their wealth tooke pride),
Two hundred eyghtry foure, for Coyning dyde.

5238
1277
5240
1279

Lewellen next rebeld, slaine by the hand
Of Roger Mortimer. After not long
David his Brother did gainst Edward stand,
A daungerous Rebell, and in faction strong,
Yet perisht likewise, with his warlike Band
Of Welch revolted: (other things among)

5246
1285

King Edward ioyes, to quell the French-mens scorne,
and for Prince Edward at Carnaruan borne.

Alexander Issuleffe fell from his Steed
And brake his necke, the Carmelites began,
Phillip the fayte, in France was King decreed,
Two Women in Helueta liued than,
Who in their Wombs did two strange Monsters breed,
One bore a Child that had the face of man,
and body of a Lyon: th' other bred
One with two bodies, from the Girdle-fled.

5247
1286

5248
1287

The Scotch King dying Issuleffe, contention
In Scotland grew, who should succede the State,
The strife Edward atton'd, and after mention
Made of their Title, which these Lords relate,
He arbitrates theyr fierce and hot dissention,
And to John Ballioll priz'd at hyest rate

5253
1292

He giues the Crowne, which pleased Scotland well,
Madock and Morgan now in Wales rebell.

5254
1293

Edward thrice war'd gainst Scotland, and preuayled,
The French Kings Sister Margaret tooke to Wife,
and to his Sonne the Printedom he entayled
Of Wales, proud Ottoman began great strife
With Christendome, and many Townes assayled,
In him the Empire of the Turkes took life:

5255
1294
5260
1299

Edward the 2.
the 1. Prince of
Wales.

5261
1300

Pope Boniface the eyght suruived than,
He first in Rome the Iubilee began.

5267.

1306.

56
Creat *Tamor Cam* gouerned *Tartaria*,
Albert the Emperre, *France*, King *Phillip* guided,
Prince *Ladisslaus* ruld *Hungaria*,
Clement the fift the seat of *Rome* deuided,
Transporting it to *France*, which from that day
Seauenty foure yeares continew'd vndecided:
5268
Seraph th' *Egyptian* *Souldan*-ship supplide,
1307.
Edward the first in his *Scotch* garboiles dide.

Edward 2.

5269

1308

Henry 7. Em.

5270

1309.

57
The second *Edward* him succeeds, and raignes
Full eightene yeares, a Prince of no renowne,
He ryots, Lusts, and wantonnesse maintaine
Mongst priuate vnthrists, and his peeres put downe,
Henry the Emperour hauing brauely gaine,
Many great fields was with an yron Crowne
at *Mulleine* Crownd, where he aduanceth his name,
The Crutched Fryares first into England came.

5276.

1315

58
Peirs *Gaueston* twice banisht by the Peeres,
Was by the King recald: *John* *Tamer* rose
In rebell armes, destroyd by his owne feares,
Phillip the long, their King the French-men chose,
The haury *Speneers* triumpht many yeares
Ouer the Nobles, who themselues oppose
against their pride: the *Spencers* they exile,
Whom the loose King reuoked in small while.

5283

1322.

59
Twenty two Barons (for the *Spencers* loue)
The King cut off: the *Sun* six houres appeared
Of sanguine hew, his glorious brightnesse stroue
with his red Maske, which at the last he cleared,
Edward his force did twice gainst *Scotland* proue,
(Both times the soyle with English blood besmeared:)

5284.

1323

The *Queene* and Prince the *Spencers* could not brook
And like two exiles their owne Land forlooke.

60

Sir *John* of *Henawls* Lands in the *Queenes* ayde,
And hy the Barons helpe, the King pursued,
who after in strong *Barkley* Castle layde
Sir *Roger* *Mortimer*, a man indude

With Pride and Tyranny the King betrayde,
and with the Kings bloud *Barkley Tower* Imbrude:

Baldock, the *Spencers* Minions to the King,
The Conquering Peeres vnto destruction bring.

61

Edward King *Edwards* Sonne, fifty yeares bore
Englands rich Scepter: *Charles* the *French* King dide,
Leauing no issue of the Royall store,
Therefore King *Edward* being next alyde,
Claymes *France*, to which the *Dons* peeres restore
Phillip Valois, and *Edwards* clayme deride:

Sir *Roger Mortimer* (long graft boue reason
By the Kings Mother) was condemn'd of Treason.

62

Edward the Blacke-Prince was at *Woodstocke* borne,
King *Edward* fought the field cald *Haldonne* Hill
In *Scotland*. After some few dayes out-worne,
The King his clayme to *France* doth menace still,
Petrach the *Laureat* liu'd, the *French* in scorne,
Foure hundred Sayle with armed Souldiers fill:
These *Edward* meetes at *Sluce*, whom fame hath souned,
Thirty three thousand of *French* t haue slain & drowned.

63

The order of the Garter was first made,
Soone after was the famous *Cressie* field,
Don Petro by his *Spanish* Peeres betrayde,
Was to their violent fury forst to yeild,
Edward wan *Callis*: *John* next *Phillip* swayde
In *France*, and mena't with his warlike Shield:

The braue Black-Prince at *Poytieres* battayle wonne
The field, the *French* King Prisoner, and his Sonne.

64

Melchella was now *Souldan*, *Amurath*
Emperor of *Turky*, and with Conquest fought,
(A persecutor of the Christian Fayth)
The *French* King *John* hauing his peace now bought,
at *Sanoy* dide: and *Charles* the sixt next hath
The Crowne of *France*: *Don-Peter* ayde besought:
Who late exiled from the Crowne of *Spaine*,
Was by the Black-Prince reposselt againe.

The

5287

1326

Edward the 3.

5288

1327

5291

1330

5293

1332

5301

1340.

5309

1348

5317.

1356

5324

1363.

5327

1366

John a Gaunt
Duke of Lan-
caster

5334

1373.

5337.

1376.

65
The Duke of *Lancaster* *France* ouer-run.

Vnfought withall: Sir *Robert Knowles* likewise

Marcht by the Citty *Paris*: now begun

Great *Baiazeth* among the Turkes to rise,

The braue blacke Prince (from *France* where he had won

So many Noble fields) returning dyes:

The King himselfe (as our best writers say)

Expir'd, of *June* the two and twentieth day.

66

Richard 2.

Richard the second, sonne to the bold Prince

Edward (fir-namd the Blacke) at yeares eleuen

Began his rule, whom many men conuince

Of wanton ryot, and a course vneuen,

5341

1380

Well tutor'd in's minority, but since

He manag'd state, too much neglecting heauen:

Gunnes were deuild first by a *Germaine* Fryer,

France doth the Kingdome of *Nauar* desire.

67

Queene *Ioane* of *Naples* flourish't, *Bohemes* King

Vincellaus, was *Almaine* Emperor made,

Twixt *Portugall* and *Castile* discords spring,

Two Popes contend; the *Genowayes* inuade

The bold *Venetians*, and to battaile bring

Their Nauall powers, both Ensignes flye displaid:

5342

1381

Iacke Straw dyes, stabd in *Smithfield* by the care

Of *William Walworth*, at that time Lord Maior.

68

5343

1382

A wondrous Earth-quake did whole England shake,

King *Richard* th' *Almaine* Emperors daughter wiude,

The Turkes in Christendome great vprores make,

5346

1385

John Galeazo in those dayes suruiu'd,

Duke *John of Gaunt*, doth a braue voyage take

To conquer *spaine*, and in his purpose thriu'd:

5347

1386

The Barons of the Realme themselues with-drew,

And many of the King seducers slew.

69

5349

1389

The Duke of *Lancaster* his daughter *Kate*,

Married to *Henry Castiles* eldest sonne,

His second daughter had the Queene-like state

Of *Portugall*, by which all warres were done,

The Turke in Hungary supprest but late,
Seekes by his power all Greece to ouer-ron:

Against Constantinopolis, he layde
at eyght-yeare siege: now Colleines Schoole was

70 (made.

Robert of Scotland dying, Iohn his heyre
Succedes next: Richard (Queene Anne being dead)

Espoused French Isabel: then did prepare

For Ireland, where's voyage slowly sped,

He put to death his Vncles, for the care

Of him and his Realmes safety (fore misled)

Hereford and Norfolk Dukes the Combat clayme,

and both are banist in King Richards name.

71

The Scithian Tamberlaine the Turkes subdude,

and kept theyr Emperor in an Iron Cage,

Hereford against his sentence, durst intrude

Himselfe int' England, and gainst Richard wage

A threatned warre: the Peeres Richard exclude

From gouernment, who in his strength of age

Religues his Crowne, his Dignity, and Fame,

To Henry Bullingbrooke, fourth of that name.

72

Gainst whom the Duke of Exeter, Richards Brother,

The Dukes of Surry and Aumarle conspyre,

With Glocester, who his hatred cannot smother,

And Salisbury, all these his life conspyre,

and for it lost their lyues, with many other

Of the same faction, seeking to aspyre:

Richard is slayne in Prison, after showne

Through London streets, to haue his death wel known.

73

Owen Glendoure rayd armes: Hotspur rebeld,

Woorster, Northumberland, with others moe,

Whom Edward met at Shrewsbury, and queld,

Giuing those Lords a Mortall ouerthrow,

The Milleine Duke, that many yeares exceld

In Tyranny, at length was layde full low:

Leauing to Iohn his Sonne the Dukedomes Seat,

This yeare was stated Mahomet the great.

Charles

5350

1389

The Academy of Col-
leine founded.

5356

1395

The Duke of
Gloster and
Earle of Arun-
dell.

5359

1398

Edward the
fourth.

5360

1399

5362

1401

Galiato Duke
of Milleine.

5363

1402

- 5367
 1460. Charles of Cremona, by the Treason didē
 Of base *Cabrinus Fundulus*, his slaue,
 Th' Arch-Bishop *Scroope*, that *Edward* late defide,
 Surprizd in field, came to a timelesse graue,
 In *Poland* at *Craconia* full of pride,
 Was founded th' *Academy*: some deprauē
 The *Burgoin* Duke, that did his hands imbrow
 In *Orleanse* blood, whom he by Treason slew.
- 5372
 1411 Saint *Andrewes* Vniuersity begon
 In *Scotland*, *Iohn* the *Milleine* Duke is slaine
 Of his owne Subiects: *Ladislaus* won
 The Citty *Rome*, which he gaue vp againe,
 King *Edward* dying, left vnto his son
 Henry the fift, a faire and prosperous raigē:
 Ten yeares he did his Royall fame aduance,
 and to his Crowne annext the Realme of *France*.
- 5374
 1413. Henry the 5.
 Great *Amurath* sway'd *Turky*: *Iohn*, *Castile*:
 The sixt *Charles*, *France*; Pope *Martin*, *Peters* Chaire:
 at *Henries* claime to *France* the French-men smile,
 With many taunts they Englands puissance dare,
 King *Henrie* crost the seas, and in small while
 at *Agin-court*, manag'd a fight so rare:
 That in one battaile he the Land ore-run,
 Leauing the Crowne successiue to his son.
- 5377
 1416
 5378
 1417 *Jeremy* *Prague*, and *Iohn* *Husse* dye by fire
 about religious causes, *Ziscaled*
 The *Thaborytes*, and further gan aspire
 against the Emperour to list his head,
 French *Katherine* was Crownd Queene by great desire
 Of all our English peeres: Duke *Clarens* sped
 against the Dolphin, but (alas) in vaine,
 By multitudes he was ore-set and slaine.
- 5382
 1421
 5383
 1422 *Henry* t'auenge his Brothers death, prepares
 againe to inuade *France*, where he breaths his last,
 Pale death that in his rigour no man spares,
 Bereaues him life: his infant sonne not past

Eyght months of age, assumes the Lands affayres
Vnder protection: *Bedfords* Duke was great
With *Regency* of *France*, a Sorceting Maide,
Fought on the *Dolphins* part, and brought him ayde.

Henry the sixt
5389
1428
Ioane de pusill.

79
Who in small time was King of *France* proclaymde,
at *Orleance* braue *Mountacute* is slaine,
Prince *Sigismond* is *Roman* Emperor nam'd,
Eugenius doth the papall Sea maintaine,
Phillip guides *Milleine*: now was *Talboot* fam'd,
Who many lost Townes did in *France* regaine:
Now flourish *Francis Forza* in his pride,
The *Lyons* in the Tower this yeare ail dyde.

5394
1433.
Eng. 4.
5398
1437

80
Zeuxa liues *Persaes* King: for Sorcery
Dame *Elen Cobham* the *Protectors* Wife,
With diuers others were found treacherously
To haue cnspyred against King *Henries* life,
Dame *Margaret* to the King of *Scicily*
Sole-Daughter (which began much future strife)
To *Henries* Bed, with *Suffolke* crost the Seas,
now liu'd the braue Prince *Huniades*.

5399
1438
5420
1441
5406
1445

81
Humphrey the Duke of *Gloster*, was depriu'd
His harmelesse life at *Bury*: *Suffolke* now
Was banisht England, where he long had striu'd
By the Kings grace to make the Barons bow,
Iacke Cade, a muttious Rebelle, now suruiu'd,
Dating the Kings Edicts to disallow:
This was the yeare of *Iubilee*: In *Menz*,
Fauslius first printed, at his owne expence.

5408
1447
5411
1450

82
The *Turkish* *Mahomet* sackt and despoyle
Constantinople: at this time was fought
Saint Albons battaile, where the King was foyld,
and by the Duke of *Yorke* a prisoner blought
To London: the sixt *Henry* being much toylde
With Kingdomes cares, his peace and quiet sought,
Making proud *Yorke* protector: now was fam'd
George Castriotus, (*Scanderbag* sir-nam'd.)

5413
1452.
5414
1453
5415
1454
5416
1455

Great

83

5420

1459

5421

1460

Great *Warwicke* at *Northampton* the King met
 In battaile, of the Barons many flew,
 Surpri'd the King in person without let,
 The Duke of *Yorke* reuiues his claime anew,
 Whom many of the chiefeft Lords abet,
 And in the Parlement his right pursue:
 Being Titled heyre apparant to the Crowne,
 at *Wakefield* him, King *Henries* Queene put downe.

84

Edward 4.

Great *Warwicke* at Saint *Albons* she made flie,
 Rescuing the King her husband in small space,
Torkes sonne the Earle of *March* gan to defie,
 and fought by armes King *Henry* to displace,
 Neere *Yorke* both powers each other soone discry,
 Where the fourth *Edward* hath the King in chace:
 and now the victors Lord it where they please,
 Whilst *Margaret* with her young son crost the Seas.

85

5224

1463

5225

1464

Twelue Kingdomes, and two hundred Citties more,
 Great *Mahomet* subdues: next *Exham* field
 Was fought by them that *Henry* would restore,
 But to King *Edwards* powers perforce they yeild,
 Who wiues the Lady *Gray*, she that before
 Was wife to Sir *John Gray: Warwick*, his shield
 aduancst against the King, whom he had Crownd,
 and for French *Bona* seekes him to confound.

78

5431

1470

5432

1471

Edward flies *England*, *Henry* is restord,
 and *Edward* with an army Lands againe,
 Where *Warwicks* pride vpon his shield is scord,
Edward ore-comes his powers on *Barnet* plaine,
 Earle *Warwicke* by the Commons is deplord,
Edward the fourth once more vsurpes his raigne:
Gloster kils *Henries* sonne, then madly fares
 Gainst *Henrie*, whom he mured at his Prayers.

87

5435

1474

5436

1475

Cassanus gouern'd *Persia*, Mistris *Shore*
 Was famous for her beauty: *Hungary*
Mathias ruld, The Pope (not knowne before)
 at twenty five yeares made the Iubily

The Duke of *Clarens* is lamented sore,
Being in a Wine-but mured treacherously :
Edward expyres : two sons he leaues behind,
Three Daughters, and a Brother most vnkind.

88

The eleauenth of Aprill, and the eleauenth sad yeare
Of his young age, fift *Edward* gins his raigne,
But eare he yet was Crown'd, *Richard* (too neare)
His Vncle did his hands with murther stayne,
Both *Edwards* Children by his doome leuere,
Were Butcherd in the Tower, and fouly flaine :
now famous weare, *Gaza*, *Sabellicus*,
Pycus Myrandula, *Aldus Minutius*.

89

George Valla, *Hermolaus Barbarus*,
Politian. *Platine*, with a many moe,
Marcilius Ficinus, *Pomponius Latus*
With *Iohannes de monte regio*,

Now *Venice* and *Ferara* peace discusse,
Great *Baiazeth* sustaines an ouerthrow
By the bold *Souldan*, next instared came
Vsurping *Richard*, cald third of that name.

90

Two yeares, two months, and two dayes he inioyes
Regality, whilst *Charles* the eyght swayes France,
And *Innocent* the eyght his power imployes
In *Rome*, his Bastards to inhance
Richard, the Duke of *Buckingham* destroyes,
Who thought the Earle of *Richmond* to aduance :
Henry Earle *Richmond*, *Milford Hauen* sought,
Where landing, he the field of *Bosworth* fought.

91

Richard there flaine, *Henry* the seauenth sits Crown'd,
Twenty three yeares : *Vgnerus Persia* guides :
Fredericke the Empire : *Henry*, to make sound
The breach that *Torke* and *Lancaster* deuides,
a happy nuptiall contract doth propound
With fayre *Elizabeth*, whom soone he brides :
She heyre to *Torke* : This yeare (a diseale new)
The Sweating sicknesse first in England grew.

Spaines

5444.

1483

Edward the 5

5445

1484

Richard the 3.

5446

1485

Henry the 7.

	82	
5448	<i>Spaines Ferdinand</i> , the kingdome of <i>Granade</i>	
1487	Wan from the <i>Sarazens</i> : <i>Lambert</i> a Child	
	Taught by a Priest cald <i>Simon</i> , came to inuade	
	England with a new stile, by him compil'd	
	As <i>Sonne</i> to <i>Clarens</i> : in this claime were made	
5450	Chiefe Leaders, <i>Francis Louel</i> once exil'd:	
1439	Broughton, and <i>Lincolnes</i> Earle, with whom took part,	
	A valiant <i>German</i> that hight <i>Martin-Swarr</i> .	
	83	
	These <i>Henry</i> slew in battaile, and arrear'd	
5451	A Taxe of the Tenth-penny through the Land,	
1490.	For which the Commons in the field appeard,	
	And kill <i>Northumbers</i> Earle: with a strong band	
5453	<i>Henry</i> inuaded <i>France</i> : <i>Columbus</i> cleard	
1492	The vnknowne Seas, and boldly tooke in hand	
5456	The <i>Indies</i> first discouery: Insurrection	
1495	By <i>Perkin Warbeck</i> , in forraine protection.	
	84	
	In <i>Italy</i> a Stone exceeding great	
5457	Fell from the ayre: Lord <i>Audly</i> now rebeld,	
1496.	<i>Henry</i> and the <i>Scotch</i> King of peace intreat,	
5459.	The <i>Turke</i> the bold <i>Venetian</i> forces queld,	
1498	Who at <i>Dyrachium</i> sought him to defeate,	
	<i>Katherine</i> of <i>Spaine</i> , a Lady that exceld,	
5461	Was fianst to Prince <i>Arthur</i> , <i>Sforce</i> subdude	
1500	<i>Milleine</i> , and all the <i>French-men</i> did exclude.	
	85	
1462	<i>Margaret</i> King <i>Henries</i> Daughter was affyde	
1501	Vnto <i>Scotch Iames</i> : In <i>Germany</i> bloud rained,	
5460	<i>Elizabeth</i> the Queene in Child-bed dyde,	
1502	The <i>French</i> this yeare from <i>Naples</i> were constrainde	
5469	By <i>Ferdinand</i> of <i>Spaine</i> : Now in his pride	
	Liu'd <i>Prestor-Iohn</i> , Great <i>Ismael Sophy</i> gaind,	
1508	Vpon the <i>Turke</i> in many a warlike strife,	
5470	<i>Henry</i> the seauenth at <i>Richmond</i> ends his life.	
1509	86	
Henry the eyght.	At eyghteen yeares <i>Henry</i> the eyght succedes	
	And thirty eyght yeares raign'd, his Brothers Wife	
	He marries by the Popes dispence, which breeds	
	Among the <i>Cardinals</i> murmure and strife,	

Emson and *Dudley* hated for theyr deeds,
To please the Commons were depriu'd of life :
Now Doctor *Collet* liu'd, a man of fame,
Erasmus too, deriu'd from *Rhoterdame*.

5471

1510.

97

The Turkish Tyrant *Selimus* by warre,
Two Ægyptian Souldans chaſt and ſlew,
The *Muscouites* the ſtoute *Pollonians* barre,
Some rights, for which great battailes t'ween them grew,
France ſtill retains the memorable ſcarre
Of *Henries* valor, who that time o'rethrew
Turwin and *Turney* : in whole ſtreets appeare,
Turrets as many as be daies i'th yeare.

5473

1512

5474

1513

98

A peace with *France*, King *Lewes*, *Mary* wiues,
Siſter to *Henry*, and within few dayes
Expyres, *Charles Brandon* gainſt the French-men ſtrives,
At Tilt and Barriers where he won great prayſe,
and fetcht the Queene thence : *Francis* next ſuruiues
The King of *France* : *Charles Brandon* now aſſayes
The Queene, and marryes her, in ſmall while after,
Mary was borne, King *Henries* eldeſt Daughter.

5475

1514

5476

1515

99

Charles Duke of *Auſtrich* is made King of *Spaine*,
The Citties tumult chaunc't on *Ill-May-day*,
Cardinall *Woolſy* flouriſht : now complaine
The Popes allyes gainſt *Luther* : Turkes diſplay
Theyr Enſignes againſt *Belgrade* : once againe
Zuinglius began againſt the Pope i'ntuaye :
Whoe Doctrines, learnd *Erasmus* ſeemde to abet,
Henry at *Arde* in *France*, the French King met.

5478

1517

5479

1518

5481

1520

100

Charles is Crown'd Emperor : th'eyght *Henry* writ
A Booke gainſt *Luther* : This yeare loſt his head
The Duke of *Buckingham*, and now did ſit
In the Turkes Throne, a Prince with fury led,
Who *Belgrane* did beſidge, and threatned it
Great *Solyman* : The Emperor *Charles* him ſped
For England, where at *Windſore* he was called
Vnto the Garter, and there Knight installed.

5481

1520

5483

1522.

101

5484

1523

Christierne of *Denmarke* banisht, with his Wife
Enter this Land, where they were well intreated,
The Earle of *Surry* in his *Northerne* strife,
In many sundry fights the Foe defeated,
Stormes and tempestuous Gusts this yeare were rise,
And in *Granade*, a *Province* fayrely seated,
Were Citties swallowed, the great *Turke* makes hed,
From whom the *Hungars* king, drown'd as he fled.

102

5488

1527

The *Annabaptists* sect was first begun,
Charles Burbons Duke sackt *Rome*, and there was slaine,
Vaiwad grew great in Fame, this yeare the Sunne
Appear'd three Sunnes at once. *Katherine* of *Spaine*,
(Before prince *Arthurs* wife) the king is wun,
To be diuorst from; this diuorse in vaine
Cardinall Woolfe seeks (by meanes) to crosse,
Which to his ruine turnes, and fauours losse,

103

5491

1530

5493

1523

Tindall the holy Scripture now translated,
Th' arrested *Cardinall* at *Leister* dide,
And *Ferdinand* is King of *Rome* created,
Anne Bulloine next became King *Henries* Bride,
And *Thomas Cromwell* whom the Cleargy hated,
Made of the Counsell, the Kings Sister tyde
In marriage to *Charles Brandon*, dyes forlorne,
Elizabeth was now at *Greenewich* borne.

104

5494

1536

For Treason dyde the holy Mayde of *Kent*,
Lady Anne Bulloine likewise lost her head,
Erasmus after seauenty Winters spent
Expi'd, whose fame through *Christendome* is spread,
Lady Iane Seamors beauty did content
The King so well, he tooke her to his bed,
And on Saint *Edwards* Ecue this yeare, tooke life
noble Prince *Edward*, by the kings late Wife.

105

5499

1538

Fryer *Forrest* dyde for Treason: One of *Spaine*,
For eating Flesh vpon a day of Fast,
Was hang'd in *Paris* (and tooke downe againe)
His Lady burnt: A full conclusion past,

Of Marriage twene the King and Lady *Anne*
Of *Cleene*, which solemne contract did distast
The Kinges soone after : who for her rare feature,
Wiu'd Lady *Katherine Howard*, a fayer Creature.

5500

1539

106

Cromwell next lost his head : the disputation
Begun at *Rat'sbone* : *Henry* th'eyght is stiled
The King of *Ireland*, by his proclamation,
and Lady *Katherine Howard*, who defiled
Her vnchast body, with much lamentation
Led to her death : now *Lusher* was reuled
In the *Popes* Trident Counsell, the King wed
The Lady *Katherine*, *Las'mer* to his Bed.

5501

1540.

5504.

1533

107

The *Turkish Barbarossa* famous grew
In *Germany*, at *Mounster* bloud did raigne,
Troubles with *Scotland* : next these did insue
The Counsell held at *Spyre* : now once againe
Henry inuaded *France*, and did pursue
The *Bulenois*, since many did complaine
Against the *Stewes*, they were abandond quite,
The *Pope* the *Wormace* Counsell did accite.

5505

1544.

108

Lusher expyres, soone after dyes the king,
Henry the eyght, whom the sixt *Edward* then
Succedes at nine yeares old, now first gan spring
That reform'd Church, which at first many men
Impugn'd : Masses no more the Church-men sing,
Next *Muscle-borrow* field did happen, when
Much bloud was spilt a both-sides, *Bonner* now,
(Great in his Fathers dayes) the king makes bow.

5507

1546

1508

1547

Edward the 6.

5509

1548

109

Stephen Gardiner is cast into the tower,
The Brother *Seamers* (falling at dissention
By meanes of their proud *Wives*) begin to lower
Each vpon other, which without preuention,
Caufd timelesse Fate, both their sweet liues deuower,
First *Arundell*, then *Kes* had firme intention
To change the State, bur both were hang'd in chaines,
Bulloine was giuen vp by the *French-men* traynes.

5500

1549

5512

1551.

5514

1553.

Guilford Dud-
ley to the D.
Northumber-
land.

Q. Iane.

Q. Mary.

Bourne Can-
non of Paules

Ridley Bishop
of London.
Crammer Arch-
bishop of Ca-
terbury.

Cardinal Poole

5515

1554

Coortney earle
of Deuonshire.

III

At *Feuersham* was muredred by his Wife
Arden, by helpe of *Mosby* and *Blacke-Will*,
The Trade with *Musco* did now first grow rife,
Mong th'English Marchants, by rhe Nauiall skill
Of one *Gabato*, he that first gaue life
To these aduentures. Many rumors fill
The Land with newes, that *Edward* lately dide,
Meane time the Lady *Iane's* made *Guilford's* Bride.

II2

Edward at sixteene yeares of age deceast,
The Duke *Northumberland* proclaimes *Queene Iane*,
But soone her young and Infant title ceast,
The Commons by their power *Mary* maintaine,
Sister to *Edward*: her high State increast,
And next her Brother she begins her raigne:
Guilford and *Iane*, with whom the *Queene's* offended,
Sent to the Tower where their sweete liues they

II3

(en'ded.

Bourne preaching at *Paules-Crosse*, the Masse maintaining,
A suddaine tumult at his Sermon raide,
A man vnknowne his Doctrine much disdainig,
Threw at his face a Dagger: *Ridley* prayd
Mongst protestants: and *Crammer* fauour gaining
In *Edwards* dayes, were for Arch-traitors blaz'd
And dide by fire, *Northumberland* that sped
To *Cambridge*: on the Tower-hill lost his hed.

II4

The *Turkish Solyman* with his owne hands
Slew his sonne *Mustapha*, the Cardinall
In *Henries* dayes but late exild his Lands,
Was by the *Queene* re-cald, now gan to fall
The protestants; against them strictly stands
The Catholicke Cleargy: the proud *Genowayes* brall
With the French King, who after in small while,
Wan by the Turkes ayde the rich *Corficke* Ile.

II5

Englands great *Queene* espousd *Phillip* of *Spaine*,
Sir *Thomas Wyatt* for rebellion dide,
Duke *Suffolke* Father to the Lady *Iane*,
Was at the Tower beheaded, *Coortney* allyde

To the blood Royall once more they restraine
Of Liberty: the fourth *Paule* full of pride
Supplies the pope-dome, the same yeare did chance,
Much warre and trouble betweene *Spain* and *France*.

Lady *Elizabeth* was kept in hold,
and by the *Queene* committed to the Tower,
There harshly vsd, her life to danger sold,
By souldiers thence remoou'd to *Wood-stocke* Bower,
Sir *Henry Benning-field* (somewhat too bold)
Vpon her iust proceedings looking lower:
a blazing Comet twelue full nights appeared,
Great Lones of Money by the *Queene* were reared.

Great dearth in England: For base murder dide
at *Salisbury* Lord *Sturton*: *Callis* lost,
Which was by England many yeares supplide,
Since the third *Edward*, the proud Clergy ingroft
all the spirituall fruits, to glut their pride,
Phillip tooke fea, and left the English Coast,
For grieve of which *Mary* soone after craisd,
and dide, with *Cardinall Poole*, (in England raisd)

Next whom the faire *Elizabeth* is Crownd,
a Princeesse with all gracious Thewes indude,
She did the Gospell quicken, and confound
Romes Antichrist, all such as he pursude
With fire and Inquisition, the guirt round
With safety, and her Lands pure face imbrude
With blood of Innocents, her prosperous raigne
Cleard, and wipt off each foule and bloody staine.

Henry the French King in the tilt was layde
Breathlesse at *Paris*, *Paules* is burnt, a peace
Betweene the Realmes of *France* and *England* made,
Newhauen siege, and a great plagues increase,
Lord *Henry Stewart* to the Hells obayd
Of the Scotch peeres, whose vtgings neuer cease:
Till to their generall comforts, he was scene
Espould to Lady *Mary* Scotlands *Queene*.

116
117
118
119
Now
5516.
1555
5517
1556.
5510.
1558
K. Phillip.
5520
1559.
Q. Elizab.
Henry the 2
5521.
1560.
5525.
1564

120

5246.

1565.

5227

1566.

Now came the *Baden Margraue* with his wife
To London, she heere brought him a new sonne,
Whom the Queene Christend, breathing a new life
In his decaid estate. Now was begun
The Burse on *Cornhill*, whose renowne grew rise
In euery place, where Traffickes gaine is won:
In *Scotland* to restore a kingdome torne,
James (of that name) the sixt, this yeare was borne.

121

5528

1567

5530

5569

Henry of *Scotland* was by Traytors slaine,
And *Shan Oneile* in *Ireland* put to flight
By bold Sir *Henry Sidney*, with the gaine
Of a great battaile, where theyr Treasons light
Vpon the Traytors: with a gallant trayne,
The *Muscouise* lands in his Emperors right
T'establish Trafficke: now as rebels stand
Th'Earles of *Northumberland* and *Westmerland*.

122

5531.

1570

5532

1571.

Debate with *Scotland*: and in *Norfolke* grew
Conspiracy, the Queene in person came
To *Gressams Burse*, to take a princely view,
To which she gaue at his request a name,
Royall Exchange: this yeare the Christians slew
Many proud *Turkes*, and beate them backe with shame
Into theyr Foretresses, and Citties walled,
This was the battaile of *Lepantho* called.

123

5533.

1572

5534

1573.

A massacre in *Paris*, now their heads
The *Norfolke* Duke lost, and *Northumberland*,
A blazing starre, six months together spreads
Her fiery rayes, now by the violent hand
Of one *George Browne*, who murderous fury leads,
Was Maister *Saunders* slaine (the matter scand)
Anne Dreury (for that fact) and *Saunders* wife,
George Browne, with trusty *Roger* lost his life.

124

5435.

1576.

By *Furbusher*, *Cathais* was made knowne,
The *Essex* Earle this yeare at *Dinelon* dide
In *Ireland*, where his Fame was dreadfull growne,
Iohn Cassimerus did through London ride,

Desmond rebeld, *Drake* that had compass rowne
The world, and many dangerous Fortunes tride,
Was Knighted by the Queene, Mounfier arriued,
Thinking the English Monarchesse t'haue wiued.

125

William the Prince of *Orenge* was betrayde,
And with a Pytoll by a souldier slaine,
Poland Musco into England made

a voyage, and did six months heere remaine,
Purser and *Clinton* Pyrats, that denaide
allegiance to the Queene, at length were rane

By *William Barrowes*: *Antwerpe* sackt and spoyld

By *Parmaes* Duke, who long against it toylde.

126

Northumberland himselfe in the Tower slew,

Iago, *Domingo*, and *Carthagen*,

By *Drake* and *Furbusher* (whom most men knew)

Carleile and many gallant Englishmen

Surprisd and sackt, the Earle of *Liesler* grew

Great in the Land, and sayld to *Flushing* then:

Where his Commission he at large relates,

Being made chiefe Generall to the *Belgian* states.

127

Embassadors from *Denmarke* gratefully

Her highnesse raigne, the Earle of *Arundell*

Conuiet, a league twixt England and the state

Of *Scotland*, Noble *Candish* furnisht well

In two good ships well mand and builded late,

Compass the world: the foureteeene Traitors fell,

and suffer'd for the guilt, at *Zurphen* dide,

Noble Sir *Phillip Sidney* souldiers pride.

128

His death a generall grieve mongst souldiers bred,

a Parlyment. The great *Armado* of *Spaine*

Rode on the English Coast, and gainst vs sped,

But by our Fleet they were repulst againe,

at *Tilbery*, the Campe was brauely led

By *Elizabeth* in person, in whose traine

all Englands Chivalry mustred and met,

Leister meane time to Nature paid his debt.

5542

1582

5543.

1582

5544.

1583.

5546

1585.

5547

1586

His two ships
the *Desire* and
Content.

5549

1588.

Portugall

129

Henry 4. kild

Portugall voyage; *Lodwicke Grewill* prest
 For murder: the bold Duke of *Guise* betraid
 And slaine, by the third *Henry*, when he least
 Suspected Death, a Fryer no whit dismaid,
 (Incouragd by the *Guisians* as tis ghest)
 Muredred the King, then *Henrie Burbon* laid
 Claime to the Crowne, whom *England* so supplies,
 That by her ayde, his warlike Fortunes rise.

130

5552

1591

Whom *Essex*, *Willoughby*, *Norris* assist,
 Sir *Roger Williams* with a many moe,
 Strong *Paris* they besiege, and as they list
 March thorough *France*, maugre the common foe,
Hacket is hangd in *Cheape*, who did persist
 In blasphemy: In *London* gan to grow
 a grievous Plague: *Lopes* arraind and tride,
 Drawne from the *London Tower*, at *Tyburne* dide.

5553

1592

5555

1594

131

Cales sieg'd and won, the Duke of *Bulloine* lands
 In *England*: th' *Islands* voyage, this yeare came
 Embassadors from *Denmarke*, from whose hands
 The *Queene* receiu'd rich presents: Now with Fame
 Th' *Earle Cumberland* renownd in forraigne Lands
 Wan *John de Porterico*, sackt the same:
 Lord *Burleigh* (Treasurer) submits to fate,
 Since the sixt *Edward* Counsellor of state.

5557

1596.

5558

1597

5559

1598.

132

5560

1599

Essex is sent for *Ireland*, gainst *Tyrone*,
 a Muster at Mile-end: *Essex* comes backe
 With a small traine of followers, after whom
 Lord *Montioy* speeds, against the dangerous packe
 Of *Irish* Rebels, whose braue valours shewre
 In his hye Conquests, and their fatall wracke:
 The treacherous *Gowry* gainst King *James* conspired,
 whose safery heauen coulerud, the world admired.

5561

1600

133

Peace betwixt *Spaine* and *France*: from *Barbary*,
 and from the *Russian* Emperour Legats come,
 To gratulate the *Queenes* hye Soueraignty;
 A sudden Insurrection, for which some

Suffred, some Finde, some set at Liberty,
 Supprest without the clamour of the Drum:
 Embassador from *Scotland*, th' Earle of *Marre*,
Desmond sent Prisoner from the *Irish* warre.

34

Martiall Byron arriues from *France*: great ioy
 For victories in *Ireland*, since their pride
 Was queld by th' English, who their powers imploy
 To end the warres: soone after the *Queene* dide
 At *Richmond*, in her death she did destroy
 All former mirth, this Virgin *Queene* supplide,
 Forty foure yeares, fise months a prosperous raine,
 To Englands honour, and the feare of *Spaine*.

133

To Register her vertues, I should spend
 An age of time, yet thinke my scope too small,
 The pages of this Volume would extend
 Beyond strict number, yet not quote them all,
 Therefore her praises, in her death I end,
 They are so boundlesse that they cannot fall
 Within the compasse of my apprehension,
 Being subiect to no limit, no dimension.

136

And to attempt that taske, I should alone
 My owne sicke weakenesse to the world bewray,
 And of her worth the smallest part or none,
 Vnto the Readers couetous eyes display,
 Therefore since she hath left an earthy Throne,
 For heauens hye Mansion (there to raigne for aye)
 I leaue her shrind mongst Angels, there to sing
 Vn-ending praises to th' eternal King.

137

King *James* the sixt in *Scotland*, of that name
 In England first, her true and lawfull heyre,
 Next *Queene Elizabeth* the peeres proclaime,
 And gladly plant him in faire Englands Chaire,
 Whose Vertues, Graces, Royall gifts, and Fame,
 Zeale, Iustice, Learning, all without compare:
 For thousands such, my Muse must needs adore him,
 Vnriuald yet, by such as raignd before him.

His

5563.

1602.

The death of
 Q. Elizabeth.

5594

1603.

King
 James.

138

His praise is for my pen a straine too hyc,
 Therefore where he begins I make my pause,
 and onely pray that he may still supply
 Great *Brytaines* Empyre with the Lands applause,
 That as he hath begun to rectifie
 This Common-weale, and stablish vertuous Lawes:
 He still may inioy his Queene, and yssue Royall,
 Mongst subiects euer true, and Peeres still loyall.

139

But where's the harbour and the happy Bay,
 Where after stormes I may in safety ride,
 The Gusts and Tempests now begin t'allay,
 Whose many boysterous flawes my Barke hath tride,
 A gentle Land-wind with my sayles doth play,
 and (thanks to Heauen) I now my haven haue spide,
 And maugre the Seas wrath: Behold at last,
 Heere doth my shaken Ship her Anchor cast.

HE that expects in this briefe Epitomy of Chronicles, that infinitnes of labor to suruey all the particuler kingdoms of the earth, and euery distinct accident hapning in the, must not onely allow mee an Ages limit (and all too little) but withall assist me in the search of many Authors, whose workes are (some rare to be found) & others not at all extant. But my purpose was not to trouble the world with such prolixity or confusion of History, onely in a briefe Index, or short Register, (to comprize many and the most noted things) & to conferre their times with our history of England: In which, if I haue any way failed the Readers expectation, by inserting things friuolous, or omitting things Material, I must excuse it thus, I haue more will then Art, and more Indeuour then Cunning; yet, I make no question he that shall succeed me in the like labour, will use some mitigation of his Iudgement against me, and say at the least: It is done, though not well done: Onely thus much let me speake in my owne behalfe: With Ages past I haue been too little acquainted, and with this age present, I dare not bee too bold.

FINIS.

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